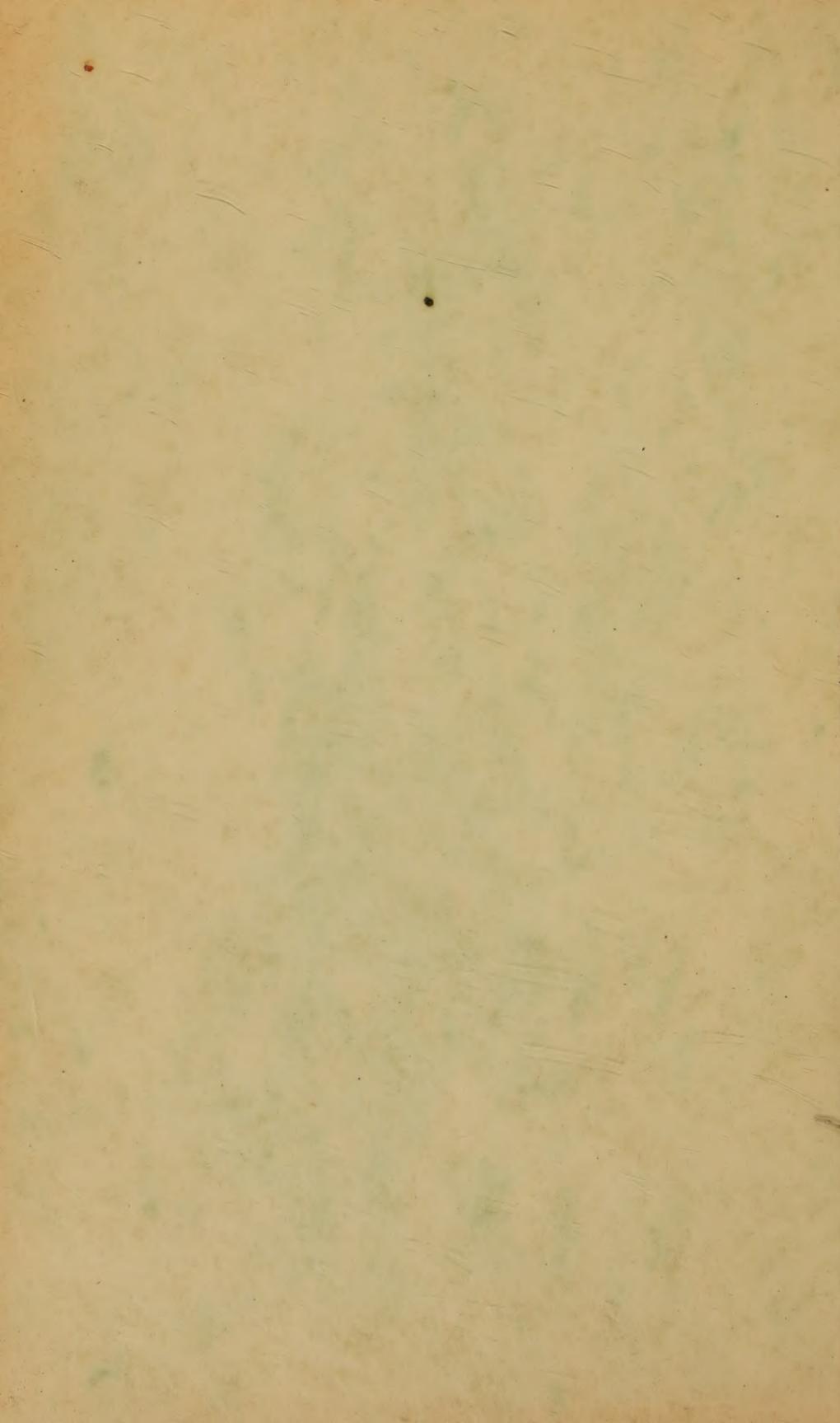
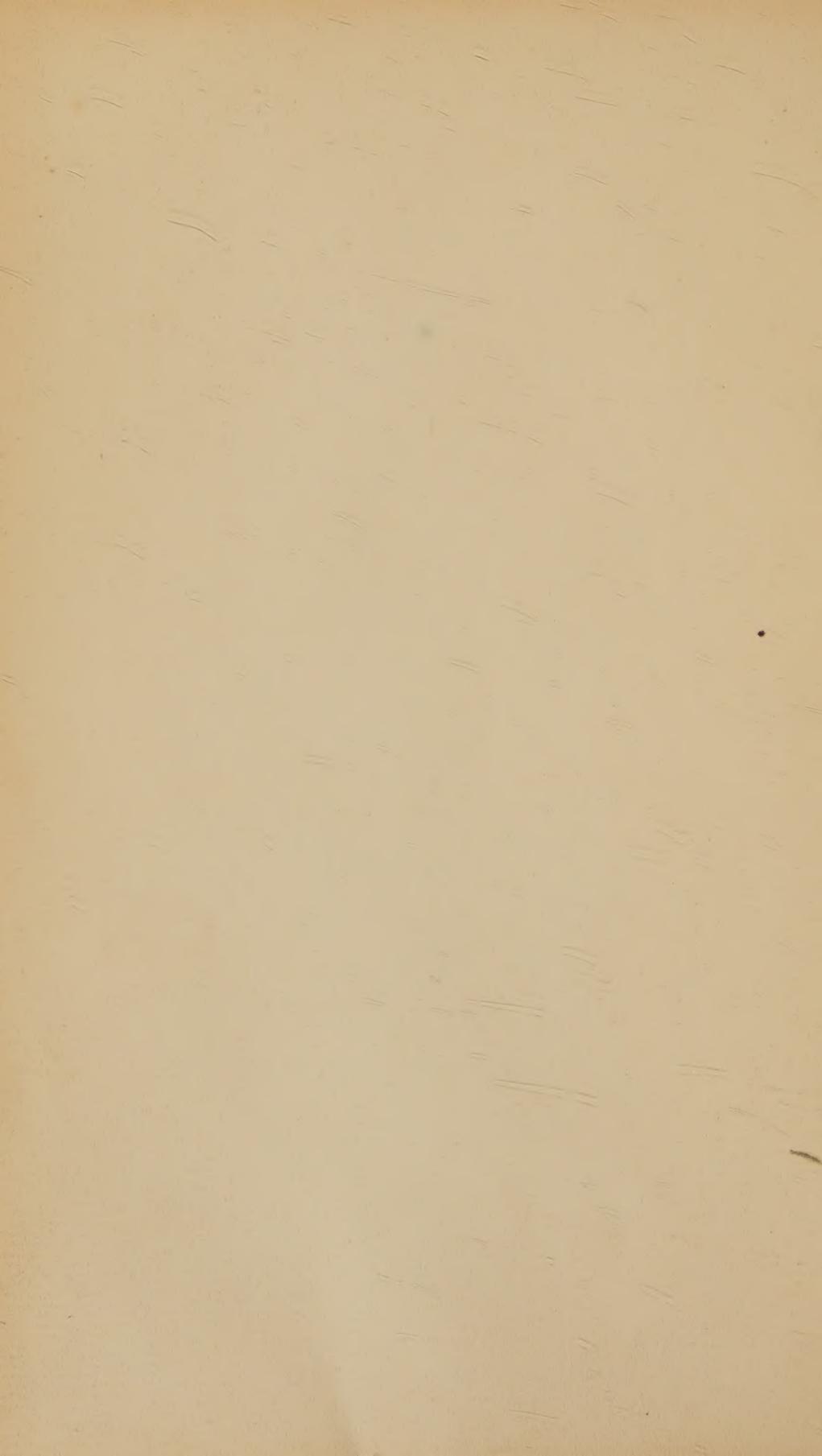


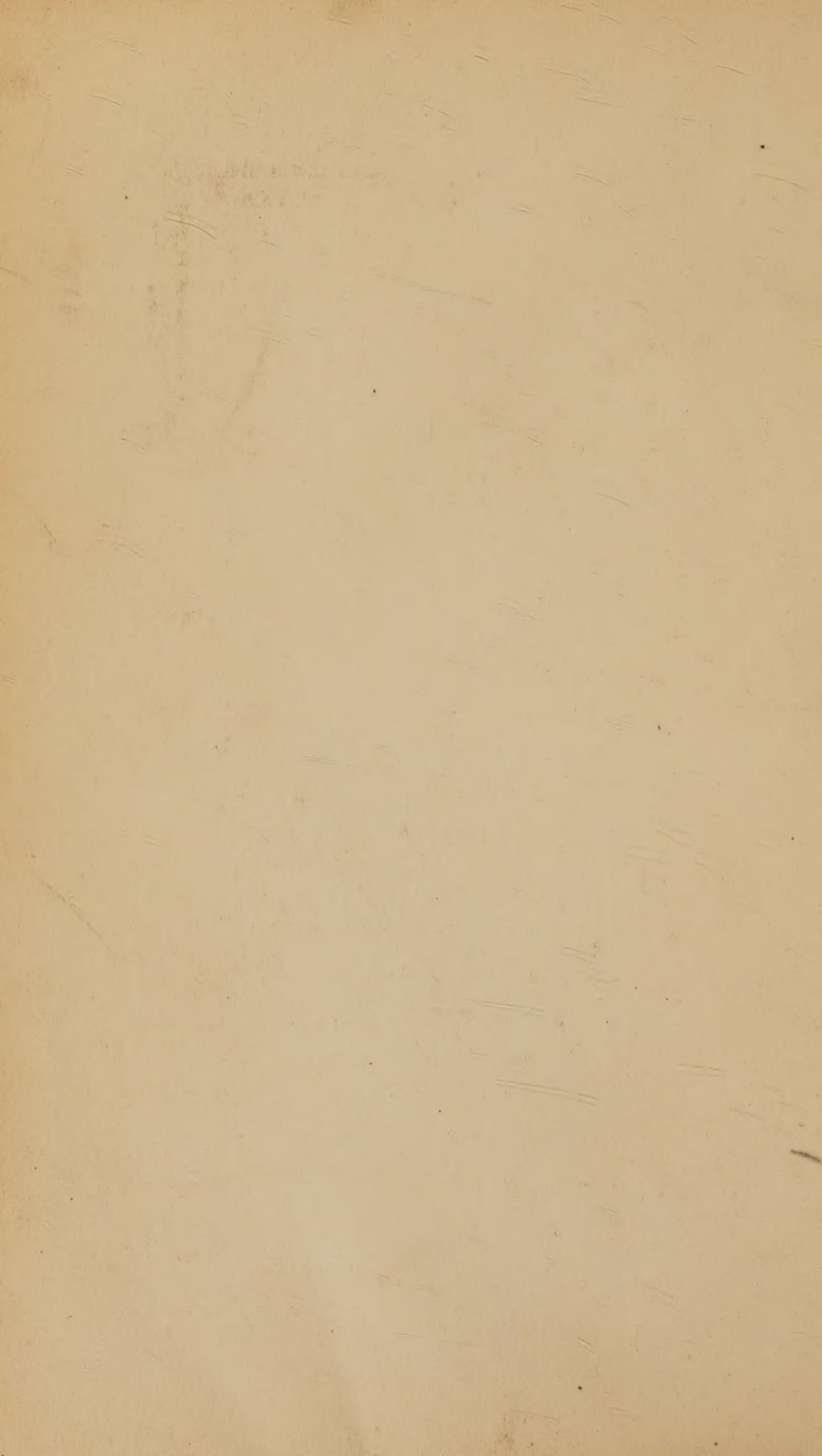


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THE IRISH SCHOOL OF ORATORY.

IN this age of clear business statements, when only the eloquence of argument and exposition is looked for, and when no moving issues stir men's blood, it has naturally fared hard with the oratory of passion; and the opinion of most people seems to be that all elevated language is necessarily false and hollow. As the great orators of Ireland, Plunket alone excepted, were vehement, figurative, impassioned and rhythmical, they have suffered most by the fall in parliamentary style, and they are in danger of total neglect at the hands of this generation.

One excuse for this undervaluing of Irish oratory may be given. A crowd of servile imitators, destitute of fire or taste, wrapped up their pigmy thoughts in words and images fit only for arguments of the highest concern, and these turgid declaimers brought undeserved condemnation on the men whose lofty manner they had sedulously burlesqued. When men's ears were dinned with noisy vehemence, and when educated taste was shocked by extravagant metaphors and strained conceits, when jingling, pointless epigrams were studded over the "braided and embroidered sentences," busy men may well be pardoned for having thought that the whole art of oratory was mere decorative word-work.

To do anything like justice to the brilliant men who wielded the great weapon of persuasive speech at the close of the last century in Ireland it is necessary to forget, as far as one may, the common cry by whose swelling bombast the fame of real eloquence has been imperiled.

Irish oratory is, as a rule, pitched in a high key, and the conversational manner is seldom employed. But no speeches which have borne the test of time are conversational, nor can polished chat ever rise to the dignity of eloquence. If, then, eloquence is at all to hold a place in the world of art or of intellect, no canons drawn from calm and well-bred talk, nor even from literary *causeries*, can help us to a true understanding of what is really meant by the art of the orator.

Consider the materials, too—how unlike they are to
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those of urbane and subdued conversation. All great orators have passion, imagination, reason, diction, and delivery; and all these are purified and elevated by enthusiasm, without which no great orator can be. Occasion, too, hardly less than knowledge and temperament, is necessary to kindle and excite the mind so that even the reasoning power itself is set aglow with the fire of feeling. The mind in that state doubles, trebles its energy, and no thought, no word goes forth that has not been winged with new power by the propulsive force of the central heat by which the orator is moved. The language itself takes rhythm and has the beat and pulse of passion in it. The whole result will be a strain of lofty sentences setting off the lofty thoughts. Such speech can tell only in times of commotion and danger, and the voice must be the voice of a believer. Be the subject what it may, no skeptic can so treat it that his language rises into oratory. The skeptic may be a supreme debater, but an orator never. The pretender is easily found out, and goes the way of the many mouthing mountebanks by whose performances true genius has been brought into disrepute.

It is said, however, that all true masters of speech are on the watch against that fatal step which leads from the sublime to the ridiculous or the grotesque, but that the orators of Ireland constantly fall into excesses of thought and word which no educated ear could tolerate. Allowance, however, should be made for the terrible tension of the times in which these speeches were delivered, when courts of justice were shambles, and when Parliament was a mart; and we shall forgive the extravagance of diction for the honest indignation and scorn by which it was produced.

The curious thing all this time is that Celtic Ireland had very little share in this oratorical outburst.

The Irish Catholics were shut out from Parliament and from the bar, so that the triumphs of oratory in both these spheres were won by Protestants exclusively. Farther back, in the reigns of the Stuarts, when Catholic Celts were in public life, their leaders were usually deep and accomplished jurists, rather than showy men of words. Darcy and Butler were grave and sententious speakers, but they never attempted any higher flights than those of clear ex-

position and argument in the tone and manner of our own time. The House, indeed, was not without its orators, and any one who wishes to see an example of all that is bad in florid speaking may consult the fourth volume of the State Trials, where Audley Mervin's oration in moving the impeachment of the Irish Lord Chancellor is set out in all its empty magniloquence.

In this turgid and vicious school, however, the Catholic Celts had absolutely no share. The Journals of Parliament show that the work of the Catholic members lay in committees of the House and in unnoticed and useful business of investigation and control of public affairs. They produced no set speech which has come down to us during their whole time of admission to Parliament or to the bar in the Stuart era.

For a hundred years the Dublin Parliament was a silent sister, and only in the middle of the last century were there any serious attempts at oratory in Ireland. It was during the speakership of the courtly and scholarly Edmund Sexton Pery that the senate woke and became vocal. This distinguished man was the first who publicly aimed at a national, as distinguished from a colonial, policy. Swift, whether he meant it or not, had cleared the way for such an experiment, and he had also shown the political power of the spoken or written word.

The specter, however, was passing from the pamphleteers in both England and Ireland, and the living voice became potent in public affairs. The English language had been molded into easier working form by Addison and Steele and Swift, while St. John had opened the second great era of English parliamentary oratory. Parties had arisen in Parliament, and from parties naturally arose great debates on questions of public policy. So that at the very time when the colonial party in Ireland was expanding itself into a national party, and endeavoring to purge away all bitter memories of divisions and conflict of creed and race, Parliament was becoming the great stage for public discussion both in England and in Ireland.

Under Pery's speakership the Dublin Parliament was charmed by the winning declamation of "Single Speech" Hamilton, the strong sense of Anthony Malone, and the vehemence of the "one musical string in Hibernia's lyre,"

as men at the time called the ungainly Henry Flood, the first real orator of Ireland.

The Irish school of oratory is to be traced, not to Parliament itself, but to an unobserved little group of students meeting for political discussion under the name of the "Historical Society." Edmund Burke was the founder of this gymnasium of eloquence. It began in 1747, and nearly all the men famous in Irish oratory took part in its debates. Here, indeed, begins the era of Irish eloquence, and by the merits and the fame of four or five men the oratorical reputation of Ireland must stand or fall.

A little over one half-century covers the whole history of what is called the "Irish School." Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, Curran, and Plunket are the greatest names, and with their overpowering genius they undoubtedly combine the faults usually attributed to Irish speech; but the splendor of their eloquence makes us nearly forget all faults while under their spell.

Burke, of course, is a secure classic. His throne is assured. Yet his exaggerations of thought and word are as characteristic of his genius as the imperial qualities which lift him so high among the mighty. If his motley was Irish, so too was his purple. No doubt he had sublimity of intellect, and that belongs specially to no one race. But with the intellect there is also the pomp and magnificence of a master of language, whose words fall into rank without an effort; and in the march of sentences, the swing of periods, the joyousness of attack, there is all the glory of a great commander setting his troops in order against some strong citadel, while the hearts of the soldiers are roused by drum-beat and trumpet-call and "ten thousand banners streaming in the air." The profusion of metaphor may lead to wild excess, but without the profusion all that is greatest in Burke would be wanting. Imitators have failed to degrade Burke's gorgeous style, and his fame has been for a long time unassailable. Indeed, no one thinks of him when speaking harshly of the school of which he was the founder.

Grattan, however, has not received such unquestioning allegiance. He is set down as merely artificial and studied, marred by conceits, covered over with glittering epigrams and shining phrases, and so decked with antithesis that

the mind's eye is wearied with the uniform dazzle, and looks in vain for a plain thought in plain words. There never was a falser judgment. Grattan was Dantesque in his brevity and directness, and in the contemptuous economy of his invective—searing and scorching by a word or epithet, and never casting another look at the victim whom he left quivering in agony. In simple statement, when the occasion called for it, he was as clear as Pitt himself. Were he not so supreme an artist, more justice would have been done to his great powers of exposition. But the completed work is so perfect and so smooth that we do not at once see that every brilliant phrase combines “with the flash of the gem its solidity too.”

Apart from the fact that dullards console themselves by assuming that all shining merit must be shallow, and that deep stupidity to the end of time will shake its “head at Murray for a wit,” there is a real difficulty in the way of the average man when he sets out to measure and estimate a really brilliant genius. Only rare minds can keep two lines of observation in view at the same moment; and if attention is fixed upon the art it is withdrawn from the argument; while the very polish of the finished speech hides the division into parts, and makes it more difficult for the ordinary hearer to carry definite impressions away. When he tries to analyze he finds he has nothing clear, and thinks the whole performance a cheat and a juggle, as if an honest purchaser of paint and canvas complained that a picture of Apelles or Raphael was fobbed off upon him instead.

From this point of view it is interesting to get a look at the operations of a great artist's mind, and to see how the rough material is worked up into the finished result. Fortunately, we may do so with Grattan. And the occasion which allows us this precious opportunity is itself of very special interest. Grattan from a very early age had busied himself in rhetorical composition. “I wrote,” said he, “a reply to George Grenville which I thought very good, for I had taken much care; but it touched every point except the question; it kept clear of that.” Such a self-critic was sure to be an observant judge of others. And of all men Chatham was “the god of his idolatry.”

In his twenty-second year he wrote down rough notes on

Chatham's manner of speaking, and these he afterward elaborated into a compact rhetorical passage. We have, therefore, in the first place a great orator, yet unmatured, contemplating the mightiest speaker that ever wielded the English tongue. We see, besides, how the young orator trained and prepared himself for his high calling; and it gives us the further opportunity of comparing the rough planks of fact with the finished cabinet into which they are worked. The notes are disjointed and loose, but they tell definite things that bring clear impressions into the mind. All that these impressions ought to signify we find in the glowing lyrical tribute into which they were subsequently elaborated, but it may well be doubted if to any but the most alert reader or hearer the full significance of the panegyric will be brought home as it would be by the notes themselves.

The notes run :—

" He was a man of great genius—great flight of mind. His imagination was astonishing. He was very great and very odd. He spoke in a style of conversation. It was not a speech, for he never came with a prepared harangue. His style was not regular oratory, like Demosthenes or Cicero ; but it was very fine and very elevated. He despised ordinary subjects of debate ; his conversations were about kings and queens and empires. Lord Mansfield would have argued better. Charles Townshend would have made a better speech ; but there was in him a grandeur and a manner which neither had. He was an incomparable actor. I recollect his pronouncing one word, 'effete,' in a soft, charming accent. His son could not have pronounced it better. Once, addressing Lord Mansfield, he said, 'Who are the evil advisers of the king ? Is it you ? is it you ?' pointing to Ministers until he came to Lord Mansfield, round whom some lords were gathered. ' My lords, please to take your seats. Is it *you* ? *Methinks Felix trembles !*' It required a great actor to do this ; done by any one else, it would have been miserable. Another time he said, ' You talk of driving the Americans ; I might as well talk of driving them before me with this crutch.' In argumentative parts he lowered his voice so as to be scarcely audible, and did not lay such stress on these parts as on the great bursts of genius and the sublimer passages. The whole impression was great. Perhaps he was not as good a debater as his son, but he was a much better orator, a better scholar, and a far greater mind. Great subjects, great empires, great characters, effulgent ideas, and classical illustrations formed the material of his speech."

Who can read these notes without learning much of both the theory and the practice of oratory?

Perhaps one may lose some of the lesson in trying to read

from the finished work, which is dark with excess of light. We have here the materials of the notes with the splendor falling upon them and lighting them up in glory.¹

This extract is not in Grattan's most characteristic style, but it shows us many of his most marked qualities. These qualities appear more clearly in the magnificent peroration with which he closed his great speech on the Declaration of Irish Rights, on the 19th April, 1780:—

“ Hereafter when these things shall be history—your age of thralldom and poverty, your sudden resurrection, commercial redress, and miraculous armament—shall the historian stop at liberty and observe that here the principal men amongst us fell into mimic trances of gratitude, they were awed by a weak ministry, and bribed by an empty treasury ; and when liberty was within their grasp and the temple opened her folding doors, and the arms of the people clanged, and the zeal of the nation urged and encouraged them on, that they fell down and were prostituted at the threshold ? I might as a constituent come to your bar and demand my liberty. I do call upon you, by the laws of the land and their violation, by the instruction of eighteen counties, by the arms, inspiration, and providence of the present moment, tell us the rule by which we shall go; assert the law of Ireland, declare the liberty of the land. I will not be answered by a public lie in the shape of an amendment; neither, speaking of the subject's freedom, am I to hear of factio[n].”

“ I wish for nothing but to breathe, in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I have no ambition, unless it be ambition to break your chain and contemplate your glory.

“ I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags; he may be naked, he shall not be in irons ; and I do see the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted; and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live; and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him.”

This glorious passage gives us material from which we may see Grattan's peculiar merits in the mere workmanship of oratorical construction. Notice first the rapid plunge of the sentences, the variety of rhythm, the clasping and clamping of the meaning by plain, strong words, that hold like hoops of steel, the absence of lulling sounds, and the final simple close, not, as in the manner of Burke and Cicero, on a great wave of sound. The attention is held at full stretch through the whole passage; repose is out of the question, and only when all is over do we begin again

¹ See Grattan's speeches in Volume IV.

to breathe. It has been noticed how much Greek oratory must have suffered by the stern taste which forbade passionate perorations; and as this astonishing appeal of Grattan could not stand in any other part of a speech except at the end, it seems to prove that the Greek judgment was in error in laying down that too rigid rule.

But it would be a serious mistake to think only of this passage and passages like this. These triumphant outbursts are never out of place or season; no speaker had an austerer abstinence from mere display. The whole of a great speech like that against the Union, on January 15, 1800, reveals the orator as an impassioned reasoner summoning to his aid history, philosophy, law, and experience. There are few epigrams in it, very little brilliant phrasing; but the whole address is glowing with light and life. The Minister's proposals are taken one by one, looked at, examined, estimated, and rejected.

"He sees, I do not, British merchants and British capital sailing to the provinces of Connaught and Munster ; there they settle in great multitudes, themselves and their families. Imagination is the region in which he delights to disport. Where he is to take away your Parliament, where he is to take away your final judicature, there he is a plain, direct, matter-of-fact man ; but where he is to pay you for all this, there he is poetic and prophetic : no longer a financier but an inspired accountant."

Taxes, trade, and administration are reviewed, and the argument is strengthened with each appeal. Grattan, as an orator of reason, is at his best here.

With this address we may compare his first speech in the English Parliament, in which he replied to Dr. Duigenan, the member for the University of Dublin. The occasion of this speech was singularly interesting. All awaited the Irish leader's rising with curiosity. The House had fixed habits of style and delivery of its own, and now that Burke's amazing genius no longer astonished men with its "flights into the invisible air," House of Commons oratory was dignified, flowing, smooth, and regular. Fox indeed broke the bounds of studied reserve, and swept the House at times with his headlong power of debate. But Pitt's sonority, and Sheridan's clear and dignified eloquence, gave the prevailing taste of the day. In such a House Grattan rose, in his fifty-ninth year,

Pitt eyed him closely and assumed a critical attitude. The strange and almost grotesque bearing and look of Grattan made Pitt's lip curl, and as the rhythmic sentences began to flow the proud Minister looked more and more disdainful. Soon, however, in wrath and scorn Grattan burst out:—

“The member’s speech consists of four parts:—1st, an invective uttered against the religion of the Catholics; 2d, an invective uttered against the present generation; 3d, an invective against the past; and 4th, an invective against the future: *here the limits of creation interposed* and stopped the member.”

Pitt’s face lit up, and he was seen to keep time with his head to Grattan’s rhythm as the speech progressed; and when the slow hushed voice of Grattan rested on the words, “The Parliament of Ireland—of that assembly I have a parental recollection. I sate by her cradle, I followed her hearse,” Pitt turned to a colleague and said, in the vehement manner of the day, “By God, that’s oratory!” Grattan went on:—

“I call my countrymen to witness if in that Parliament I compromised the claims of Ireland or temporized with the power of England. But one thing baffled the effort of the patriot and defeated the wisdom of the senate: it was the folly of the theologian. When the Parliament of Ireland rejected the Catholic petition, on that day she voted the Union. If you reject it now you will vote the separation. Many good and pious reasons you may give; many good and pious reasons she gave—and she lies THERE with her many good and pious reasons. That the Parliament of Ireland should have entertained prejudices I am not astonished; but that you, that you, who have as individuals and as conquerors visited a great part of the globe and have seen men in all their modifications and Providence in all her ways: that you, now at this time of day, should throw up dikes against the Pope and barriers against the Catholics, this surprises me; and, in addition to this, that you should have set up the Pope in Italy to tremble at him in Ireland, and that you should prefer to buy allies by subsidies rather than fellow-subjects by justice, this surprises me; and that you should now stand, drawn out as it were in battalion, sixteen millions against thirty-six millions of enemies, and should paralyze a fifth of your own numbers at the very time you say all your numbers are inadequate.”

In sentences packed with argument and throbbing with passion the great orator traversed the whole field of the debate. He enumerated the illustrious men who had advocated Catholic Relief. “Every man that Ireland loved; Lord Pery, the wisest man Ireland ever produced; Charle-

mount, superior to his earlier prejudices; our own Burke; the late Primate (his miter stood in the forefront)": all these supported the measure, and against whom?

"Against men so extravagant that even bigotry must blush for them—yet men who had not before them the considerations which should make you wise—that the Pope has evaporated and that France covers the best part of Europe. Half the Continent is in battalion against us, and we are damning one another on account of mysteries, when we should form against the enemy, and march."

This is not the language of art or artifice; it is in the great manner, and none more than Pitt did homage to the grandeur and simplicity of this noble piece of argumentative declamation.

Indeed, Grattan's speeches on the Catholic question are among the noblest monuments of oratorical genius. All his great powers were called into play. His closing years were dedicated to that measure of justice and relief.

"I know [said he, in 1812] the strength of the cause I support ; it must appeal to all the quarters of the globe; it will walk the earth and flourish when dull declamation shall be silent and the pert sophistry that opposed it shall be forgotten in the grave. The people, if left to themselves and their good understanding, will agree; it is learned ignorance only that would sever the empire. The folly, the indecency, the insanity of the objections do not deserve an answer. I appeal to the hospitals which are thronged with the Irish who have been disabled in your cause, and to the fields of Spain and Portugal yet drenched with their blood, and I turn from that policy which disgraced your empire, to the spirit of civil freedom that formed it ; that is the charin by which your kings have been appointed and in whose thunders you ride the waters of the deep. I call upon those principles and upon you to guard your empire in this perilous moment from religious strife, and from that death-doing policy which would teach one part of the empire to cut the throats of the other in a metaphysical, ecclesiastical, unintelligible warfare. I call upon you to guard your empire from such an unnatural calamity, and four millions of your fellow-subjects from a senseless, shameless, diabolic oppression. You have to say to them : We are ruined, unless we stand by one another we are ruined ; and they have to say to you : We require our liberties, our lives are at your service."

It is interesting to consider the special graces and charms in Grattan's oratory. In all art the particular instance touches men's minds and hearts more nearly than any abstract speculation can. Milton's cloud, charged with heaven's artillery, breaks "over the Caspian"; Addi-

son, as Macaulay shows, deepened the effect of his great image of the angel and the storm by the line—

“Such as of late o'er pale Britannia pass'd.”

Grattan was a master of this manner, and in the middle of a great argument he flashes in a living instance:—

“Had that gallant officer, Sir John Doyle [said he, in 1811], insisted on his men renouncing the eucharist, and declaring their abhorrence of mass, France would have had one eagle the more and you one regiment the less; but that gallant man, far above the folly of theology, did not stoop for the sanction of priest or parson, but told the soldier to draw for his country.”

“Has the eucharist,” he asked, in the same year, “which overpowers the understanding of Lord Fingal and Sir Patrick Bellew, no effect on those foreigners whom you have raised to the highest ranks in your army?” The great Catholic physician, Dr. Purcel, serves him again and again: “If Dr. Purcel saves the lives of his Majesty's Protestant subjects it is not our fault; we gave him no sort of encouragement, no license, no countenance; let him and his patients pay their vows to some other country.”

But the most beautiful of all these references is the tribute to Dr. Kirwan, the famous preacher:

“I congratulate the Church on its alliance with the Ministers of the Crown. There are now two principles of promotion for church or law—English recommendation and Irish corruption. What is the case of Dr. Kirwan? That man preferred this country and our religion,¹ and he brought to both a genius superior to what he found in either. He called forth the latent virtues of the human heart, and taught men to discover in themselves a mine of charity of which the proprietors had been unconscious; in feeding the lamp of charity he had almost exhausted the lamp of life; he comes to interrupt the repose of the pulpit, and shakes one world with the thunder of the other. The preacher's desk becomes the throne of light: around him a train, not such as crouch and swagger at the levees of princes (horse, foot, and dragoons), but that wherewith a great genius peoples his own state—charity in action and vice in humiliation; vanity, arrogance, and pride appalled by the rebuke of the preacher and cheated for a moment from their native improbity. What reward? St. Nicholas Within or St. Nicholas Without.² The curse of Swift is upon him—to have been born an Irishman, to have possessed a genius, and to have used his talents for the good of his country. Had this man, instead of being the brightest of preachers, been the dullest of lawyers: had he added to dullness venality, and

¹ He had been a Catholic priest.

² Names of Dublin parishes.

sold his vote, he had been a judge : or had he been born a block-head, bred a slave, and trained a parasite, and handed over as a household circumstance from the great English family to the Irish Viceroy, he would have been a bishop and an Irish peer, and the Irish parochial clergy must have adored his stupidity and deified his dullness."

How beautifully these particular touches fill up the general picture! But unhappily there are other personal allusions and invectives over which the admirer of Grattan would wish to draw a veil ; great, perhaps, as rhetorical performances, but hardly worthy of the real Henry Grattan. Flood, Corry, and Gifford always roused him to excess, and in reading his attacks on these men we are reminded of Lord Holland's saying about Colonel Barré, another powerful Irish orator. Seeing Barré munching a biscuit, "What!" said his Lordship, "does it eat biscuit? I thought it only ate raw flesh." But if there are words to make us shudder and shrink away, we thankfully remember that they are few.

In trying to form a just estimate of Grattan, it has to be borne in mind that he was never the exponent of large and complicated questions with considerations of great weight on both sides, with many modifying calculations of expediency with regard to time, manner, and extent of the contemplated proposals; on the contrary, he was, and felt himself to be, the advocate of causes involving no controversy, save what must always arise from selfishness, bigotry, and hate. He drew his strength from moral grandeur rather than from intellectual elevation and range. At times he almost disdains to reason, but when he does his language is never vague or floating, but is compact of argument and thought. In enumerating Ireland's title-deeds to liberty, in his appeals to history, to constitutional law, and to the governing *dicta* of great jurists and great statesmen, his language is lofty, dignified, and pure, and rises in most places to stately declamation, never verbose like Pitt, never reiterative like Fox, but clear, energetic, and, where terseness is possible, terse; it is only when a moral flash lights him up that these glories, which to prosaic minds seem excesses, astonish us by their illumination and force.

Still his limits are well defined. There are here no grappling with eternal problems; his march is on the great

highways of moral certainties. National rights, human liberty, religious toleration, were his themes; their encompassing perils, correlative dangers, and particular application he never discussed, for his mind rested on Ireland only, where all such elaborate reasonings were unnecessary. Thus the logical or analytic method is seldom employed. If he recites statutes and cases, he does so not to draw moral corroboration from them, but in order to show that our forefathers had walked in the ways of righteousness; and statutes, judgments, and declamations could not add one jot or tittle to man's inherent rights or to a nation's sacred claim to be free. His philosophy is that of "Mr. Locke"; his political wisdom is that of Somers; and the theories which he had studied and the conclusions he had formed tended to compactness and definiteness of thought and principle rather than to the multiplied anxieties and questionings of Burke. His imagination, like his intellect, worked within well-defined limits. Sometimes startling, sometimes singular, always illuminating, it is hardly ever sublime. The imagery is drawn rather from human affairs than from nature; or when his figures are drawn from nature they are trite and familiar. But moral sublimity reigns throughout. Take an instance:—

"Let the courtier present his flimsy sail and carry the light bark of his faith with every new breath of wind : I will remain anchored here with fidelity to the fortunes of my country, faithful to her freedom, faithful to her fall."

Nothing could be finer, for nothing could be simpler; and the great deep pause after "wind," the intaking of breath there, and the solemn "I will remain anchored here," could come only from one whose ear and brain were in full accord. But then take, on the other hand, what must be thought the mock-sublime—conceit on the grand scale: "Ambition is omnivorous; it feasts on famine and sheds tons of blood that it may starve in ice, in order to commit a robbery on desolation."¹ The inner eye of the speaker did not see the flames of devoted Moscow, nor did his mind's ear hear the groans of the victims, as Burke would have seen and heard them, and so, instead of sublime pathos, he gives us a wild rhapsody and a medley of strained metaphors.

¹ Speech on the downfall of Napoleon.

A clear thinker must have a clear style, unless he of set purpose confuse his language by seeking ornament or by affecting depth. Grattan, in his earnest passages—and they make up nearly the whole of what he has left us—is always clear, while blow after blow drives and rivets his arguments, so that they cannot be loosed or shaken. His ear was the ear of Demosthenes; he employed the military beat, the marching tune, the clarion call to the attack, and the proud notes of victory; but he has no lyric sadness, no vague suggestiveness, no creeping strains of longing or foreboding, such as we find in Curran, whose genius was akin to the genius of Burns.

Of all things he most shuns monotony. The recurring curves of sound which we find in speakers like Pitt and Peel, who had command over mechanical rhythm only, were hateful to him; so instead of balance there is constant movement and variety. Here is a sentence to show this mastery of construction, so simple yet so subtle:—

“Do you remember that night when you gave your country a free trade, and with your own hands opened all her harbors? That night when you gave her a free constitution and broke the chains of a century, while England, eclipsed at your glory and your island, rose as it were from its bed, and got nearer the sun?”

A little monosyllable thrown in here or there would have reduced this passage to the lulling sounds of mechanical constructors; while, as it stands, the words and images leap alike at the eye and the ear. No human tongue could read Grattan sing-song. Within the limits set he is as nearly as possible perfect in thought, word, and sound.

But there is a fault charged against his style which should be noticed. He sometimes, it is said, uses words not in their ordinary received sense, nor yet in their original etymological meaning, but a way somehow compounded of both; this tries the reader’s patience, we are told, as he feels the irritation which bilingual mixture gives, and the language itself loses in elegance and strength. This is hardly fair to Grattan, or to Curran, for both have been so censured. Both were steeped in literature, and no word comes to either as an ordinary conventional caller, but as an intimate and well-known friend. The whole word is known, and when it is asked to serve

there are no limitations put upon its service. Milton, by royal prerogative, could call in and recoin the language; Burke, Grattan, and Curran could only take care that “money which is bad would not drive out money which is good.” A few instances will make this somewhat more intelligible.

Lord Chesterfield said that the Irish were the victims “of deputies of deputies of deputies,” which is a clear and a neat saying. Grattan translates the same thought into this language: “Ireland is given over as a prey to a *subordination* of vultures.” The strange phrase startles us into attention and new thought. Again, he condemned “borough-broking” chiefly because it was “an offense so *multitudinous* and so criminal in its parts”; he speaks of “the cant of grave and *superannuated* addresses”; he tells us that justice puts forth a *subterranean* voice even against kings, and he puts among Chatham’s claims to glory the tribute that, “overbearing and *impracticable*, his object was England.” These are the taxes and contributions levied on subject language, or rather the re-ennobling of words which have fallen by common use from their former dignity: From this classical saturation another faculty of Grattan’s arose—the faculty of so absorbing and assimilating quotation that the imported words made no glaring contrast, but rather seemed part of the original texture. Burke was gloriously potent in doing so, and the spoils from Milton or from Virgil seem at home in his great storehouse.

There is in Grattan only what chemists call “a trace” of Milton, and of Virgil scarcely that. Direct classical allusions are seldom made, and then only in bulk. Lord North’s administration was an “Iliad of blunders.” Ajax or Ulysses may be mentioned, or the wooden horse called to do duty again, or a hemistich may be quoted; but it is mostly by infusion, and not by incorporation, that he draws upon the ancients. From the moderns, however, he drew abundantly. Shakespeare, Pope, and Bolingbroke left each a large deposit in his mind, and his assimilative genius fuses them in its own furnace with the other materials on which it acted. In the tribute to Burke’s memory, for instance, the extracts from ‘Macbeth’ and ‘Othello’ hardly “show,” so fully do they harmonize with

the light and color of the magnificent prose into which they are woven :—

“ That great political physician, intelligent of symptoms, distinguished between the access of fever and the force of health ; and what other men thought to be the vigor of her constitution, he knew to be no more than the paroxysm of her madness ; and then, prophet-like, he pronounced the destinies of France, and in his prophetic fury admonished nations.”

All these things may be pointed out; but how can we show in what lay the nature and character of that light that never was on sea or land, but which came from the soul of Grattan’s inspiration? That is beyond our reach. But in all that may be analyzed Grattan stands out as a consummate master of a great art, the peer of the greatest, as Byron and Montalembert join with his own people in appraising him; while in moral height the universal verdict of friend and enemy puts him among the foremost of the sons of men.

No two styles could differ more than those of Grattan and of Curran. One is narrow and intense; the other wide, varied, abounding, and irregular: iridescent with humor and fun, melting in pathos, full of tenderness, delicacy, and fire: copious in invective and exuberant in imagery; a great advocate, but not a great parliamentary speaker. Curran was probably (as Burke said of him, in a letter to Dr. Hussey) “ the greatest advocate that ever lived.” Extracts from his speeches are difficult, as the passages have become so well known as to be now too familiar for quotation. Still, a few may be looked at in order to see the emotional power and the fancy which are his chief merits. In the great speech for Peter Finnerty, the well-known passage on “ universal emancipation,” with its Ciceronian amplification and repetition, may be taken as a sample of Curran’s style in moments of special excitement. Thought follows thought rapidly and in good order, rising to a climax and then breaking away to new ideas—the joints are left visible, the materials are piled before our eyes, and the final satisfying fullness of sound completes the effect of the fullness of the sense as the passage closes in a long impressive roll. It is noticeable, too, that the middle of the passage is marked by a solemn wave of separating sound which removes all peril of monotony.

"I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with and inseparable from British soil ; which proclaims even to the stranger and sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of Universal Emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced ; no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him ; no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down ; no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery ; the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust ; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty ; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him ; and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of Universal Emancipation."

A different note is to be found in the speech delivered by Curran against the attainer of the gallant and ill-fated Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who died in prison untried.

Curran's speech on behalf of Pamela, Lord Edward's widow, and her infant children was full of tenderness and beauty. The closing sentences are very pathetic and very elaborately finished; and although artificial in form, are too full of real feeling to pall or to cloy.

"If the widowed mother should carry the orphan heir of her unfortunate husband to the gate of any man who might feel himself touched with the sad vicissitudes of human affairs, who might feel a compassionate reverence for the noble blood that flowed in his veins, nobler than the royalty that first ennobled it, that like a rich stream rose till it ran and hid its fountain—if, remembering the many noble qualities of his unfortunate father, his heart melted over the calamities of the child, if his heart swelled, if his eyes overflowed, if his too precipitate hand were stretched out by his pity or his gratitude to the poor excommunicated sufferers—how could he justify the rebel tear or the traitorous humanity ?"

An example of Curran's *still* style may be profitably compared. Many competent critics have said that in majesty and massiveness the introduction to his defense for Archibald Hamilton Rowan may be put beside the exordium of Cicero's speech for Milo. In both there is that masterly ease which deceives the reader, so regular and so simple it all looks, for regularity and due proportion diminish the sense of size. The very power to state momentous events in common form is itself one of the reaches of true art, and an unobservant student might overlook the whole passage, as one of the many familiar openings of legal addresses where

the advocate declares himself borne down and oppressed by the weight and responsibility of his task. Language and style fit for great occasions would be out of place in ordinary trials, and the Ciceros, the Erskines, the Currans, and the Berryers are specially exposed to the "servile herd of imitators," who have so often made forensic oratory synonymous with loud and blatant absurdity. But in Cicero and Curran alike the great openings astonish more by their deep calm and their progressive roll of sound and sense than by any display of eloquence as such, or at any attempt to call off attention from the matter to the words. In both there is the same amplification of details, the same convergence on a point, and the same sonorousness of sentences forming, as it were, a guard of honor round the client and the argument. For example:—

"If, gentlemen, I could entertain a hope of finding refuge for the disconcertion of my mind in the perfect composure of yours—if I could suppose that those awful vicissitudes of human events, which have been stated or alluded to, could leave your judgment undisturbed, and your hearts at ease, I know I should form a most erroneous opinion of your character. I entertain no such chimerical hope—I form no such unworthy opinion. I expect not that your hearts can be more at ease than my own—I have no right to expect it; but I have a right to call upon you, in the name of your country, in the name of the living God of whose eternal justice you are now administering that portion which dwells with us on this side of the grave, to discharge your breasts, as far as you are able, of every bias of prejudice or passion, that if my client be guilty of the offense charged upon him you may give tranquillity to the public by a firm verdict of conviction, or, if he be innocent, by as firm a verdict of acquittal; and that you will do this in defiance of the paltry artifices and senseless clamors that have been resorted to in order to bring him to his trial with anticipated conviction."

On the whole, it would seem that Curran's genius was on the borderland between oratory and poetry, perhaps more on the poetical side than Dryden's, certainly less on the side of cold reason than Pope's. Such a genius could only have full sweep in pathetic, grand, and terrible occasions: life or character at stake, villainy triumphant, crime in high places, and virtue in the dock of the accused. To employ such style for the ordinary occurrences of life is to make it seem ridiculous, and Curran suffered grievously from such usage at the hands of his admiring imitators.

But there were no imitators of Plunket. That solid and

massive intellect did not invite plagiarists. Bulwer says of him, in ‘*St. Stephen’s*’:

“But one there was, to whom with joint consent
All yield the crown in that high argument.”

And so, indeed, did Brougham, Peel, Canning, and Macaulay. Bulwer asks and answers:—

“Wherefore ? you ask ; I can but guide your guess,
Man has no majesty like earnestness.
Tones slow, not loud, but deep drawn from the breast,
Action unstudied, and at times suppressed ;
But as he neared some reasoning’s massive close,
Strained o’er his bending head, his strong arms rose
And sudden fell, as if from falsehood torn
Some gray old keystone, and hurled down with scorn.”

The “orator of colossal logic” does not lend himself readily to quotation. All is great, massive, and impressive. Perhaps his answer to Castlereagh may serve best:—

“The example of the Prime Minister of England, imitable in its vices, may deceive the noble lord. The Minister of England has his faults. He abandoned in his latter years the principles of reform by professing which he had attained the earlier confidence of the people of England, and in the whole of his political conduct he has shown himself haughty and intractable ; but it must be admitted that he is endowed by nature with a towering and transcendent intellect, and that the vastness of his resources keeps pace with the magnificence and unboundedness of his projects. I thank God that it is much more easy for him to transfer his apostasy and his insolence than his comprehension and his sagacity ; and I feel the safety of my country in the wretched feebleness of her enemy. I cannot fear that the constitution, which has been founded by the wisdom of ages and cemented by the blood of patriots and of heroes, is to be smitten to its center by such a green and sapless twig as this.”

This passage reminds us of the letter of “Junius” to the Duke of Grafton ; but Plunket is more severely dignified in his chastisement of his opponent. It is only, however, in an entire speech that one can gather an impression of the size and majesty of Plunket as an orator. He is above all prettiness and ornament, and a phrase for a phrase’s sake never escapes him.

The great line of oratory closes in Plunket, the last of the giants. O’Connell arose as the king of popular haranguers. “Mighty as Chatham, give him but a crowd,” in Parliament he made no reputation as a regular orator.

Before Bulwer gives the famous lines in which he describes O'Connell in his glory as an open-air speaker, he says:—

“ Hear him in senates, second-rate at best—
Clear in a statement, happy in a jest ;
His Titan strength must touch what gave it birth :
Hear him to mobs and on his mother earth.”

Others put O'Connell as a parliamentary speaker much higher, and Peel reproved a young spark who deprecated the Great Tribune by saying that he would rather have “that broguing fellow, as you call him, on my side than all the other orators that you named.”

But his element was the monster meeting. It was to him what the sea was to Nelson. There none dared to meet him. At the bar, too, he was, in his time, unrivaled. But he was quite unreportable. “He brings forth a brood of lusty thoughts,” said Sheil, “without a rag to cover them.” Dickens has recorded the effect of one speech of O'Connell's which melted him to tears as he listened in the reporters' gallery; but that speech reads wretchedly in the reports. The speech for Magee, in 1813, is thought by many good judges as quite equal as advocacy to Curran's speech for Peter Finnerty. But it has no literary form, although the thoughts and arguments are most powerfully expressed. O'Connell had no command of diction, and while he had a mastery over superficial feelings, it is doubtful if he ever felt with passionate intensity on anything. “Sobs or laughter answered as he willed,” but fixed indignation or settled purpose he never created in the listener's mind. He cared nothing for oratory as such—speech happened to be the weapon ready to his hand, and he used it; but he had no patience for the construction of periods, and despised all showy talk quite as much as the most solid M.P. now in the House. O'Connell's companion-in-arms, Richard Lalor Sheil, was an almost eerie kind of man. Like Sheridan, he had been a dramatist, and his ‘Evadne’ was the theatrical success of a season. He never lost sight of the footlights. Bulwer calls him “the Kean of orators,” and thinks his whole speaking was unreal, although, he adds, “no heart more genuine beat—when off the stage.” Sheil's reputation was extraordinarily high,

both as a rhetorician and as a critic; and Lord Beaconsfield tells, in one of his letters to his sister, the comfort he had drawn from Sheil's advice and encouragement to him when his adventurous heart was sinking under the shock of his first parliamentary defeat.

Sheil was, above all things, an artist. That dissonant voice, which made such an impression on Mr. Gladstone, was so managed that the sibylline scream added to the effect of the hysterical declamation, and on one memorable occasion acted on the House like some unearthly spells or incantations.

The occasion was when Lord Lyndhurst came into the gallery of the House of Commons in the course of a debate on the Irish Municipal Bill. Lyndhurst had called the Irish "aliens," in a debate in the Lords, and when Sheil saw him entering under the gallery his little frame dilated, his hair streamed wildly, and his witch-like voice keened out, "Good God! was Arthur Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords, and did he not start up and say 'Hold, I have seen the aliens do their duty'?" The little man rose in wrath and intensity; and suddenly, breaking the conventional rules of order, he turned to the gallant soldier (Sir H. Hardinge) who was beside him, and in a voice cracked and shrill with passion he screamed out:—

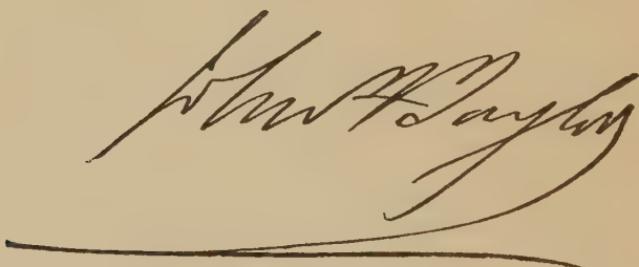
"Tell me, for you were there!"¹

This outburst, on February 22, 1837, may possibly be looked upon by many as the close of the vehement oratory which began nearly a century before; and in that century only two Catholics—O'Connell and Sheil—and three Celts, adding Curran to these, took any part whatever.

Since then no Irish orator has spoken in the House. The tribute once paid to great style seems to be no longer rendered, and indeed men are a little ashamed of any passionate outburst into which they find themselves betrayed. Balanced periods and "facile triads" take the place of winged words. But that is because the speakers lack what Grattan finely calls the "swell of soul." It is not, as Carlyle would say, "in a skeptical grinning age" that Burkes and Chathams arise. Still it is well to keep the great

¹ See the passage in Sheil's speech on 'Ireland's Part in English Achievement,' Volume VIII.

models before our eyes. The language cannot afford to lose them by neglect, and the literary taste is very uncatholic that will not include Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, Curran, and Plunket in the array of those masters of “resistless eloquence” who have added force, charm, dignity, and elevation to human speech. The pedestrian style may have great merits, but it is not the noblest style. The highest possibilities of language cannot be understood by those who only hear and read the brilliant *persiflage* which is now fashionable. One might as well try to understand Assaye or Marengo by looking at the fencing-match in ‘The Dead Heart’ between Irving and Bancroft.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Wm Hazlitt". The signature is written in black ink on a light-colored background. It features fluid, sweeping strokes with some loops and variations in line thickness. A horizontal line is drawn beneath the signature.

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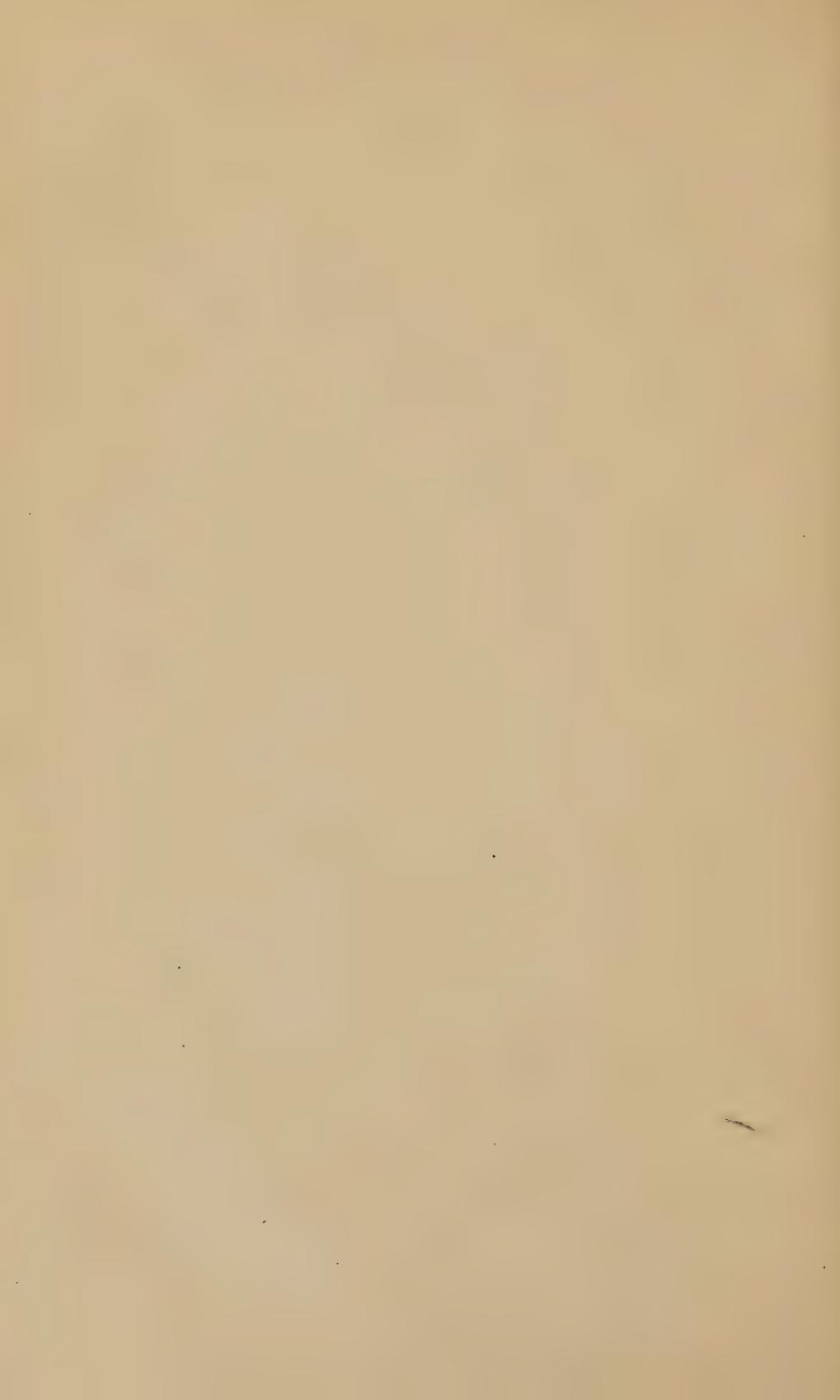
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Sweet Vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best ; Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.	
— <i>Thomas Moore.</i>	
F. FRANKFORT MOORE	2468
From a photograph by Olive and Catharine Edis, Shering- ham, Norfolk, England.	
AN IRISH PIG FAIR	2484
From a photograph.	
THOMAS MOORE	2505
After the portrait by Sir Martin Archer Shee, P. R. A.	
THE VALE OF AVOCA	2532
From a photograph.	
The rivers Avonmore and Avonbeg unite at that “Meeting of the Waters” sung by the poet Moore, taking thence to the sea at Arklow the name of Avoca.	
LAWRENCE'S GATE, DROGHEDA	2568
From a photograph.	
WILLIAM O'BRIEN	2614
From a photograph taken especially for this work.	
DROMOLAND, COUNTY CLARE	2619
The Birthplace of William O'Brien. From a photograph.	
NEVER DESPAIR	2623
Facsimile of Verses written by William Smith O'Brien on the day he was sentenced to death.	
DANIEL O'CONNELL	2629
From an engraving.	
THE O'CONNELL MONUMENT, DUBLIN	2645
Designed by John Henry Foley. From a photograph.	

The monument consists of three parts : A drum, on a stone pedestal, on which stands the colossal figure, thirteen feet high. Four winged victories are at equal distances around the drum. The figure of O'Connell. The drum has fifty figures grouped around it. The principal is Erin trampling upon broken fetters, and pointing with her uplifted right arm to O'Connell. She stands seven feet and a half high. Her head is wreathed

with shamrocks, and her left hand holds a scroll recording O'Connell's deeds. The other figures, in bold relief and seven feet high, are emblematic of Art, Science, Religion, Industry, Study, etc.	
T. P. O'CONNOR	2655
From a photograph by Elliot and Fry, of London.	
THE PROLEKE STONE, DUNDALK	2666
From a photograph.	
The Cromleac of Ballymascanlon locally known as the "Pul-leek Stone." The smaller stones resting on the top are thrown by the credulous, in the belief that if one rests there the thrower will be married before the end of the year. This is a world-wide superstition, appearing in various forms in nearly every race. These Cromlechs are supposed by some to have been altars of the Druids.	
THE CORONATION CHAIR IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY .	2717
From a photograph.	
Beneath the chair is the Stone called Jacob's stone, the legend being that it is the veritable stone on which Jacob slept when he had his famous vision. On it for centuries the Kings of Ireland took their vows. In 850 A.D. it was carried by the Scots to Scone in Scotland, and in 1296 Edward I. of England translated it to London, where it yet remains.	
STANDISH O'GRADY	2737
From a photograph by William Lawrence of Dublin.	
THE TITLE-PAGE OF THE FIRST PRINTED BOOK THAT APPEARED IN IRELAND IN GAELIC	2741
SUGAR LOAF MOUNTAIN	2767
From a photograph.	
JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY	2825
From a photograph by the James Notman Studio, Boston, Mass.	
DUNLUCE CASTLE	2853
This picturesque ruin is about four miles from the Giant's Causeway, and the rock on which it stands is basaltic, showing the prismatic structure in places. This rock is a precipitous cliff jutting into the sea, and separated from the mainland by a deep chasm only spanned by a single arch, which formerly had a drawbridge. The name signifies "strong fortress"; and in ancient days none could be stronger, as none can surpass Dunluce in wild and dreary grandeur.	
CHARLES STEWART PARNELL	2860
From a photograph by William Lawrence, Dublin.	

JAMES SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL.

(1811—1875.)

JAMES SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL, divine and hymn-writer, was born at St. Columbs, Derry, March 2, 1811. He was graduated from Trinity College, Dublin, in 1832. He was rector of Ramoan, Chancellor of Connor, and died April 9, 1875, at Guilford, England, his final church living. Among his popular publications of devotional poetry were : ‘ Parish Musings’ (7th ed. 1863) ; ‘ Hymns of Love and Praise’ (2d ed. 1866) ; ‘ The Passing Bell, and other Poems’ (2d ed. 1869) ; ‘ Simon the Cyrenian, and other Poems’ (new ed. 1876) ; ‘ Spiritual Songs’ (6th ed. 1877). Many of his poems appeared in ‘ Hymns of Love and Praise for the Church’s Year.’

LITANY.

When my feet have wandered
From the narrow way
Out into the desert,
Gone like sheep astray;
Soiled and sore with travel
Through the ways of men,
All too weak to bear me
Back to Thee again:
Hear me, O my Father!
From Thy mercy-seat,
Save me by the passion
Of the bleeding feet!

When my hands, unholy
Through some sinful deed
Wrought in me, have freshly
Made my Saviour’s bleed:
And I cannot lift up
Mine to Thee in prayer,
Tied and bound, and holden
Back by my despair:
Then, my Father! loose them,
Break for me their bands,
Save me by the passion
Of the bleeding hands!

When my thoughts, unruly,
Dare to doubt of Thee,

And thy ways to question
 Deem is to be free:
 Till, through cloud and darkness,
 Wholly gone astray,
 They find no returning
 To the narrow way:
 Then, my God! mine only
 Trust and truth art Thou;
 Save me by the passion
 Of the bleeding brow!

When my heart, forgetful
 Of the love that yet,
 Though by man forgotten,
 Never can forget;
 All its best affections
 Spent on things below,
 In its sad despondings
 Knows not where to go:
 Then, my God! mine only
 Hope and help Thou art;
 Save me by the passion
 Of the bleeding heart!

SOON AND FOREVER.

Soon and forever!
 Such promise our trust
 Though ashes to ashes
 And dust unto dust;
 Soon, and forever
 Our union shall be
 Made perfect, our glorious
 Redeemer, in thee:
 When the sins and the sorrows
 Of time shall be o'er;
 Its pangs and its partings
 Remembered no more;
 Where life cannot fail, and where
 Death cannot sever,
 Christians with Christ shall be
 Soon and forever.

Soon and forever
 The breaking of day

Shall drive all the night-clouds
Of sorrow away.
Soon and forever
We'll see as we're seen,
And learn the deep meaning
Of things that have been:
When fightings without us,
And fears from within,
Shall weary no more
In the warfare of sin;
Where fears, and where tears, and where
Death shall be never,
Christians with Christ shall be
Soon and forever.

Soon and forever
The work shall be done,
The warfare accomplished,
The victory won;
Soon and forever
The soldier lay down
His sword for a harp,
And his cross for a crown.
Then droop not in sorrow,
Despond not in fear,
A glorious to-morrow
Is brightening and near;
When, blessed reward
Of each faithful endeavor,
Christians with Christ shall be
Soon and forever.

FRANK FRANKFORT MOORE.

(1855 —)

FRANK FRANKFORT MOORE was born in Limerick, May 15, 1855. He was educated at the Royal Academical Institution, Belfast. Mr. Moore has traveled in Africa and India, the West Indies and South America, and he has utilized his impressions and experiences in the many books for boys which he has written. He was a journalist for many years, and had written boys' books, plays, poems, and stories before he made his first hit as a novelist with 'I Forbid the Banns.' Since then his career has been one long success, 'The Jessamy Bride,' 'The Impudent Comedian,' 'The Fatal Gift,' 'The Millionaire,' 'A Nest of Linnets' are fresh in people's minds. His plays have been produced at the Lyceum, Opera Comique, and elsewhere. Mr. Moore has also published two volumes of verse.

A GOODLY COMPANY.

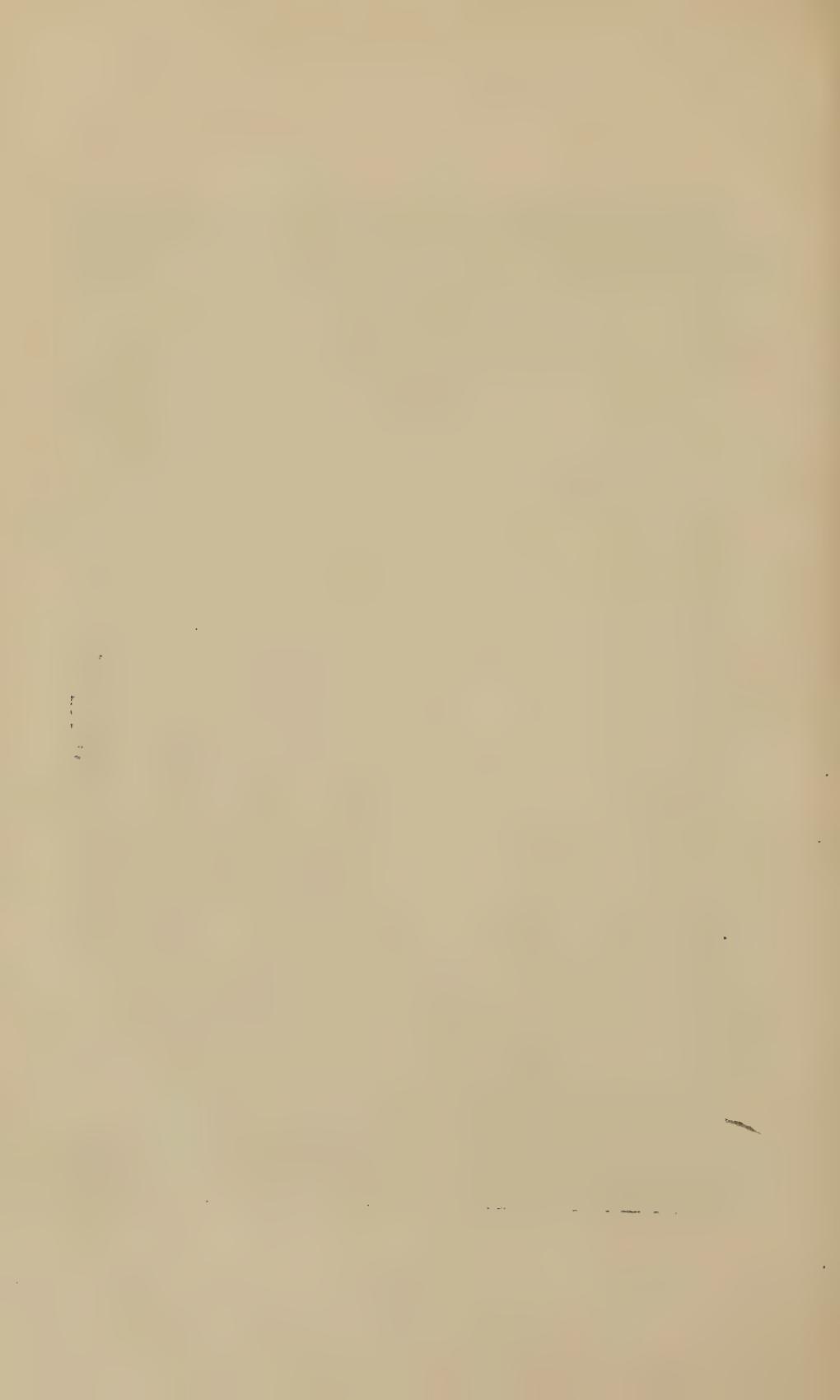
From 'The Jessamy Bride.'

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "we have eaten an excellent dinner, we are a company of intelligent men—although I allow that we should have difficulty in proving that we are so if it became known that we sat down with a Scotchman—and now pray do not mar the self-satisfaction which intelligent men experience after dining, by making assertions based on ignorance and maintained by sophistry."

"Why, sir," cried Goldsmith, "I doubt if the self-satisfaction of even the most intelligent of men—whom I take to be myself—is interfered with by any demonstration of an inferior intellect on the part of another."

Edmund Burke laughed, understanding the meaning of the twinkle in Goldsmith's eye. Sir Joshua Reynolds, having reproduced—with some care—that twinkle, turned the bell of his ear-trumpet with a smile in the direction of Johnson; but Boswell and Garrick sat with solemn faces. The former showed that he was more impressed than ever with the conviction that Goldsmith was the most blatantly conceited of mankind, and the latter—as Burke perceived in a moment—was solemn in mimicry of Boswell's solemnity. When Johnson had given a roll or two on his chair and had pursed out his lips in the act of speaking, Boswell turned an eager face towards him, putting his left





hand behind his ear so that he might not lose a word that might fall from his oracle. Upon Garrick's face was precisely the same expression, but it was his right hand that he put behind his ear.

Goldsmith and Burke laughed together at the marvelous imitation of the Scotchman by the actor, and at exactly the same instant the conscious and unconscious comedians on the other side of the table turned their heads in the direction first of Goldsmith, then of Burke. Both faces were identical as regards expression. It was the expression of a man who is greatly grieved. Then, with the exactitude of two automatic figures worked by the same machinery, they turned their heads again toward Johnson.

"Sir," said Johnson, "your endeavor to evade the consequences of maintaining a silly argument by thrusting forward a question touching upon mankind in general, suggests an assumption on your part that my intelligence is of an inferior order to your own, and that, sir, I cannot permit to pass unrebuked."

"Nay, sir," cried Boswell, eagerly, "I cannot believe that Dr. Goldsmith's intention was so monstrous."

"And the very fact of your believing that, sir, amounts almost to a positive proof that the contrary is the case," roared Johnson.

"Pray, sir, do not condemn me on such evidence," said Goldsmith.

"Men have been hanged on less," remarked Burke. "But, to return to the original matter, I should like to know upon what facts—"

"Ah, sir, to introduce facts into any controversy on a point of art would indeed be a departure," said Goldsmith solemnly. "I cannot countenance a proceeding which threatens to strangle the imagination."

"And you require yours to be particularly healthy just now, Doctor. Did you not tell us that you were about to write a *Natural History?*" said Garrick.

"Well, I remarked that I had got paid for doing so—that's not just the same thing," laughed Goldsmith.

"Ah, the money is in hand; the *Natural History* is left to the imagination," said Reynolds. "That is the most satisfactory arrangement,"

"Yes, for the author," said Burke. "Some time ago it was the book which was in hand, and the payment was left to the imagination."

"These sallies are all very well in their way," said Garrick, "but their brilliance tends to blind us to the real issue of the question that Dr. Goldsmith introduced, which I take it was, Why should not acting be included among the arts? As a matter of course, the question possesses no more than a casual interest to any of the gentlemen present, with the exception of Mr. Burke and myself. I am an actor and Mr. Burke is a statesman—another branch of the same profession—and therefore we are vitally concerned in the settlement of the question."

"The matter never rose to the dignity of being a question, sir," said Johnson. "It must be apparent to the humblest intelligence—nay, even to Boswell's—that acting is a trick, not a profession—a diversion, not an art. I am ashamed of Dr. Goldsmith for having contended to the contrary."

"It must only have been in sport, sir," said Boswell mildly.

"Sir, Dr. Goldsmith may have earned reprobation," cried Johnson, "but he has been guilty of nothing so heinous as to deserve the punishment of having you as his advocate."

"Oh sir, surely Mr. Boswell is the best one in the world to pronounce an opinion as to what was said in sport, and what in earnest," said Goldsmith. "His fine sense of humor—"

"Sir, have you seen the picture which he got painted of himself on his return from Corsica?" shouted Johnson.

"Gentlemen, these diversions may be well enough for you," said Garrick, "but in my ears they sound as the jests of the crowd must in the ears of a wretch on his way to Tyburn. Think, sirs, of the position occupied by Mr. Burke and myself at the present moment. Are we to be branded as outcasts because we happen to be actors?"

"Undoubtedly you at least are, Davy," cried Johnson. "And good enough for you too, you rascal!"

"And, for my part, I would rather be an outcast with David Garrick than become chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury," said Goldsmith.

"Dr. Goldsmith, let me tell you that it is unbecoming in you, who have relations in the church, to make such an assertion," said Johnson sternly. "What, sir, does friendship occupy a place before religion in your estimation?"

"The Archbishop could easily get another chaplain, sir, but whither could the stage look for another Garrick?" said Goldsmith.

"Psha! Sir, the puppets which we saw last week in Panton street delighted the town more than ever Mr. Garrick did," cried Johnson; and when he perceived that Garrick colored at this sally of his, he lay back in his chair and roared with laughter.

Reynolds took snuff.

"Dr. Goldsmith said he could act as adroitly as the best of the puppets—I heard him myself," said Boswell.

"That was only his vain boasting which you have so frequently noted with that acuteness of observation that makes you the envy of our circle," said Burke. "You understand the Irish temperament perfectly, Mr. Boswell. But to resort to the original point raised by Goldsmith; surely, Dr. Johnson, you will allow that an actor of genius is at least on a level with a musician of genius."

"Sir, I will allow that he is on a level with a fiddler, if that will satisfy you," replied Johnson.

"Surely, sir, you must allow that Mr. Garrick's art is superior to that of Signor Piozzi, whom we heard play at Dr. Burney's," said Burke.

"Yes, sir; David Garrick has the good luck to be an Englishman, and Piozzi the ill luck to be an Italian," replied Johnson. "Sir, 't is no use affecting to maintain that you regard acting as on a level with the arts. I will not put an affront upon your intelligence by supposing that you actually believe what your words would imply."

"You can take your choice, Mr. Burke," said Goldsmith: "whether you will have the affront put upon our intelligence or your sincerity."

"I am sorry that I am compelled to leave the company for a space, just as there seems to be some chance of the argument becoming really interesting to me personally," said Garrick, rising; "but the fact is that I rashly made an engagement for this hour. I shall be gone for perhaps twenty minutes, and meantime you may be able to come to

some agreement on a matter which, I repeat, is one of vital importance to Mr. Burke and myself; and so, sirs, farewell for the present."

He gave one of those bows of his, to witness which was a liberal education in the days when grace was an art, and left the room.

"If Mr. Garrick's bow does not prove my point, no argument that I can bring forward will produce any impression upon you, sir," said Goldsmith.

"The dog is well enough," said Johnson; "but he has need to be kept in his place, and I believe that there is no one whose attempts to keep him in his place he will tolerate as he does mine."

"And what do you suppose is Mr. Garrick's place, sir?" asked Goldsmith. "Do you believe that if we were all to stand on one another's shoulders, as certain acrobats do, with Garrick on the shoulder of the topmost man, we should succeed in keeping him in his proper place?"

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "your question is as ridiculous as anything you have said to-night, and to say so much, sir, is, let me tell you, to say a good deal."

"What a pity it is that honest Goldsmith is so persistent in his attempts to shine," whispered Boswell to Burke.

"T is a great pity, truly, that a lark should try to make its voice heard in the neighborhood of a Niagara," said Burke.

"Pray, sir, what is a Niagara?" asked Boswell.

"A Niagara?" said Burke. "Better ask Dr. Goldsmith; he alluded to it in his latest poem. Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Boswell wishes to know what a Niagara is."

"Sir," said Goldsmith, who had caught every word of the conversation in undertone. "Sir, Niagara is the Dr. Johnson of the New World."

The conversation took place in the Crown and Anchor tavern in the Strand, where the party had just dined. Dr. Johnson had been quite as good company as usual. There was a general feeling that he had rarely insulted Boswell so frequently in the course of a single evening—but then, Boswell had rarely so laid himself open to insult as he had upon this evening—and when he had finished with the Scotchman, he turned his attention to Garrick, the opportunity being afforded him by Oliver Goldsmith, who

had been unguarded enough to say a word or two regarding that which he termed "the art of acting."

"Dr. Goldsmith, I am ashamed of you, sir," cried the great dictator. "Who gave you the authority to add to the number of the arts 'the art of acting'? We shall hear of the art of dancing next, and every tumbler who kicks up the sawdust will have the right to call himself an artist. Madame Violante, who gave Peggy Woffington her first lesson on the tight rope, will rank with Miss Kauffmann, the painter—nay, every poodle that dances on its hind legs in public will be an artist."

It was in vain that Goldsmith endeavored to show that the admission of acting to the list of arts scarcely entailed such consequences as Johnson asserted would be inevitable, if that admission were once made; it was in vain that Garrick asked if the fact that painting was included among the arts, caused sign painters to claim for themselves the standing of artists; and, if not, why there was any reason to suppose that the tumblers to whom Johnson had alluded would advance their claims to be on a level with the highest interpreters of the emotions of humanity. Dr. Johnson roared down every suggestion that was offered to him most courteously by his friends.

Then, in the exuberance of his spirits, he insulted Boswell and told Burke he did not know what he was talking about. In short, he was thoroughly Johnsonian, and considered himself the best of company, and eminently capable of pronouncing an opinion as to what were the elements of a clubable man.

He had succeeded in driving one of his best friends out of the room, and in reducing the others of the party to silence—all except Boswell, who, as usual, tried to start him upon a discussion of some subtle point of theology. Boswell seemed invariably to have adopted this course after he had been thoroughly insulted, and to have been, as a rule, very successful in its practice: it usually led to his attaining to the distinction of another rebuke for him to gloat over.

He now thought that the exact moment had come for him to find out what Dr. Johnson thought on the subject of the immortality of the soul.

"Pray, sir," said he, shifting his chair so as to get be-

tween Reynolds' ear-trumpet and his oracle—his jealousy of Sir Joshua's ear-trumpet was as great as his jealousy of Goldsmith. "Pray, sir, is there any evidence among the ancient Egyptians that they believed that the soul of man was imperishable?"

"Sir," said Johnson, after a huge roll or two, "there is evidence that the ancient Egyptians were in the habit of introducing a *memento mori* at a feast, lest the partakers of the banquet should become too merry."

"Well, sir?" said Boswell eagerly, as Johnson made a pause.

"Well, sir, we have no need to go to the trouble of introducing such an object, since Scotchmen are so plentiful in London, and so ready to accept the offer of a dinner," said Johnson, quite in his pleasantest manner.

Boswell was more elated than the others of the company at this sally. He felt that he, and he only, could succeed in drawing his best from Johnson.

"Nay, Dr. Johnson, you are too hard on the Scotch," he murmured, but in no deprecatory tone. He seemed to be under the impression that every one present was envying him, and he smiled as if he felt that it was necessary for him to accept with meekness the distinction of which he was the recipient.

"Come, Goldy," cried Johnson, turning his back upon Boswell, "you must not be silent, or I will think that you feel aggrieved because I got the better of you in the argument."

"Argument, sir?" said Goldsmith. "I protest that I was not aware that any argument was under consideration. You make short work of another's argument, Doctor."

"Tis due to the logical faculty which I have in common with Mr. Boswell, sir," said Johnson, with a twinkle.

"The logical faculty of the elephant when it lies down on its tormentor, the wolf," muttered Goldsmith, who had just acquired some curious facts for his Animated Nature.

At that moment one of the tavern waiters entered the room with a message to Goldsmith that his cousin, the Dean, had just arrived and was anxious to obtain permission to join the party.

"My cousin, the Dean! What Dean? What does the

man mean?" said Goldsmith, who appeared to be both surprised and confused.

"Why, sir," said Boswell, "you have told us more than once that you had a cousin who was a dignitary of the church."

"Have I, indeed?" said Goldsmith. "Then I suppose, if I said so, this must be the very man. A Dean, is he?"

"Sir, it is ill-mannered to keep even a curate waiting in the common room of a tavern," said Johnson, who was not the man to shrink from any sudden addition to his audience of an evening. "If your relation were an Archbishop, sir, this company would be worthy to receive him. Pray give the order to show him into this room."

Goldsmith seemed lost in thought. He gave a start when Johnson had spoken, and in no very certain tone told the waiter to lead the clergyman up to the room. Oliver's face undoubtedly wore an expression of greater curiosity than that of any of his friends, before the waiter returned, followed by an elderly and somewhat undersized clergyman wearing a full bottomed wig and the bands and apron of a dignitary of the church. He walked stiffly, with an erect carriage that gave a certain dignity to his short figure. His face was white, but his eyebrows were extremely bushy. He had a slight squint in one eye.

The bow which he gave on entering the room was profuse but awkward. It contrasted with the farewell salute of Garrick on leaving the table twenty minutes before. Every one present, with the exception of Oliver, perceived in a moment a family resemblance in the clergyman's bow to that with which Goldsmith was accustomed to receive his friends. A little jerk which the visitor gave in raising his head was laughably like a motion made by Goldsmith, supplemental to his usual bow.

"Gentlemen," said the visitor, with a wave of his hand, "I entreat of you to be seated." His voice and accent more than suggested Goldsmith's, although he had only a suspicion of an Irish brogue. If Oliver had made an attempt to disown his relationship, no one in the room would have regarded him as sincere. "Nay, gentlemen, I insist," continued the stranger; "you embarrass me with your courtesy."

"Sir," said Johnson, "you will not find that any com-

pany over which I have the honor to preside is found lacking in its duty to the church."

"I am the humblest of its ministers, sir," said the stranger, with a deprecatory bow. Then he glanced round the room, and with an exclamation of pleasure went towards Goldsmith. "Ah! I do not need to ask which of this distinguished company is my cousin Nolly—I beg your pardon, Oliver—ah, old times—old times!" He had caught Goldsmith's hands in both his own and was looking into his face with a pathetic air. Goldsmith seemed a little embarrassed. His smile was but the shadow of a smile. The rest of the party averted their heads, for in the long silence, that followed the exclamation of the visitor, there was an element of pathos.

Curiously enough, a sudden laugh came from Sir Joshua Reynolds, causing all faces to be turned in his direction. An aspect of stern rebuke was now worn by Dr. Johnson. The painter hastened to apologize.

"I ask your pardon, sir," he said, gravely, "but—sir, I am a painter—my name is Reynolds—and—well, sir, the family resemblance between you and our dear friend Dr. Goldsmith—a resemblance that perhaps only a painter's eye could detect—seemed to me so extraordinary as you stood together, that—"

"Not another word, sir, I entreat of you," cried the visitor. "My cousin Oliver and I have not met for—how many years is it, Nolly? Not eleven—no, it cannot be eleven—and yet—"

"Ah, sir," said Oliver, "time is fugitive—very fugitive."

He shook his head sadly.

"I am pleased to hear that you have acquired this knowledge, which the wisdom of the ancients has crystalized in a phrase," said the stranger. "But you must present me to your friends, Noll—Oliver, I mean. You, sir"—he turned to Reynolds—"have told me your name. Am I fortunate enough to be face to face with Sir Joshua Reynolds? Oh, there can be no doubt about it. Oliver dedicated his last poem to you. Sir, I am your servant. And you, sir"—he turned to Burke—"I seem to have seen your face somewhere—it is strangely familiar—"

"That gentleman is Mr. Burke, sir," said Goldsmith. He was rapidly recovering his embarrassment, and spoke

with something of an air of pride, as he made a gesture with his right hand towards Burke. The clergyman made precisely the same gesture with his left hand, crying—

“What, Mr. Edmund Burke, the friend of liberty—the friend of the people?”

“The same, sir,” said Oliver. “He is, besides, the friend of Oliver Goldsmith.”

“Then he is my friend also,” said the clergyman. “Sir, to be in a position to shake you by the hand is the greatest privilege of my life.”

“You do me great honor, sir,” said Burke.

Goldsmith was burning to draw the attention of his relative to Dr. Johnson, who on his side was looking anything but pleased at being so far neglected.

“Mr. Burke, you are our countryman—Oliver’s and mine—and I know you are sound on the Royal Marriage Act. I should dearly like to have a talk with you on that iniquitous measure. You opposed it, sir?”

“With all my power, sir,” said Burke.

“Give me your hand again, sir. Mrs. Luttrell was an honor to her sex, and it is she who confers an honor upon the Duke of Cumberland, not the other way about. You are with me, Mr. Burke? Eh, what is the matter, Cousin Noll? Why do you work with your arm that way?”

“There are other gentlemen in the room, Mr. Dean,” said Oliver.

“They can wait,” cried Mr. Dean. “They are certain to be inferior to Mr. Burke and Sir Joshua Reynolds. If I should be wrong, they will not feel mortified at what I have said.”

“This is Mr. Boswell, sir,” said Goldsmith.

“Mr. Boswell—of where, sir?”

“Mr. Boswell, of—of Scotland, sir.”

“Scotland, the land where the clergymen write plays for the theater. Your clergymen might be better employed, Mr.—Mr.—”

“Boswell, sir.”

“Mr. Boswell. Yes, I hope you will look into this matter should you ever visit your country again—a remote possibility, from all that I can learn of your countrymen.”

“Why, sir, since Mr. Home wrote his tragedy of ‘Doug-

las'—" began Boswell, but he was interrupted by the stranger.

"What, you would condone his offense?" he cried. "The fact of your having a mind to do so shows that the clergy of your country are still sadly lax in their duty, sir. They should have taught you better."

"And this is Dr. Johnson, sir," said Goldsmith in tones of triumph.

His relation sprang from his seat and advanced to the head of the table, bowing profoundly.

"Dr. Johnson," he cried, "I have long desired to meet you, sir."

"I am your servant, Mr. Dean," said Johnson, towering above him as he got—somewhat awkwardly—upon his feet. "No gentleman of your cloth, sir—leaving aside for a moment all consideration of the eminence in the church to which you have attained—fails to obtain my respect."

"I am glad of that, sir," said the Dean. "It shows that you, though a Non-conformist preacher, and, as I understand, abounding in zeal on behalf of the cause of which you are so able an advocate, are not disposed to relinquish the example of the great Wesley in his admiration for the church."

"Sir," said Johnson, with great dignity, but with a scowl upon his face. "Sir, you are the victim of an error as gross as it is unaccountable. I am not a Non-conformist—on the contrary, I would give the rogues no quarter."

"Sir," said the clergyman, with the air of one administering a rebuke to a subordinate. "Sir, such intolerance is unworthy of an enlightened country and an age of some culture. But I ask your pardon; finding you in the company of distinguished gentlemen, I was led to believe that you were the great Dr. Johnson, the champion of the rights of conscience. I regret that I was mistaken."

"Sir!" cried Goldsmith, in great consternation—for Johnson was rendered speechless through being placed in the position of the rebuked, instead of occupying his accustomed place as the rebuker. "Sir, this is the great Dr. Johnson—nay, there is no Dr. Johnson but one."

"T is so like your good nature, Cousin Oliver, to take the side of the weak," said the clergyman, smiling. "Well, well, we will take the honest gentleman's greatness for

granted; and, indeed, he is great in one sense: he is large enough to outweigh you and me put together in one scale. To such greatness we would do well to bow."

"Heavens, sir!" said Boswell in a whisper that had something of awe in it. "Is it possible that you have never heard of Dr. Samuel Johnson?"

"Alas! sir," said the stranger, "I am but a country parson. I cannot be expected to know all the men who are called great in London. Of course, Mr. Burke and Sir Joshua Reynolds have a European reputation; but you, Mr.—Mr.—ah! you see I have e'en forgot your worthy name, sir, though I doubt not you are one of London's greatest. Pray, sir, what have you written that entitles you to speak with such freedom in the presence of such gentlemen as Mr. Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and—I add with pride—Oliver Goldsmith?"

"I am the friend of Dr. Johnson, sir," muttered Boswell.

"And he has doubtless greatness enough—avoirdupois—to serve for both! Pray, Oliver, as the gentleman from Scotland is too modest to speak for himself, tell me what he has written."

"He has written many excellent works, sir, including an account of Corsica," said Goldsmith, with some stammering.

"And his friend, Dr. Johnson, has he attained to an equally dizzy altitude in literature?"

"You are surely jesting, sir," said Goldsmith. "The world is familiar with Dr. Johnson's Dictionary."

"Alas, I am but a country parson, as you know, Oliver, and I have no need for a dictionary, having been moderately well educated. Has the work appeared recently, Dr. Johnson?"

But Dr. Johnson had turned his back upon the stranger, and had picked up a volume which Tom Davies, the bookseller, had sent to him at the Crown and Anchor, and had buried his face in its pages, bending it, as was his wont, until the stitching had cracked, and the back was already loose.

"Your great friend, Noll, is no lover of books, or he would treat them with greater tenderness," said the clergyman. "I would fain hope that the purchasers of his dic-

tionary treat it more fairly than he does the work of others. When did he bring out his dictionary?"

"Eighteen years ago," said Oliver.

"And what books has he written within the intervening years?"

"He has been a constant writer, sir, and is the most highly esteemed of our authors."

"Nay, sir, but give me a list of his books published within the past eighteen years, so that I may repair my deplorable ignorance. You, cousin, have written many works that the world would not willingly be without; and I hear that you are about to add to that already honorable list; but your friend—oh, you have deceived me, Oliver! —he is no true worker in literature, or he would—nay, he could not, have remained idle all these years. How does he obtain his means of living if he will not use his pen?"

"He has a pension from the King, sir," stuttered Oliver. "I tell you, sir, he is the most learned man in Europe."

"His is a sad case," said the clergyman. "To refrain from administering to him the rebuke which he deserves would be to neglect an obvious duty." He took a few steps towards Johnson and raised his head. Goldsmith fell into a chair and buried his face in his hands; Boswell's jaw fell; Burke and Reynolds looked by turns grave and amused. "Dr. Johnson," said the stranger, "I feel that it is my duty as a clergyman to urge upon you to amend your way of life."

"Sir," shouted Johnson, "if you were not a clergyman I would say that you were a very impertinent fellow!"

"Your way of receiving a rebuke which your conscience—if you have one—tells you that you have earned, supplements in no small measure the knowledge of your character which I have obtained since entering this room, sir. You may be a man of some parts, Dr. Johnson, but you have acknowledged yourself to be as intolerant in matters of religion as you have proved yourself to be intolerant of rebuke, offered to you in a friendly spirit. It seems to me that your habit is to browbeat your friends into acquiescence with every dictum that comes from your lips, though they are workers—not without honor—at that profession of letters which you despise—nay, sir, do not interrupt me. If you did not despise letters, you would not have allowed

eighteen years of your life to pass without printing at least as many books. Think you, sir, that a pension was granted to you by the state to enable you to eat the bread of idleness while your betters are starving in their garrets? Dr. Johnson, if your name should go down to posterity, how do you think you will be regarded by all discriminating men? Do you think that those tavern dinners at which you sit at the head of the table and shout down all who differ from you, will be placed to your credit to balance your love of idleness and your intolerance? That is the question which I leave with you; I pray you to consider it well; and so, sir, I take my leave of you. Gentlemen, Cousin Oliver, farewell, sirs. I trust I have not spoken in vain."

He made a general bow—an awkward bow—and walked with some dignity to the door. Then he turned and bowed again before leaving the room.

GEORGE MOORE.

(1857 ——)

MR. GEORGE MOORE, poet, novelist, dramatist and art critic, was born in Ireland in 1857. His father was George Henry Moore, M.P., of Moore Hall, County Mayo, who united considerable literary ability with political activity and was a Nationalist and a member of the Young Ireland party. George Moore was educated at Oscott College near Birmingham, studied art in Paris and early gave proof that his father's taste for letters had descended to him. He has produced some twenty books, including, besides fiction, verse, drama, and criticism, and though conventional English critics and timid managers of circulating libraries at first refused to accept his works, he has long been recognized as one of the greatest living writers of fiction. In his 'Confessions of a Young Man' he early showed himself a worshiper of Shelley, and it was he who introduced to English readers several of the writers who created the symbolist movement in French literature, notably Arthur Rimbaud, Paul Verlaine, Jules Laforgue, Gustave Kahn and Stéphane Mallarmé.

He has also written perhaps the two best essays in English on Balzac, the greatest of French novelists, and on Turgueneff, the great Russian novelist. His first two books were verse, 'Flowers of Passion' (1877) and 'Pagan Poems' (1881). These were followed by 'A Modern Lover' (1883), 'A Mummer's Wife' (1884), 'Literature at Nurse, or Circulating Morals' (1885), in which he threw down the challenge to Messrs. Mudie and Smith of circulating-library fame, that the support of the libraries was not vital to his existence as an author; 'A Drama in Muslin' (1886), 'Parnell and his Island' (1887), 'A Mere Accident' (1887), 'Confessions of a Young Man' (1888), largely a history of his opinions and in part biographical; 'Spring Days' (1888), 'Mike Fletcher' (1889), 'Impressions and Opinions' (1890), a book of fascinating critical interest; 'Vain Fortune' (1890) 'Modern Painting' (1893), 'The Strike at Arlingford,' a drama, (1893), 'Esther Waters' (1894), 'Celibates' (1895), 'Evelyn Innes' (1898), 'The Bending of the Bough,' a play written for the Irish Literary Theater (1900); 'Sister Theresa,' the sequel of 'Evelyn Innes' (1901), and a collection of short stories dealing with Irish subjects under the title 'Untilled Fields' (1903). Mr. Moore has also collaborated (1894) with Mrs. Craigie in a little comedy called 'Journeys End in Lovers Meeting,' written for Ellen Terry, and with Mr. W. B. Yeats (1901) in a very successful four-act drama founded on the old Irish epic tale of 'Diarmuid and Grania.' Mr. Moore also wrote a vigorous introduction to the English translation of Zola's 'Pot-Bouille,' published under the name 'Piping Hot' (1885), and a charming preface to Lena Milman's translation of Dostoevsky's 'Poor Folk' (London, 1894), and also an introduction to two plays of Mr. Edward Martyn, 'The Heather Field' and 'Maeve,' which set forth the aims of the Irish Literary Theater (1899). With Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. Edward Martyn, Dr. Douglas Hyde, Mr. George W. Russell and others, he contributed to 'Ideals in Ireland' (1901).

In 'Parnell and his Island' (1887) he made an attack upon the Irish party of that day, but has seen the error of his ways, and in 1900 gave up his residence in London and left what he termed the "Brixton Empire" for Dublin, where he has since resided. By the "Brixton Empire" Mr. Moore meant "the empire of vulgarity and greed, and materialism and hypocrisy, that is crawling round the whole world, throttling other races and nationalities—all for their own good, of course!—and reducing everything to one machine-made Brixton pattern."

In fiction Mr. Moore is a realist and if he has any theory it may perhaps be summed up in the following notable and dignified utterance upon the function of the novel, made by himself in 'A Drama in Muslin': "Seen from afar, all things in nature are of equal worth; and the meanest things, when viewed with the eyes of God, are raised to heights of tragic awe which conventionality would limit to the deaths of kings or patriots. The history of a nation as often lies hidden in social wrongs and domestic griefs as in the story of revolution, and if it be for the historian to narrate the one it is for the novelist to dissect and explain the other."

While Mr. Moore's chief fame rests upon his novels, he has also achieved distinction as one of the ablest of living art critics, his best work of this kind being found in his 'Modern Painting,' which called forth the eulogy of such an eminent critic as the late Walter Pater. ('George Moore as an Art Critic,' *Daily Chronicle*, June 10, 1893, reprinted in Pater's 'Uncollected Essays,' Portland, 1903.)

Perhaps the two best critical estimates of Mr. Moore's work are the appreciation by Mr. E. A. Bennett in his volume of essays 'Fame and Fiction' (1901) and the long essay by Professor H. T. Peck in his book 'The Personal Equation.' Mr. Bennett gives a candid recognition of Mr. Moore's eminence as a serious novelist, and speaking of perhaps his best known novel, 'Esther Waters,' sums up his opinion as follows: "It teaches, as all true art must. It is more than a story; it seeks to do something more than please. And this seriousness, this religious devotion to truth, this proud scorn of every prejudice which might limit his scope: these qualities, occurring as they do everywhere in Mr. Moore's work, differentiate that work from that of almost all his contemporaries."

Professor Peck gives perhaps an even higher estimate of Mr. Moore's work: "A profound psychologist, a sensitivist who feels to his very finger tips the slightest breath of things, a genius fettered by the chains of pure materialism, yet none the less and with all his limitations and perversities the greatest literary artist who has struck the chords of English since the death of Thackeray."

THE EXILE.

From 'Untilled Fields.'¹

I.

Pat Phelan's bullocks were ready for the fair, and so were his pigs; but the two fairs happened to come on the

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same day, and he thought he would like to sell the pigs himself. His eldest son, James, was staying at home to help Catherine Ford with her churning; Peter, his second son, was not much of a hand at a bargain; it was Pat and James who managed the farm, and when Peter had gone to bed they began to wonder if Peter would be able to sell the bullocks. Pat said Peter had been told the lowest price he could take, James said there was a good demand for cattle, and at last they decided that Peter could not fail to sell the beasts.

Pat was to meet Peter at the cross-roads about twelve o'clock in the day. But he had sold his pigs early, and was half an hour in front of him, and sitting on the stile waiting for his son, he thought if Peter got thirteen pounds apiece for the bullocks he would say he had done very well. A good jobber, he thought, would be able to get ten shillings apiece more for them; and he went on thinking of what price Peter would get, until, suddenly looking up the road, whom should he see but Peter coming down the road with the bullocks in front of him. He could hardly believe his eyes, and it was a long story that Peter told him about two men who wanted to buy the bullocks early in the morning. They had offered him eleven pounds ten, and when he would not sell them at that price they had stood laughing at the bullocks and doing all they could to keep off other buyers. Peter was quite certain it was not his fault, and he began to argue. But Pat Phelan was too disappointed to argue with him, and he let him go on talking. At last Peter ceased talking, and this seemed to Pat Phelan a good thing.

The bullocks trotted in front of them. They were seven miles from home, and fifteen miles are hard on fat animals, and he could truly say he was at a loss of three pounds that day if he took into account the animals' keep.

Father and son walked on, and not a word passed between them till they came to Michael Quinn's public-house. "Did you get three pounds apiece for the pigs, father?"

"I did, and three pounds five."

"We might have a drink out of that."

It seemed to Peter that the men inside were laughing at him or at the lemonade he was drinking, and, seeing among them one who had been interfering with him all day, he





told him he would put him out of the house, and he would have done it if Mrs. Quinn had not told him that no one put a man out of her house without her leave.

"Do you hear that, Peter Phelan?"

"If you can't best them at the fair," said his father, "it will be little good for you to put them out of the public-house afterwards."

And on that Peter swore he would never go to a fair again, and they walked on until they came to the priest's house.

"It was bad for me when I listened to you and James. If I hadn't I might have been in Maynooth now."

"Now, didn't you come home talking of the polis?"

"Wasn't that after?"

They could not agree as to when his idea of life had changed from the priesthood to the police, nor when it had changed back from the police to the priesthood, and Peter talked on, telling of the authors he had read with Father Tom—Cæsar, Virgil, even Quintilian. The priest had said that Quintilian was too difficult for him, and Pat Phelan was in doubt whether the difficulty of Quintilian was a sufficient reason for preferring the police to the priesthood.

"Any way it isn't a girl that's troubling him," he said to himself, and he looked at Peter, and wondered how it was that Peter did not want to be married. Peter was a great big fellow, over six feet high, that many a girl would take a fancy to, and Pat Phelan had long had his eye on a girl who would marry him. And his failure to sell the bullocks brought all the advantages of this marriage to Pat Phelan's mind, and he began to talk to his son. Peter listened, and seemed to take an interest in all that was said, expressing now and then a doubt if the girl would marry him; the possibility that she might seemed to turn his thoughts again towards the priesthood.

The bullocks had stopped to graze, and Peter's indecisions threw Pat Phelan fairly out of his humor.

"Well, Peter, I am tired listening to you. If it's a priest you want to be, go in there, and Father Tom will tell you what you must do, and I'll drive the bullocks home myself." And on that Pat laid his hand on the priest's green gate, and Peter walked through.

II.

There were trees about the priest's house, and there were two rooms on the right and left of the front door. The parlor was on the left, and when Peter came in the priest was sitting reading in his mahogany arm-chair. Peter wondered if it were this very mahogany chair that had put the idea of being a priest into his head. Just now, while walking with his father, he had been thinking that they had not even a wooden arm-chair in their house, though it was the best house in the village—only some stools and some plain wooden chairs.

The priest could see that Peter had come to him for a purpose. But Peter did not speak; he sat raising his pale, perplexed eyes, looking at the priest from time to time, thinking that if he told Father Tom of his failure at the fair, Father Tom might think he only wished to become a priest because he had no taste for farming.

"You said, Father Tom, if I worked hard I should be able to read Quintilian in six months."

The priest's face always lighted up at the name of a classical author, and Peter said he was sorry he had been taken away from his studies. But he had been thinking the matter over, and his mind was quite made up, and he was sure he would sooner be a priest than anything else.

"My boy, I knew you would never put on the policeman's belt. The Bishop will hold an examination for the places that are vacant in Maynooth." Peter promised to work hard and he already saw himself sitting in an arm-chair, in a mahogany arm-chair, reading classics, and winning admiration for his learning.

He walked home, thinking that everything was at last decided, when suddenly, without warning, when he was thinking of something else, his heart misgave him. It was as if he heard a voice saying: "My boy, I don't think you will ever put on the cassock. You will never walk with the biretta on your head." The priest had said that he did not believe he would ever buckle on the policeman's belt. He was surprised to hear the priest say this, though he had often heard himself thinking the same thing. What surprised and frightened him now was that he heard himself saying he would never put on the cassock and the biretta. It is frightening to hear yourself saying you are not going

to do the thing you have just made up your mind you will do.

He had often thought he would like to put the money he would get out of the farm into a shop, but when it came to the point of deciding he had not been able to make up his mind. He had always had a great difficulty in knowing what was the right thing to do. His uncle William had never thought of anything but the priesthood. James never thought of anything but the farm. A certain friend of his had never thought of doing anything but going to America. Suddenly he heard some one call him.

It was Catherine, and Peter wondered if she were thinking to tell him she was going to marry James.

For she always knew what she wanted. Many said that James was not the one she wanted, but Peter did not believe that, and he looked at Catherine and admired her face, and thought what a credit she would be to the family. No one wore such beautifully knitted stockings as Catherine, and no one's boots were so prettily laced.

But not knowing exactly what to say, he asked her if she had come from their house, and he went on talking, telling her that she would find nobody in the parish like James. James was the best farmer in the parish, none such a judge of cattle; and he said all this and a great deal more, until he saw that Catherine did not care to talk about James at all.

"I daresay all you say is right, Peter; but you see he's your brother."

And then, fearing she had said something hurtful, she told him that she liked James as much as a girl could like a man who was not going to be her husband.

"And you are sure, Catherine, that James is not going to be your husband?"

"Yes," she said, "quite sure."

Their talk had taken them as far as Catherine's door, and Peter went away wondering why he had not told her he was going to Maynooth; for no one would have been able to advise him as well as Catherine, she had such good sense.

III.

There was a quarter of a mile between the two houses, and while Peter was talking to Catherine, Pat Phelan was

listening to his son James, who was telling his father that Catherine had said she would not marry him.

Pat was over sixty, but he did not give one the impression of an old man. The hair was not gray, there was still a little red in the whiskers. James, who sat opposite to him, holding his hands to the blaze, was not as good-looking a man as his father, the nose was not as fine, nor were the eyes as keen. There was more of the father in Peter than in James.

When Peter opened the half-door, awaking the dozen hens that roosted on the beam, he glanced from one to the other, for he suspected that his father was telling James how he had failed to sell the bullocks. But the tone of his father's voice when he asked him what had detained him on the road told him he was mistaken; and then he remembered that Catherine had said she would not marry James, and he began to pity his brother.

"I met Catherine on the road, and I could do no less than walk as far as her door with her."

"You could do no less than that, Peter," said James.

"And what do you mean by that, James?"

"Only this, that it is always the crooked way, Peter; for if it had been you that had asked her she would have had you and jumping."

"She would have had me!"

"And now don't you think you had better run after her, Peter, and ask her if she'll have you?"

"I'll never do that; and it is hurtful, James, that you should think such a thing of me, that I would go behind your back and try to get a girl from you."

"I did not mean that, Peter; but if she won't have me, you had better try if you can get her."

And suddenly Peter felt a resolve come into his heart, and his manner grew exultant.

"I've seen Father Tom, and he said I can pass the examination. I'm going to be a priest."

And when they were lying down side by side Peter said, "James, it will be all right." Knowing there was a great heart-sickness on his brother, he put out his hand. "As sure as I lie here she will be lying next you before this day twelvemonths. Yes, James, in this very bed, lying here where I am lying now."

"I don't believe it, Peter."

Peter loved his brother, and to bring the marriage about he took some money from his father and went to live at Father Tom's, and he worked so hard during the next two months that he passed the Bishop's examination. And it was late one night when he went to bid them good-bye at home.

"What makes you so late, Peter?"

"Well, James, I didn't want to meet Catherine on the road."

"You are a good boy, Peter," said the father, "and God will reward you for the love you bear your brother. I don't think there are two better men in the world. God has been good to me to give me two such sons."

And then the three sat round the fire, and Pat Phelan began to talk family history.

"Well, Peter, you see, there has always been a priest in the family, and it would be a pity if there's not one in this generation. In '48 your grand-uncles joined the rebels, and they had to leave the country. You have an uncle a priest, and you are just like your uncle William."

And then James talked, but he did not seem to know very well what he was saying, and his father told him to stop—that Peter was going where God had called him.

"And you will tell her," Peter said, getting up, "that I have gone."

"I haven't the heart for telling her such a thing. She will be finding it out soon enough."

Outside the house—for he was sleeping at Father Tom's that night—Peter thought there was little luck in James's eyes; inside the house Pat Phelan and James thought that Peter was settled for life.

"He will be a fine man standing on an altar," James said, "and perhaps he will be a bishop some day."

"And you'll see her when you're done reaping, and you won't forget what Peter told you," said Pat Phelan.

And, after reaping, James put on his coat and walked up the hillside, where he thought he would find Catherine.

"I hear Peter has left you," she said, as he opened the gate to let the cows through.

"He came last night to bid us good-bye."

And they followed the cows under the tall hedges.

"I shall be reaping to-morrow," he said. "I will see you at the same time."

And henceforth he was always at hand to help her to drive her cows home; and every night, as he sat with his father by the fire, Pat Phelan expected James to tell him about Catherine. One evening he came back overcome, looking so wretched that his father could see that Catherine had told him she would not marry him.

"She won't have me," he said.

"A man can always get a girl if he tries long enough," his father said, hoping to encourage him.

"That would be true enough for another. Catherine knows she will never get Peter. Another man might get her, but I'm always reminding her of Peter."

She told him the truth one day, that if she did not marry Peter she would marry no one, and James felt like dying. He grew pale and could not speak.

At last he said, "How is that?"

"I don't know. I don't know, James. But you mustn't talk to me about marriage again."

And he had to promise her not to speak of marriage again, and he kept his word. At the end of the year she asked him if he had any news of Peter.

"The last news we had of him was about a month ago, and he said he hoped to be admitted into the minor orders."

And a few days afterwards he heard that Catherine had decided to go into a convent.

"So this is the way it has ended," he thought. And he seemed no longer fit for work on the farm. He was seen about the road smoking, and sometimes he went down to the ball-alley, and sat watching the games in the evening. It was thought that he would take to drink, but he took to fishing instead, and was out all day in his little boat on the lake, however hard the wind might blow. The fisherman said he had seen him in the part of the lake where the wind blew the hardest, and that he could hardly pull against the waves.

"His mind is away. I don't think he'll do any good in this country," his father said.

And the old man was very sad, for when James was gone

he would have no one, and he did not feel he would be able to work the farm for many years longer. He and James used to sit smoking on either side of the fireplace, and Pat Phelan knew that James was thinking of America all the while. One evening, as they were sitting like this, the door was opened suddenly.

"Peter!" said James. And he jumped up from the fire to welcome his brother.

"It is good for sore eyes to see the sight of you again," said Pat Phelan. "Well, tell us the news. If we had known you were coming we would have sent the cart to meet you."

As Peter did not answer, they began to think that something must have happened. Perhaps Peter was not going to become a priest after all, and would stay at home with his father to learn to work the farm.

"You see, I did not know myself until yesterday. It was only yesterday that——"

"So you are not going to be a priest? We are glad to hear that, Peter."

"How is that?"

He had thought over what he should say, and without waiting to hear why they were glad, he told them the professor, who overlooked his essays, had refused to recognize their merits—he had condemned the best things in them; and Peter said it was extraordinary that such a man should be appointed to such a place. Then he told that the Church afforded little chances for the talents of young men unless they had a great deal of influence.

And they sat listening to him, hearing how the college might be reformed. He had a gentle, winning way of talking, and his father and brother forgot their own misfortunes thinking how they might help him.

"Well, Peter, you have come back none too soon."

"And how is that? What have you been doing since I went away? You all wanted to hear about Maynooth."

"Of course we did, my boy. Tell him, James."

"Oh! it is nothing particular," said James. "It is only this, Peter—I am going to America."

"And who will work the farm?"

"Well, Peter, we were thinking that you might work it yourself."

"I work the farm! Going to America, James! But what about Catherine?"

"That's what I'm coming to, Peter. She has gone into a convent. And that's what's happened since you went away. I can't stop here, Peter—I will never do a hand's turn in Ireland—and father is getting too old to go to the fairs. That's what we were thinking when you came in."

There was a faint tremble in his voice, and Peter saw how heart-sick his brother was.

"I will do my best, James."

"I knew you would."

"Yes, I will," said Peter; and he sat down by the fire.

And his father said:—

"You are not smoking, Peter."

"No," he said; "I've given up smoking."

"Will you drink something?" said James. "We have got a drain of whisky in the house."

"No, I have had to give up spirits. It doesn't agree with me. And I don't take tea in the morning. Have you got any cocoa in the house?"

It was not the cocoa he liked, but he said he would be able to manage.

IV.

And when the old man came through the doorway in the morning buttoning his braces, he saw Peter stirring his cocoa. There was something absurd as well as something attractive in Peter, and his father had to laugh when he said he couldn't eat American bacon.

"My stomach wouldn't retain it. I require very little, but that little must be the best."

And when James took him into the farmyard, he noticed that Peter crossed the yard like one who had never been in a farmyard before; he looked less like a farmer than ever, and when he looked at the cows, James wondered if he could be taught to see the difference between an Alderney and a Durham.

"There's Kate," he said; "she's a good cow; as good a cow as we have, and we can't get any price for her because of that hump on her back."

They went to the styes; there were three pigs there and

a great sow with twelve little bonhams, and the little ones were white with silky hair, and Peter asked how old they were, and when they would be fit for killing. And James told Peter there were seven acres in the Big field.

"Last year we had oats in the Holly field; next year you 'll sow potatoes there." And he explained the rotation of crops. "And, now," he said, "we will go down to Crow's Oak. You have never done any plowing, Peter; I will show you."

It was extraordinary how little Peter knew. He could not put the harness on the horse, and he reminded James that he had gone into the post-office when he left school. James gave in to him that the old red horse was hard to drive, but James could drive him better than Peter could lead him; and Peter marveled at the skill with which James raised his hand from the shaft of the plow and struck the horse with the rein whilst he kept the plow steady with the other hand.

"Now, Peter, you must try again."

At the end of the headland where the plow turned, Peter always wanted to stop and talk about something; but James said they would have to get on with the work, and Peter walked after the plow, straining after it for three hours, and then he said: "James, let me drive the horse. I can do no more."

"You won't feel it so much when you are accustomed to it," said James.

Anything seemed to him better than a day's plowing: even getting up at three in the morning to go to a fair.

He went to bed early, as he used to, and they talked of him over the fire, as they used to. But however much they talked, they never seemed to find what they were seeking—his vocation—until one evening an idea suddenly rose out of their talk.

"A good wife is the only thing for Peter," said Pat. And they went on thinking.

"A husband would be better for her," said Pat Phelan, "than a convent."

"I cannot say I agree with you there. Think of all the good them nuns are doing."

"She isn't a nun yet," said Pat Phelan.

And the men smoked on a while, and they ruminated as they smoked.

"It would be better, James, that Peter got her than that she should stay in a convent."

"I wouldn't say that," said James.

"You see," said his father, "she did not go into the convent because she had a calling, but because she was crossed in love."

And after another long while James said, "It is a bitter dose, I am thinking, father, but you must go and tell her that Peter has left Maynooth."

"And what would the Reverend Mother be saying to me if I went to her with such a story as that? Isn't your heart broken enough already, James, without wanting me to be breaking it still more? Sure, James, you could never see her married to Peter?"

"If she were to marry Peter I should be able to go to America, and that is the only thing for me."

"That would be poor consolation for you, James."

"Well, it is the best I shall get, to see Peter settled, and to know that there will be some one to look after you, father."

"You are a good son, James."

They talked on, and as they talked it became clearer to them that some one must go to-morrow to the convent and tell Catherine that Peter had left Maynooth.

"But wouldn't it be a pity," said Pat Phelan, "to tell her this if Peter is not going to marry her in the end?"

"I'll have him out of his bed," said James, "and he'll tell us before this fire if he will or won't."

"It's a serious thing you are doing, James, to get a girl out of a convent, I am thinking."

"It will be on my advice that you will be doing this, father; and now I'll go and get Peter out of his bed."

And Peter was brought in, asking what they wanted of him at this hour of the night; and when they told him what they had been talking about and the plans they had been making, he said he would be catching his death of cold, and they threw some sods of turf on the fire.

"It is against myself that I am asking a girl to leave the convent, even for you, Peter," said James. "But we can think of nothing else."

"Peter will be able to tell us if it is a sin that we'd be doing."

"It is only right that Catherine should know the truth before she made her vows," Peter said. "But this is very unexpected, father. I really—"

"Peter, I'd take it as a great kindness. I shall never do a hand's turn in this country. I want to get to America. It will be the saving of me."

"And now, Peter," said his father, "tell us for sure if you will have the girl?"

"Faith I will, though I never thought of marriage, if it be to please James." Seeing how heart-sick his brother was, he said, "I can't say I like her as you like her; but if she likes me I will promise to do right by her. James, you're going away; we may never see you again. It is all very sad. And now you'll let me go back to bed."

"Peter, I knew you would not say no to me; I can't bear this any longer."

"And now," said Peter, "let me go back to bed. I am catching my death."

And he ran back to his room, and left his brother and father talking by the fire.

v.

Pat thought the gray mare would take him in faster than the old red horse; and the old man sat, his legs swinging over the shaft, wondering what he should say to the Reverend Mother, and how she would listen to his story; and when he came to the priest's house a great wish came upon him to ask the priest's advice. The priest was walking up his little lawn reading his breviary, and a great fear came on Pat Phelan, and he thought he must ask the priest what he should do.

The priest heard the story over the little wall, and he was sorry for the old man.

It took him a long time to tell the story, and when he was finished the priest said:—

"But where are you going, Pat?"

"That's what I stopped to tell you, your reverence. I was thinking I might be going to the convent to tell Catherine that Peter has come back."

"Well, it wasn't yourself that thought of doing such a thing as that, Pat Phelan."

But at every word the priest said Pat Phelan's face grew more stubborn, and at last he said:—

"Well, your reverence, that isn't the advice I expected from you," and he struck the mare with the ends of the reins and let her trot up the hill. Nor did the mare stop trotting till she had reached the top of the hill, and Pat Phelan had never known her do such a thing before. From the top of the hill there was a view of the bog, and Pat thought of the many fine loads of turf he had had out of that bog, and the many young fellows he had seen there cutting turf. "But every one is leaving the country," the old man said to himself, and his chin dropped into his shirt-collar, and he held the reins loosely, letting the mare trot or walk as she liked. And he let many pass him without bidding them the hour of the day, for he was too much overcome by his own grief to notice any one.

The mare trotted gleefully; soft clouds curled over the low horizon far away, and the sky was blue overhead; and the poor country was very beautiful in the still autumn weather, only it was empty. He passed two or three fine houses that the gentry had left to caretakers long ago. The fences were gone, cattle strayed through the woods, the drains were choked with weeds, the stagnant water was spreading out into the fields, and Pat Phelan noticed these things, for he remembered what this country was forty years ago. The devil a bit of lonesomeness there was in it then.

He asked a girl if they would be thatching the house that autumn; but she answered that the thatch would last out the old people, and she was going to join her sister in America.

"She's right—they're all there now. Why should any one stop here?" the old man said.

The mare tripped, and he took this to be a sign that he should turn back. But he did not go back. Very soon the town began, in broken pavements and dirty cottages; going up the hill there were some slated roofs, but there was no building of any importance except the church.

At the end of the main street, where the trees began again, the convent stood in the middle of a large garden,

and Pat Phelan remembered he had heard that the nuns were doing well with their dairy and their laundry.

He knocked, and a lay-sister peeped through the grating, and then she opened the door a little way, and at first he thought he would have to go back without seeing either Catherine or the Reverend Mother. For he had got no further than "Sister Catherine," when the lay-sister cut him short with the news that Sister Catherine was in retreat, and could see no one. The Reverend Mother was busy.

"But," said Pat, "you're not going to let Catherine take vows without hearing me."

"If it is about Sister Catherine's vows——"

"Yes, it is about them I've come, and I must see the Reverend Mother."

The lay-sister said Sister Catherine was going to be clothed at the end of the week.

"Well, that is just the reason I've come here."

On that the lay-sister led him into the parlor, and went in search of the Reverend Mother.

The floor was so thickly bees-waxed that the rug slipped under his feet, and, afraid lest he might fall down, he stood quite still, impressed by the pious pictures on the walls, and by the large books upon the table, and by the poor-box, and by the pious inscriptions. He began to think how much easier was this pious life than the life of the world—the rearing of children, the failure of crops, and the loneliness. Here life slips away without one perceiving it, and it seemed a pity to bring her back to trouble. He stood holding his hat in his old hands, and the time seemed very long. At last the door opened, and a tall woman with sharp, inquisitive eyes came in.

"You have come to speak to me about Sister Catherine?"

"Yes, my lady."

"And what have you got to tell me about her?"

"Well, my son thought and I thought last night—we were all thinking we had better tell you—last night was the night that my son came back."

At the word Maynooth a change of expression came into her face, but when he told that Peter no longer wished to be a priest her manner began to grow hostile again, and she got up from her chair and said:—

"But really, Mr. Phelan, I have got a great deal of business to attend to."

"But, my lady, you see that Catherine wanted to marry my son Peter, and it is because he went to Maynooth that she came here. I don't think she'd want to be a nun if she knew that he didn't want to be a priest."

"I cannot agree with you, Mr. Phelan, in that. I have seen a great deal of Sister Catherine—she has been with us now for nearly a year—and if she ever entertained the wishes you speak of, I feel sure she has forgotten them. Her mind is now set on higher things."

"Of course you may be right, my lady, very likely. It isn't for me to argue with you about such things; but you see I have come a long way, and if I could see Catherine herself—"

"That is impossible. Catherine is in retreat."

"So the lay-sister told me; but I thought—"

"Sister Catherine is going to be clothed next Saturday, and I can assure you, Mr. Phelan, that the wishes you tell me of are forgotten. I know her very well. I can answer for Sister Catherine."

The rug slipped under the peasant's feet and his eyes wandered round the room; and the Reverend Mother told him how busy she was, she really could not talk to him any more that day.

"You see, it all rests with Sister Catherine herself."

"That's just it," said the old man; "that's just it, my lady. My son Peter, who has come from Maynooth, told us last night that Catherine should know everything that has happened, so that she may not be sorry afterwards, otherwise I wouldn't have come here, my lady. I wouldn't have come to trouble you."

"I am sorry, Mr. Phelan, that your son Peter has left Maynooth. It is sad indeed when one finds that one has not a vocation. But that happens sometimes. I don't think that it will be Catherine's case. And now, Mr. Phelan, I must ask you to excuse me," and the Reverend Mother persuaded the unwilling peasant into the passage, and he followed the lay-sister down the passage to the gate and got into his cart again.

"No wonder," he thought, "they don't want to let Catherine out, now that they have got that great farm, and not

one among them, I'll be bound, who can manage it except Catherine."

At the very same moment the same thoughts passed through the Reverend Mother's mind. She had not left the parlor yet, and stood thinking how she should manage if Catherine were to leave them. "Why," she asked, "should he choose to leave Maynooth at such a time? It is indeed unfortunate. There is nothing," she reflected, "that gives a woman so much strength as to receive the veil. She always feels stronger after her clothing. She feels that the world is behind her."

The Reverend Mother reflected that perhaps it would be better for Catherine's sake and for Peter's sake—indeed, for every one's sake—if she were not to tell Catherine of Pat Phelan's visit until after the clothing. She might tell Catherine three months hence. The disadvantage of this would be that Catherine might hear that Peter had left Maynooth. In a country place news of this kind cannot be kept out of a convent. And if Catherine were going to leave, it were better that she should leave them now than leave them six months hence, after her clothing.

"There are many ways of looking at it," the Reverend Mother reflected. "If I don't tell her, she may never hear it. I might tell her later when she has taught one of the nuns how to manage the farm." She took two steps towards the door and stopped to think again, and she was thinking when a knock came to the door. She answered mechanically, "Come in," and Catherine wondered at the Reverend Mother's astonishment.

"I wish to speak to you, dear mother," she said timidly. But seeing the Reverend Mother's face change expression, she said, "Perhaps another time will suit you better."

The Reverend Mother stood looking at her, irresolute; and Catherine, who had never seen the Reverend Mother irresolute before, wondered what was passing in her mind.

"I know you are busy, dear mother, but what I have come to tell you won't take very long."

"Well, then, tell it to me, my child."

"It is only this, Reverend Mother. I had better tell you now, for you are expecting the Bishop, and my clothing is fixed for the end of the week, and—"

"And," said the Reverend Mother, "you feel that you are not certain of your vocation."

"That is it, dear mother. I thought I had better tell you." Reading disappointment in the nun's face, Catherine said, "I hesitated to tell you before. I had hoped that the feeling would pass away; but, dear mother, it isn't my fault; every one has not a vocation."

Then Catherine noticed a softening in the Reverend Mother's face, and she asked Catherine to sit down by her; and Catherine told her she had come to the convent because she was crossed in love, and not as the others came, because they wished to give up their wills to God.

"Our will is the most precious thing in us, and that is why the best thing we can do is to give it up to you, for in giving it up to you, dear mother, we are giving it up to God. I know all these things, but—"

"You should have told me of this when you came here, Catherine, and then I would not have advised you to come to live with us."

"Mother, you must forgive me. My heart was broken, and I could not do otherwise. And you have said yourself that I made the dairy a success."

"If you had stayed with us, Catherine, you would have made the dairy a success; but we have got no one to take your place. However, since it is the will of God, I suppose we must try to get on as well as we can without you. And now tell me, Catherine, when it was that you changed your mind. It was only the other day you told me you wished to become a nun. You said you were most anxious for your clothing. How is it that you have changed your mind?"

Catherine's eyes brightened, and speaking like one illuminated by some inward light, she said:—

"It was the second day of my retreat, mother. I was walking in the garden where the great cross stands amid the rocks. Sister Angela and Sister Mary were with me, and I was listening to what they were saying, when suddenly my thoughts were taken away and I remembered those at home. I remembered Mr. Phelan, and James, who wanted to marry me, but whom I would not marry; and it seemed to me that I saw him leaving his father—it seemed to me that I saw him going away to America. I

don't know how it was—you will not believe me, dear mother—but I saw the ship lying in the harbor, that is to take him away. And then I thought of the old man sitting at home with no one to look after him, and it was not a seeming, but a certainty, mother. It came over me suddenly that my duty was not here, but there. Of course you can't agree with me, but I cannot resist it, it was a call."

"But the Evil One, my dear child, calls us too; we must be careful not to mistake the devil's call for God's call."

"Mother, I daresay." Tears came to Catherine's eyes, she began to weep. "I can't argue with you, mother, I only know—" She could not speak for sobbing, and between her sobs she said, "I only know that I must go home."

She recovered herself very soon, and the Reverend Mother took her hand and said:—

"Well, my dear child, I shall not stand in your way."

Even the Reverend Mother could not help thinking that the man who got her would get a charming wife. Her face was rather long and white, and she had long female eyes with dark lashes, and her eyes were full of tenderness. She had spoken out of so deep a conviction that the Reverend Mother had begun to believe that her mission was perhaps to look after this hapless young man; and when she told the Reverend Mother that yesterday she had felt a conviction that Peter was not going to be a priest, the Reverend Mother felt that she must tell her of Pat Phelan's visit.

"I did not tell you at once, my dear child, because I wished to know from yourself how you felt about this matter," the nun said; and she told Catherine that she was quite right, that Peter had left Maynooth. "He hopes to marry you, Catherine."

A quiet glow came into the postulant's eyes, and she seemed engulfed in some deep joy.

"How did he know that I cared for him?" the girl said, half to herself, half to the nun.

"I suppose his father or his brother must have told him," the nun answered.

And then Catherine, fearing to show too much interest in things that the nun deemed frivolous, said, "I am sorry to leave before my work is done here. But, mother, so it has all come true; it was extraordinary what I felt that

morning in the garden," she said, returning to her joy.
"Mother, do you believe in visions?"

"The saints, of course, have had visions. We believe in the visions of the saints."

"But after all, mother, there are many duties besides religious duties."

"I suppose, Catherine, you feel it to be your duty to look after this young man?"

"Yes, I think that is it. I must go now, mother, and see Sister Angela, and write out for her all I know about the farm, and what she is to do, for if one is not very careful with a farm one loses a great deal of money. There is no such thing as making two ends meet. One either makes money or loses money."

And then Catherine again seemed to be engulfed in some deep joy, out of which she roused herself with difficulty.

VI.

When her postulant left the room, the Reverend Mother wrote to Pat Phelan, asking him to come next morning with his cart to fetch Catherine. And next morning, when the lay-sister told Catherine that he was waiting for her, the Reverend Mother said:—

"We shall be able to manage, Catherine. You have told Sister Angela everything, and you will not forget to come to see us, I hope."

"Mr. Phelan," said the lay-sister, "told me to tell you that one of his sons is going to America to-day. Sister Catherine will have to go at once if she wishes to see him."

"I must see James. I must see him before he leaves for America. Oh," she said, turning to the Reverend Mother, "do you remember that I told you I had seen the ship? Everything has come true. You can't believe any longer that it is not a call."

Her box was in the cart, and as Pat turned the mare round he said: "I hope we won't miss James at the station. That's the reason I came for you so early. I thought you would like to see him."

"Why did you not come earlier?" she cried. "All my happiness will be spoilt if I don't see James."

The convent was already behind her, and her thoughts were now upon poor James, whose heart she had broken,

She knew that Peter would never love her as well as James, but this could not be helped. Her vision in the garden consoled her, for she could no longer doubt that she was doing right in going to Peter, that her destiny was with him.

She knew the road well, she knew all the fields, every house and every gap in the walls. Sign after sign went by; at last they were within sight of the station. The signal was still up, and the train had not gone yet; at the end of the platform she saw James and Peter. She let Pat Phelan drive the cart round; she could get to them quicker by running down the steps and crossing the line. The signal went down.

"Peter," she said, "we shall have time to talk presently. I want to speak to James now."

And they walked up to the platform, leaving Peter to talk to his father.

"Paddy Maguire is outside," Pat said; "I asked him to stand at the mare's head."

"James," said Catherine, "it is very sad you are going away. We may never see you again, and there is no time to talk, and I've much to say to you."

"I am going away, Catherine, but maybe I will be coming back some day. I was going to say maybe you would be coming over after me; but the land is good land, and you'll be able to make a living out of it."

And then they spoke of Peter. James said he was too great a scholar for a farmer, and it was a pity he could not find out what he was fit for—for surely he was fit for something great after all.

And Catherine said:—

"I shall be able to make something out of Peter."

His emotion almost overcame him, and Catherine looked aside so that she should not see his tears.

"This is no time for talking of Peter," she said. "You are going away, James, but you will come back. You will find another woman better than I am in America, James. I don't know what to say to you. The train will be here in a minute. I am distracted. But one day you will be coming back, and we shall be very proud of you when you come back. I shall rebuild the house, and we shall be all happy

then. Oh! here's the train. Good-bye; you have been very good to me. Oh, James! shall I ever see you again?"

Then the crowd swept them along, and James had to take his father's hand and his brother's hand. There were a great many people in the station—hundreds were going away in the same ship that James was going in. The train was followed by wailing relatives. They ran alongside of the train, waving their hands until they could no longer keep up with the train. James waved a red handkerchief until the train was out of sight. It disappeared in a cutting, and a moment after Catherine and Peter remembered they were standing side by side. They were going to be married in a few days! They started a little, hearing a step beside them. It was old Phelan.

"I think," he said, "it is time to be getting home."



THOMAS MOORE.

(1780—1852.)

"THE National Poet of Ireland," "The Bard of Erin," "Anacreon Moore," "Jove's Poet," "That Popular Poet of Green Erin," "Sweet Melodious Bard," are among the epithets or nicknames by which Moore has been characterized in and since his day. But for the most of us he is "Tom Moore," and in the hearts of English-speaking people all over the world many of his Irish melodies have an abiding place from which they will not easily be uprooted.

He was born in Dublin in the year 1780. His father was a grocer and keeper of a small wine-store. He was sent to school at an early age, and in 1794 he entered Trinity College, Dublin, with a view to studying law. While in college in 1798 Moore narrowly escaped being involved with Emmet and others in a charge of sedition. He sympathized with their cause, and anonymously wrote a poem and a fiery letter in favor of the movement.

He was graduated as B.A., and in 1798 set out for London, where he entered as a student at the Middle Temple. He had already translated the 'Odes of Anacreon.' Lord Moira, the Duke of Bedford, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and the Prince of Wales became subscribers for this work. To Lord Moira he owed his introduction to this select circle, and the Prince of Wales permitted the dedication of the 'Odes' to himself. His brilliant conversational powers, with his poetical and musical gifts, rendered him everywhere a welcome guest, and he was now plunged headlong into the vortex of London fashionable society. In 1801 he published a volume of 'Poems' under the name of "The Late Thomas Little, Esq.," of which, however, he was afterward ashamed. But, as our own sweet singer, Oliver Wendell Holmes, has said—

"If in his cheek unholly blood
Burned for one youthful hour,
'T was but the flushing of the bud
That blooms a milk-white flower."

Appointed Registrar of the Admiralty to the Court of Bermuda, he went there in 1803, but finding the work uncongenial he left it to be performed by a deputy. He paid a visit to this country, meeting President Jefferson and many prominent citizens. After a short trip through Canada, he returned to London again to enter into the whirlpool of its social life.

His 'Odes and Epistles' was very severely handled by Jeffrey in *The Edinburgh Review*, and Moore, irritated, foolishly sent him a challenge. The affair was stopped on the ground by the police and the would-be combatants afterward became fast friends. Byron's sarcastic allusion to the duel stung Moore, and he also

received a challenge ; but, fortunately, matters were adjusted by mutual friends without a hostile meeting. In 1808 he published anonymously two poems, 'Intolerance' and 'Corruption,' and in 1809 'The Sceptic,' none of which, however, was very successful.

He married in 1811 Miss Bessie Dyke, a native of Kilkenny, a charming and amiable young actress of considerable ability. In the autumn of that year 'M. P., or the Blue Stocking,' a comic opera, was produced on the stage.

In 1812 appeared 'The Intercepted Letters, or the Two-penny Post Bag, by Thomas Brown, the Younger.' The wit, pungency, and playfulness of these satires, aimed at the Prince Regent and his Ministers, made them immensely popular, and fourteen editions were called for in the course of one year. At this time the Messrs. Longmans arranged to give him three thousand guineas (\$16,500) for a poetical work of which they had not seen a single line. Moore determined not to disappoint the trust placed in him, and in his cottage in Derbyshire studied Oriental literature summer and winter ; and, in four years after his arrangement with the firm, 'Lalla Rookh' was completed. 'National Airs,' a volume of poems containing 'Flow on, thou shining river,' 'All that 's bright must fade,' 'Those Evening Bells,' 'Oft in the stilly night,' and others, was published in 1815. In 1816 appeared two series of 'Sacred Melodies.' He removed to Hornsey, near London, in this year, in order to see 'Lalla Rookh' through the press. It was published—a quarto volume—in 1817, and, striking a new note, was a splendid success, dazzling the readers of the day with its gorgeous Eastern illustration and imagery. Within a fortnight of its issue the first edition was sold out, and within six months it had reached a sixth edition. Parts of the work were rendered into the Persian tongue and sung in the streets of Ispahan.

In 1817 he visted Paris with the poet Rogers. The Bourbon dynasty had just been restored ; society was in a chaotic state, and Paris swarmed with English, whose ridiculous cockneyism and nonsense furnished him with materials for the letters entitled 'The Fudge Family in Paris,' published in 1818, and consisting of a happy blending of the political squib and the social burlesque. This was succeeded in 1819 by the publication of 'Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress.' About this time the news reached him that the deputy whom he had appointed at Bermuda had absconded and involved him in a debt of £6,000 (\$30,000) for which he was responsible. Friends at once offered pecuniary aid, but Moore resolved to help himself by his pen. To avoid arrest he was advised to visit the Continent till matters were arranged ; so, in September, 1819, he set out with Lord John Russell to visit Switzerland and Italy. On returning from Rome to Paris, in January, 1820, he was there joined by his family and settled down to literary work. He lived nearly three years in Paris, during which time his life was precisely the same as in England, one continual round of visiting among the English aristocracy and travelers who came there. At the same time he was busy on 'The Life of Sheridan,' 'The Epicurean,' 'Rhymes on the Road,' 'The Loves of the Angels,' etc., which were published at a later period.

In 1822 he received a letter from Longmans informing him that the Bermuda defalcation had been arranged and that he might now safely return to England. In the end of November, 1822, he returned to Sloperton Cottage, and in 1823 published 'Rhymes for the Road,' with 'Fables for the Holy Alliance' and 'Loves of the Angels,' which he had written when in exile. In June of this year his publishers placed £1,000 (\$5,000) to his credit from the sale of the last-named work, and £500 (\$2,500) from the 'Fables for the Holy Alliance.'

As early as 1797 Moore's attention had been called to Bunting's collection of Irish melodies, and at intervals he had written words for some of them which he was accustomed to sing with great effect. In 1807 he began to publish these, receiving from Mr. Power £50 (\$250) each for the first two numbers. The songs were immensely and deservedly popular, and now, in 1823, Mr. Power agreed to pay Moore £500 (\$2,500) a year for a series of years, that he might have the exclusive right of publishing 'The Irish Melodies,' the whole ten numbers of which were not completed till 1834.

His 'Memoirs of Captain Rock' appeared in 1824, written after a tour in Ireland with the Marquis of Lansdowne. This year Lord Byron died, and thus the existence and the intended publication of his memoirs, which he had intrusted to Moore for that purpose, came to be known. Byron's relatives strongly urged that the MS. should be destroyed, and after arrangements made accordingly it was burned in the presence of witnesses.

In October, 1825, his 'Life of Sheridan' appeared. In 1827 'The Epicurean' was published, illustrated with vignettes on steel after Turner. It is a romance founded on Egyptian mythology, and is the most highly finished, artistic, and imaginative of his prose writings. In 1830 he edited 'The Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, with Notices of his Life.' This work, which appeared in two quarto volumes, compiled from Byron's journals and such materials as he could subsequently procure, is interesting, but too copious and, as might be expected, partial and lenient in its criticism. For this biography he ultimately obtained £4,870 (\$24,350). In 1831 was published his 'Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald,' followed by 'The Summer Fête,' a poem celebrating an entertainment given at Boyle Farm in 1827. At this time he chiefly adhered to prose, and only occasionally wrote verse in the shape of political squibs or satires for *The Times* or *The Morning Chronicle*, for which service he was paid at the rate of about £400 (\$2,000) a year. In 1833 followed 'Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion,' a defense of the Roman Catholic system; and 'The History of Ireland' (4 vols. 12mo), in 1835, written for Lardner's 'Cabinet Cyclopaedia.' It embraced a long period, from the earliest king to the latest chief. In this year a pension of £300 (\$1,500) a year was bestowed upon him.

The rest of his literary work consisted of an occasional trifle in verse for the periodicals, and the prefaces and a few additions to a collected edition of his poetical works, issued by Longmans (1840-42) in ten volumes. His later years were clouded by domestic grief,

his children having all died before him. In 1846 the poet made this sad entry in his diary : "The last of our five children is gone, and we are left desolate and alone ; not a single relative have I now left in the world." His memory failed rapidly : he stooped and looked old, and, in 1848—as in the cases of Swift, Scott, and Southey—imbecility gradually set in. He died at Sloperton Cottage, his residence for more than thirty years, on Feb. 26, 1852.

Moore's life may be summed up as "an untiring pursuit of poetry, prose, and fashionable society." Byron said, "Tommie dearly loved a lord" ; and his journals continually evince his vanity in this respect, although it was, essentially, of a very harmless and kindly sort.

The estimation of Moore's work has varied much. It was eclipsed by that of Keats and Tennyson for a while, and it was once the fashion to decry it. Whatever cold and unsympathetic critics may say, we think that the majority of our readers will re-echo the sentiment of Oliver Wendell Holmes—

" And while the fresh blossoms of Summer are braided,
For the sea-girded, stream-silvered, lake-jeweled Isle,
While her mantle of verdure is woven unfaded,
While Shannon and Liffey shall dimple and smile,
The land where the staff of St. Patrick was planted,
Where the Shamrock grows green from the cliff to the shore,
The land of fair maidens and heroes undaunted,
Shall wreath her bright heart with the garlands of Moore."

Furthermore, as Edmund Gosse reminds us, "it was into an atmosphere of refined and frigid reflection that Tom Moore brought the fervor of his Irish heart and the liquid numbers of his Irish tongue. . . . The easy muse of Moore conquered the town ; he popularized the use of bright and varied measures, sparkling rhymes, and all the bewitching panoply of artistic form in which Shelley, the true song-writer, was to array himself. In a larger sense than he himself was conscious of, he was a pioneer in letters. He boasted, with no more gayety than truth, that he originated modern Irish poetry :—

" Dear Harp of my Country ! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song ! "

Those homely and sentimental lyrics which have endeared themselves to thousands of hearts under the name of the 'Irish Melodies' form a part and parcel of our literature, the extinction of which would leave a sad blank behind it. When they were first produced they seemed universally brilliant and fascinating to the ears of those on whom their fresh tunes and dulcet numbers fell in a most amiable union. Here for once, it seemed, music and poetry agreed in complete harmony, the one not brighter or more dainty than the other.

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

From 'Lalla Rookh.'

One morn a Peri at the gate
 Of Eden stood disconsolate;
 And as she listened to the springs
 Of life within, like music flowing,
 And caught the light upon her wings
 Through the half-open portal glowing,
 She wept to think her recreant race
 Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

"How happy," exclaimed this child of air,
 "Are the holy spirits who wander there
 'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall:
 Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
 And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
 One blossom of heaven outbloom them all!

"Though sunny the lake of cool Cashmere,
 With its plane-tree Isle reflected clear,
 And sweetly the founts of that valley fall;
 Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-hay
 And the golden floods that thitherward stray,
 Yet—oh, 't is only the blest can say
 How the waters of heaven outshine them all!

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
 From world to luminous world, as far
 As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
 Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
 And multiply each through endless years—
 One minute of heaven is worth them all!"

The glorious angel who was keeping
 The gates of light beheld her weeping;
 And as he nearer drew, and listened
 To her sad song, a tear-drop glistened
 Within his eyelids, like the spray
 From Eden's fountain when it lies
 On the blue flower which—Bramins say—
 Blooms nowhere but in Paradise.

"Nymph of a fair but erring line!"
 Gently he said—"one hope is thine.
 'T is written in the Book of Fate,
 The Peri yet may be forgiven

*Who brings to this eternal gate
The gift that is most dear to heaven!
Go seek it, and redeem thy sin,—
'T is sweet to let the pardoned in."*

Rapidly as comets run
To the embraces of the sun;
Fleeter than the starry brands
Flung at night from angel hands
At those dark and daring sprites
Who would climb the empyreal heights,—
Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
And, lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from morning's eyes,
Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the spirit go
To find this gift for heaven?—"I know
The wealth," she cries, "of every urn
In which unnumbered rubies burn
Beneath the pillars of Chilminar;
I know where the Isles of Perfume are,
Many a fathom down in the sea,
To the south of sun-bright Araby;
I know too where the Genii hid
The jeweled cup of their King Jamshid,
With life's elixir sparkling high,—
But gifts like these are not for the sky.
Where was there ever a gem that shone
Like the steps of Alla's wonderful throne?
And the drops of life—oh! what would they be
In the boundless deep of eternity?"

While thus she mused, her pinions fanned
The air of that sweet Indian land
Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds;
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;
Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
Might be a Peri's Paradise!
But crimson now her rivers ran
With human blood; the smell of death
Came reeking from those spicy bowers,

And man the sacrifice of man
 Mingled his taint with every breath
 Upwafted from the innocent flowers.
 Land of the sun! what foot invades
 Thy Pagods and thy pillared shades,
 Thy cavern shrines and idol stones,
 Thy monarchs and their thousand thrones?
 'T is he of Gazna: fierce in wrath
 He comes, and India's diadems
 Lie scattered in his ruinous path.
 His bloodhounds he adorns with gems
 Torn from the violated necks
 Of many a young and loved sultana;
 Maidens within their pure zenana,
 Priests in the very fane he slaughters,
 And chokes up with the glittering wrecks
 Of golden shrines the sacred waters!

Downward the Peri turns her gaze,
 And through the war-field's bloody haze
 Beholds a youthful warrior stand
 Alone beside his native river,
 The red blade broken in his hand
 And the last arrow in his quiver.
 "Live," said the conqueror, "live to share
 The trophies and the crowns I bear!"
 Silent that youthful warrior stood;
 Silent he pointed to the flood
 All crimson with his country's blood:
 Then sent his last remaining dart,
 For answer, to the invader's heart.
 False flew the shaft, though pointed well;
 The tyrant lived, the hero fell!—
 Yet marked the Peri where he lay,
 And when the rush of war was past,
 Swiftly descending on a ray
 Of morning light, she caught the last,
 Last glorious drop his heart had shed
 Before its free-born spirit fled!

"Be this," she cried, as she winged her flight,
 "My welcome gift at the gates of light.
 Though foul are the drops that oft distill
 On the field of warfare, blood like this
 For liberty shed so holy is,

It would not stain the purest rill
 That sparkles among the bowers of bliss !
 Oh if there be on this earthly sphere
 A boon, an offering heaven holds dear,
 'T is the last libation Liberty draws
 From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause ! ”

“ Sweet,” said the angel, as she gave
 The gift into his radiant hand,
 “ Sweet is our welcome of the brave
 Who die thus for their native land ;
 But see—alas!—the crystal bar
 Of Eden moves not, holier far
 Than even this drop the boon must be
 That opes the gates of heaven for thee ! ”

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,
 Now among Afric’s lunar mountains
 Far to the south the Peri lighted,
 And sleeked her plumage at the fountains
 Of that Egyptian tide, whose birth
 Is hidden from the sons of earth,
 Deep in those solitary woods
 Where oft the Genii of the floods
 Dance round the cradle of their Nile
 And hail the new-born giant’s smile.
 Thence over Egypt’s palmy groves,
 Her grotos, and sepulchers of kings,
 The exiled spirit sighing roves,
 And now hangs listening to the doves
 In warm Rosetta’s vale; now loves
 To watch the moonlight on the wings
 Of the white pelicans that break
 The azure calm of Moeris’s lake.
 ’T was a fair scene: a land more bright
 Never did mortal eye behold !
 Who could have thought, that saw this night
 Those valleys and their fruits of gold
 Basking in heaven’s serenest light;
 Those groups of lovely date-trees bending
 Languidly their leaf-crowned heads,
 Like youthful maids, when sleep descending
 Warns them to their silken beds;
 Those virgin lilies all the night
 Bathing their beauties in the lake,
 That they may rise more fresh and bright

When their beloved sun's awake;
 Those ruined shrines and towers that seem
 The relics of a splendid dream,
 Amid whose fairy loneliness
 Naught but the lapwing's cry is heard,
 Naught seen but (when the shadows flitting
 Fast from the moon unsheathe its gleam)
 Some purple-winged sultana sitting
 Upon a column motionless,
 And glittering like an idol bird!—
 Who could have thought that there, even there,
 Amid those scenes so still and fair,
 The demon of the plague hath cast
 From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
 More mortal far than ever came
 From the red desert's sands of flame!
 So quick that every living thing
 Of human shape touched by his wing,
 Like plants where the simoon hath past,
 At once falls black and withering!
 The sun went down on many a brow
 Which, full of bloom and freshness then,
 Is rankling in the pest-house now,
 And ne'er will feel that sun again.
 And oh! to see the unburied heaps
 On which the lonely moonlight sleeps—
 The very vultures turn away,
 And sicken at so foul a prey!
 Only the fierce hyena stalks
 Throughout the city's desolate walks
 At midnight, and his carnage plies;—
 Woe to the half-dead wretch who meets
 The glaring of those large blue eyes
 Amid the darkness of the streets!

“ Poor race of men ! ” said the pitying Spirit,
 “ Dearly ye paid for your primal fall :
 Some flowerets of Eden ye still inherit,
 But the trail of the Serpent is over them all ! ”
 She wept: the air grew pure and clear
 Around her as the bright drops ran;
 For there's a magic in each tear
 Such kindly spirits weep for man !

Just then beneath some orange-trees,
 Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze

Were wantoning together, free,
 Like age at play with infancy,—
 Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
 Close by the lake, she heard the moan
 Of one who at this silent hour
 Had thither stolen to die alone :
 One who in life, where'er he moved,
 Drew after him the hearts of many ;
 Yet now, as though he ne'er were loved,
 Dies here unseen, unwept by any !
 None to watch near him ; none to slake
 The fire that in his bosom lies
 With even a sprinkle from that lake
 Which shines so cool before his eyes ;
 No voice well known through many a day
 To speak the last, the parting word,
 Which when all other sounds decay
 Is still like distant music heard,—
 That tender farewell on the shore
 Of this rude world when all is o'er,
 Which cheers the spirit ere its bark
 Puts off into the unknown dark.

Deserted youth ! one thought alone
 Shed joy around his soul in death :
 That she whom he for years had known,
 And loved, and might have called his own,
 Was safe from this foul midnight's breath ;
 Safe in her father's princely halls,
 Where the cool airs from fountain falls,
 Freshly perfumed by many a brand
 Of the sweet wood from India's land,
 Were pure as she whose brow they fanned.

But see—who yonder comes by stealth
 This melancholy bower to seek,
 Like a young envoy sent by Health
 With rosy gifts upon her cheek ?
 'T is she : far off, through moonlight dim
 He knew his own betrothèd bride,—
 She who would rather die with him
 Than live to gain the world beside !
 Her arms are round her lover now,
 His livid cheek to her she presses,
 And dips, to bind his burning brow,
 In the cool lake her loosened tresses.

Ah! once, how little did he think
An hour would come when he should shrink
With horror from that dear embrace,
 Those gentle arms that were to him
Holy as is the cradling-place
 Of Eden's infant cherubim!
And now he yields—now turns away,
Shuddering as if the venom lay
All in those proffered lips alone;
Those lips that then so fearless grown,
Never until that instant came
Near his unasked or without shame.
“Oh! let me only breathe the air,
 The blessed air, that's breathed by thee,
And whether on its wings it bear
 Healing or death, 't is sweet to me!
There—drink my tears while yet they fall;
 Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
And well thou knowest I'd shed it all
 To give thy brow one minute's calm.
Nay, turn not from me that dear face:
 Am I not thine—thy own loved bride—
The one, the chosen one, whose place
 In life or death is by thy side?
Think'st thou that she whose only light
 In this dim world from thee hath shone,
Could bear the long, the cheerless night
 That must be hers when thou art gone?
That I can live and let thee go,
Who art my life itself? No, no—
When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
Out of its heart must perish too!
Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
Before, like thee, I fade and burn;
Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
The last pure life that lingers there!”
She fails—she sinks; as dies the lamp
In charnel airs or cavern damp,
So quickly do his baleful sighs
Quench all the sweet light of her eyes.
One struggle; and his pain is past—
 Her lover is no longer living!
One kiss the maiden gives, one last
 Long kiss, which she expires in giving!
“Sleep,” said the Peri, as softly she stole
The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,

As true as e'er warmed a woman's breast,—
 " Sleep on ; in visions of odor rest ;
 In balmier airs than ever yet stirred
 The enchanted pile of that lonely bird,
 Who sings at the last his own death-lay
 And in music and perfume dies away ! "

Thus saying, from her lips she spread
 Unearthly breathings through the place,
 And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed
 Such luster o'er each paly face,
 That like two lovely saints they seemed,
 Upon the eve of Doomsday taken
 From their dim graves in odor sleeping ;
 While that benevolent Peri beamed
 Like their good angel calmly keeping
 Watch o'er them till their souls would waken.

But morn is blushing in the sky ;
 Again the Peri soars above,
 Bearing to heaven that precious sigh
 Of pure self-sacrificing love.
 High throbbed her heart, with hope elate :
 The Elysian palm she soon shall win,
 For the bright spirit at the gate
 Smiled as she gave that offering in ;
 And she already hears the trees
 Of Eden with their crystal bells
 Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
 That from the throne of Alla swells ;
 And she can see the starry bowls
 That lie around that lucid lake
 Upon whose banks admitted souls
 Their first sweet draught of glory take !

But ah ! even Peris' hopes are vain :
 Again the fates forbade, again
 The immortal barrier closed. " Not yet,"
 The angel said, as with regret
 He shut from her that glimpse of glory :
 " True was the maiden, and her story,
 Written in light o'er Alla's head,
 By seraph eyes shall long be read.
 But, Peri, see—the crystal bar
 Of Eden moves not : holier far
 Than even this sigh the boon must be
 That opes the gates of heaven for thee."

Now upon Syria's land of roses
Softly the light of eve reposes,
And like a glory the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon,
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers
 And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer in a vale of flowers
 Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one who looked from upper air
O'er all the enchanted regions there,
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling from below!
Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks,
More golden where the sunlight falls;
Gay lizards, glittering on the walls
Of ruined shrines, busy and bright
As they were all alive with light;
And yet more splendid, numerous flocks
Of pigeons settling on the rocks,
With their rich, restless wings that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam
Of the warm west,—as if inlaid
With brilliants from the mine, or made
Of tearless rainbows such as span
The unclouded skies of Peristan.
And then the mingling sounds that come,
Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum
Of the wild bees of Palestine,
 Banqueting through the flowery vales;
And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
 And woods so full of nightingales.

But naught can charm the luckless Peri:
Her soul is sad, her wings are weary;
Joyless she sees the sun look down
On that great temple once his own,
Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
 Flinging their shadows from on high
Like dials which the wizard Time
 Had raised to count his ages by!

Yet haply there may lie concealed
 Beneath those chambers of the sun
Some amulet of gems, annealed

In upper fires, some tablet sealed
 With the great name of Solomon,
 Which, spelled by her illumined eyes,
 May teach her where beneath the moon,
 In earth or ocean, lies the boon,
 The charm, that can restore so soon
 An erring spirit to the skies.

Cheered by this hope, she bends her thither;—
 Still laughs the radiant eye of heaven,
 Nor have the golden bowers of even
 In the rich west begun to wither;—
 When, o'er the vale of Balbec winging,
 Slowly, she sees a child at play,
 Among the rosy wild flowers singing,
 As rosy and as wild as they;
 Chasing with eager hands and eyes
 The beautiful blue damsel flies,
 That fluttered round the jasmine stems
 Like wingèd flowers or flying gems:
 And near the boy, who, tired with play,
 Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
 She saw a wearied man dismount
 From his hot steed, and on the brink
 Of a small i maret's rustic fount,
 Impatient fling him down to drink.
 Then swift his haggard brow he turned
 To the fair child, who fearless sat,
 Though never yet hath day-beam burned
 Upon a brow more fierce than that:
 Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
 Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire;
 In which the Peri's eye could read
 Dark tales of many a ruthless deed,—
 The ruined maid, the shrine profaned,
 Oaths broken, and the threshold stained
 With blood of guests!—*there* written, all,
 Black as the damning drops that fall
 From the denouncing angel's pen,
 Ere mercy weeps them out again.

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
 (As if the balmy evening-time
 Softened his spirit) looked and lay,
 Watching the rosy infant's play;
 Though still, whene'er his eye by chance

Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
Met that unclouded, joyous gaze
As torches that have burnt all night,
Through some impure and godless rite,
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper call to prayer,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air
From Syria's thousand minarets!
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels with his forehead to the south,
Lispings the eternal name of God
From purity's own cherub mouth;
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of Paradise
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again.

Oh! 't was a sight,—that heaven, that child,—
A scene, which might have well beguiled
Even haughty Eblis of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt *he*, the wretched man
Reclining there, while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,—
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace?
“There *was* a time,” he said, in mild,
Heart-humbled tones, “thou blessed child!
When, young and haply pure as thou,
I looked and prayed like thee; but now—”
He hung his head; each nobler aim
And hope and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence;
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense

Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

"There 's a drop," said the Peri, "that down from the moon

Falls through the withering airs of June

Upon Egypt's land, of so healing a power,

So balmy a virtue, that even in the hour

That drop descends, contagion dies

And health reanimates earth and skies!

Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,

The precious tears of repentance fall?

Though foul thy fiery plagues within,

One heavenly drop hath dispelled them all!"

And now—behold him kneeling there

By the child's side, in humble prayer,

While the same sunbeam shines upon

The guilty and the guiltless one,

And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven

The triumph of a soul forgiven!

'T was when the golden orb had set,

While on their knees they lingered yet,

There fell a light more lovely far

Than ever came from sun or star,

Upon the tear that, warm and meek,

Dewed that repentant sinner's cheek.

To mortal eye this light might seem

A northern flash or meteor beam;

But well the enraptured Peri knew

'T was a bright smile the angel threw

From heaven's gate, to hail that tear

Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy forever! my task is done—

The gates are passed, and heaven is won!

Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am—

To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad

Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam,

And the fragrant bowers of Amberabad!

"Farewell, ye odors of earth, that die

Passing away like a lover's sigh:

My feast is now of the Tooba Tree,

Whose scent is the breath of Eternity!

"Farewell, ye vanishing flowers that shone

In my fairy wreath so bright and brief;

Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown
 To the lote-tree springing by Alla's throne,
 Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf.
 Joy, joy forever! my task is done—
 The gates are passed, and heaven is won!"

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

O! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
 My heart's chain wove;
 When my dream of life, from morn till night,
 Was love, still love.
 New hope may bloom,
 And days may come
 Of milder, calmer beam,
 But there 's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream:
 No, there 's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
 When wild youth 's past;
 Though he win the wise, who frowned before,
 To smile at last;
 He 'll never meet
 A joy so sweet,
 In all his noon of fame,
 As when first he sung to woman's ear
 His soul-felt flame,
 And, at every close, she blushed to hear
 The one loved name.

No,—that hallowed form is ne'er forgot
 Which first love traced;
 Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
 On memory's waste.
 'T was odor fled
 As soon as shed;
 'T was morning's wingèd dream;
 'T was a light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream.
 O, 't was light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream.

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

The time I've lost in wooing,
 In watching and pursuing
 The light that lies
 In woman's eyes,
 Has been my heart's undoing.
 Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
 I scorned the lore she brought me,
 My only books
 Were woman's looks,
 And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
 I hung with gaze enchanted,
 Like him the Sprite
 Whom maids by night
 Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
 Like him, too, Beauty won me,
 But while her eyes were on me,
 If once their ray
 Was turned away,
 O, winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?
 And is my proud heart growing
 Too cold or wise
 For brilliant eyes
 Again to set it glowing?
 No, vain, alas! the endeavor
 From bonds so sweet to sever;
 Poor Wisdom's chance
 Against a glance
 Is now as weak as ever.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
 Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
 Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
 Like fairy gifts fading away,

Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
 Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
 And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
 Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
 And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
 That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
 To which time will but make thee more dear:
 No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
 But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
 The same look which she turned when he rose.

NORA CREINA.

Lesbia hath a beaming eye,
 But no one knows for whom it beameth;
 Right and left its arrows fly,
 But what they aim at no one dreameth.
 Sweeter 't is to gaze upon
 My Nora's lid that seldom rises;
 Few its looks, but every one
 Like unexpected light surprises!
 O my Nora Creina, dear,
 My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,
 Beauty lies
 In many eyes,
 But Love in yours, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
 But all so close the nymph hath laced it,
 Not a charm of beauty's mold
 Presumes to stay where nature placed it.
 Oh my Nora's gown for me,
 That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
 Leaving every beauty free
 To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.
 Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,
 My simple, graceful Nora Creina,
 Nature's dress
 Is loveliness—
 The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refined,
 But when its points are gleaming round us,
 Who can tell if they're designed
 To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
 Pillowed on my Nora's heart,
 In safer slumber Love reposes—
 Bed of peace! whose roughest part
 Is but the crumpling of the roses.
 O, my Nora Creina, dear,
 My mild, my artless Nora Creina!
 Wit, though bright,
 Hath no such light
 As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina. :

AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS.

And doth not a meeting like this make amends
 For all the long years I've been wand'ring away—
 To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
 As smiling and kind as in that happy day?
 Though haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,
 The snow-fall of Time may be stealing—what then?
 Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
 We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again.

What softened remembrances come o'er the heart,
 In gazing on those we've been lost to so long!
 The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,
 Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng;
 As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,
 When held to the flame will steal out on the sight,
 So many a feeling, that long seemed effaced,
 The warmth of a moment like this brings to light.

And thus, as in memory's bark we shall glide,
 To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,
 Though oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
 The wreck of full many a hope shining through;
 Yet still as in fancy we point to the flowers
 That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
 Deceived for a moment, we'll think them still ours,
 And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once more.

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,
 Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;

And oft even joy is unheeded and lost
 For want of some heart that could echo it, near.
 Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
 To meet in some world of more permanent bliss;
 For a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning on,
 Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

But, come, the more rare such delights to the heart,
 The more we should welcome, and bless them the more;
 They're ours when we meet—they are lost when we part—
 Like birds that bring Summer, and fly when 't is o'er.
 Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
 Let Sympathy pledge us, through pleasure, through pain,
 That, fast as a feeling but touches one link,
 Her magic shall send it direct through the chain.

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
 To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in thine eye;
 And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of air,
 To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,
 And tell me our love is remembered, even in the sky.

Then I sing the wild song 't was once such pleasure to hear!
 When our voices commingling breathed, like one, on the ear;
 And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
 I think, O my love! 't is thy voice from the Kingdom of
 Souls,
 Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

Farewell! but whenever you welcome the hour,
 That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
 Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
 And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
 His griefs may return—not a hope may remain
 Of the few that have brightened his pathway of pain—
 But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
 Its enchantment around him while ling'ring with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
 To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
 Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
 My soul, happy friends! shall be with you that night;
 Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
 And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles—
 Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
 Some kind voice had murmured, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
 Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
 Which come, in the night-time of sorrow and care,
 To bring back the features that joy used to wear.
 Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!
 Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled—
 You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
 But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

The young May moon is beaming, love,
 The glowworm's lamp is gleaming, love,
 How sweet to rove
 Through Morna's grove,
 While the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
 Then awake!—the heavens look bright, my dear!
 'T is never too late for delight, my dear!
 And the best of all ways
 To lengthen our days
 Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
 But the sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
 And I, whose star,
 More glorious far,
 Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
 Then awake!—till rise of sun, my dear,
 The sage's glass we 'll shun, my dear,
 Or, in watching the flight
 Of bodies of light,
 He might happen to take thee for one, my dear!

O BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

O breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid:
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are passed away;
And many a heart, that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 't will be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,

Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'T is the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
O who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

I KNEW BY THE SMOKE.

knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled
 Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
 And I said: "If there's peace to be found in the world,
 The heart that is humble might hope for it here."

was noon, and on flowers that languished around,
 In silence reposed the voluptuous bee;
 Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound,
 Save the woodpecker's tapping the hollow beech-tree.

Mind "here in this lone little wood," I exclaimed,
 "With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
 Who would blush when I praised her, and weep if I blamed,
 How blest could I live, and how calm could I die."

By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
 In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
 And to know that I sighed upon innocent lips,
 Which had never been sighed on by any but mine.

FAIREST! PUT ON AWHILE.

Fairest! put on awhile
 These pinions of light I bring thee,
 And o'er thy own green isle
 In fancy let me wing thee.
 Never did Ariel's plume
 At golden sunset hover
 O'er such scenes of bloom
 As I shall waft thee over!

Fields where the Spring delays,
 And fearlessly meets the ardor
 Of the warm Summer's gaze
 With only her tears to guard her.
 Rocks, through myrtle boughs
 In grace majestic frowning—
 Like a bold warrior's brows
 That Love has just been crowning.

Islets, so freshly fair,
 That never hath bird come nigh them,

But from his course through air
 He hath been won down by them,—
 Types, sweet maid, of thee,
 Whose look, whose blush inviting,
 Never did Love yet see
 From Heaven, without alighting.

Lakes where the pearl lies hid,
 And caves where the diamond's sleeping,
 Bright as the gems that lid
 Of thine let fall in weeping.
 Glens where ocean comes
 To escape the wild wind's rancor,
 And harbors, worthiest homes,
 Where freedom's sails could anchor.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,
 But, while fame elates thee,
 O still remember me.
 When the praise thou meetest
 To thine ear is sweetest,
 O then remember me.
 Other arms may press thee,
 Dearer friends caress thee,
 All the joys that bless thee,
 Sweeter far may be;
 But when friends are nearest,
 And when joys are dearest,
 O then remember me!

When, at eve, thou rovest
 By the star thou lovest,
 O then remember me!
 Think, when home returning,
 Bright we've seen it burning,
 O thus remember me.
 Oft as summer closes,
 When thine eye reposes
 On its ling'ring roses,
 Once so loved by thee,
 Think of her who wove them,
 Her who made thee love them,
 O then remember me.

When, around thee dying,
 Autumn leaves are lying,
 O then remember me!
 And, at night, when gazing
 On the gay hearth blazing,
 O still remember me.
 Then should music, stealing
 All the soul of feeling,
 To thy heart appealing,
 Draw one tear from thee;
 Then let memory bring thee
 Strains I used to sing thee,—
 O then remember me.



O THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

O the sight entrancing,
 When morning's beam is glancing
 O'er files, arrayed
 With helm and blade,
 And plumes, in the gay wind dancing!
 When hearts are all high beating,
 And the trumpet's voice repeating
 That song, whose breath
 May lead to death,
 But never to retreating.
 O the sight entrancing,
 When morning's beam is glancing
 O'er files, arrayed
 With helm and blade,
 And plumes, in the gay wind dancing!

Yet, 't is not helm or feather—
 For ask yon despot, whether
 His plumèd bands
 Could bring such hands
 And hearts as ours together.
 Leave pomps to those who need 'em—
 Adorn but man with freedom,
 And proud he braves
 The gaudiest slaves
 That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.
 The sword may pierce the beaver,
 Stone walls in time may sever,

'T is heart alone,
Worth steel and stone,
That keeps men free forever!
O that sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files, arrayed
With helm and blade,
And in Freedom's cause advancing!

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.¹

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;²
O, the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'T was not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,
O no,—it was something more exquisite still.

'T was that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.³

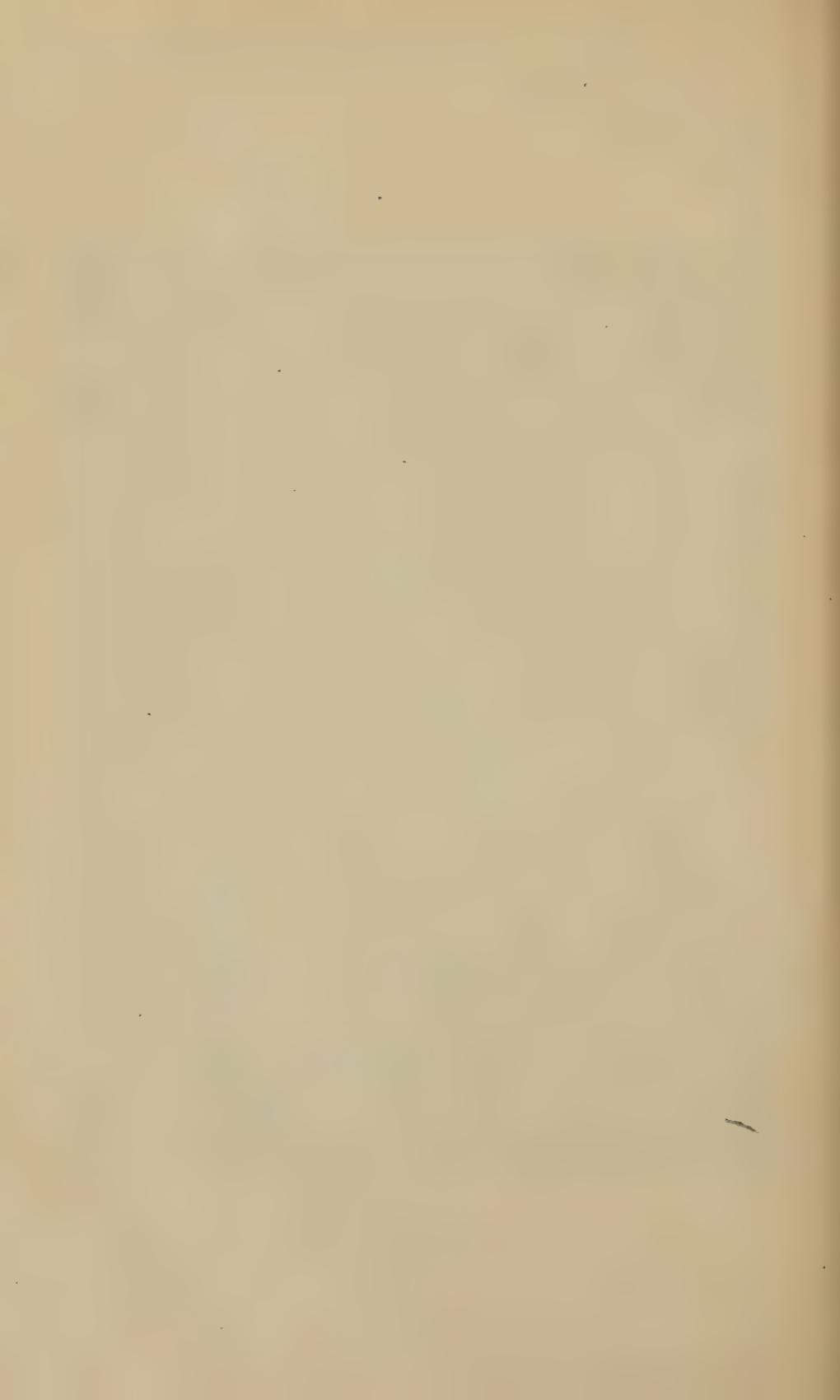
Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But, O, her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

¹ "The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow in the county of Wicklow, and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot in the summer of the year 1807.

² The rivers Avon and Avoca.

³ This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote: "The people





“Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, through this bleak way?
Are Erin’s sons so good or so cold
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?”

“Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm;
For though they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight! they love honor and virtue more!”

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle;
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin’s honor and Erin’s pride.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.¹

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying!

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking:
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

O, make her a grave where the sunbeams rest
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They’ll shine o’er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
From her own loved island of sorrow!

were inspired with such a spirit of honor, virtue, and religion by the great example of Brian, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone, from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people that no attempt was made upon her honor, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels.”—*Warner’s History of Ireland*, vol. i. book x.

¹ This poem refers to the betrothed of Robert Emmet. She afterward became the wife of an officer, who took her to Sicily, in the hope that travel would restore her spirits, but her grief for Emmet was so great that she died of a broken heart.

THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.

Silent, O Moyle, be the roar of thy water,
 Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
 While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
 Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
 When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
 Sleep, with wings in darkness furled?
 When will heaven, its sweet bells ringing,
 Call my spirit from this stormy world?

Sadly, O Moyle, to thy winter-wave weeping,
 Fate bids me languish long ages away;
 Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
 Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.
 When will that day-star, mildly springing,
 Warm our isle with peace and love?
 When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
 Call my spirit to the fields above?

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.¹

When he who adores thee has left but the name
 Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
 O, say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
 Of a life that for thee was resigned!
 Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
 Thy tears shall efface their decree;
 For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
 I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
 Every thought of my reason was thine:
 In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above
 Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
 O, blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
 The days of thy glory to see;
 But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
 Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

¹ This, doubtless, refers to Robert Emmet, who addresses Erin, his loved but unhappy country.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S
HALLS.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
 The soul of music shed
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
 As if that soul were fled.
 So sleeps the pride of former days,
 So glory's thrill is o'er,
 And hearts that once beat high for praise
 Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
 The harp of Tara swells;
 The chord alone, that breaks at night,
 Its tale of ruin tells.
 Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
 The only throb she gives
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,
 To show that still she lives.

THE MINSTREL-BOY.

The Minstrel-Boy to the war has gone,
 In the ranks of death you'll find him;
 His father's sword he has girded on,
 And his wild harp slung behind him.—
 "Land of song!" said the warrior bard,
 "Though all the world betrays thee,
 One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
 One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under;
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder;
 And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and bravery!
 Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
 They shall never sound in slavery."

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.

Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheered my way
 Till hope seemed to bud from each thorn that round me lay;
 The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burned,
 Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turned;
 O, slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
 And blessed even the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.

Thy rival was honored, while thou wert wronged and scorned,
 Thy crown was of briars, while gold her brows adorned;
 She wooed me to temples, whilst thou lay'st hid in caves,
 Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves;
 Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet I would rather be
 Than wed what I loved not, or turn one thought from thee.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—
 Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had looked less pale!
 They say, too, so long thou hast worn those lingering chains,
 That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains—
 O, do not believe them—no chain could that soul subdue.
 Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth too!

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Night closed around the conqueror's way,
 And lightnings showed the distant hill,
 Where those who lost that dreadful day,
 Stood few and faint, but fearless still.
 The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
 For ever dimmed, for ever crost—
 Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
 When all but life and honor's lost!

The last sad hour of freedom's dream
 And valor's task moved slowly by,
 While mute they watched till morning's beam
 Should rise and give them light to die!
 There is a world where souls are free,
 Where tyrants taint not Nature's bliss;
 If death that world's bright opening be,
 O, who would live a slave in this?

HARK! THE VESPER HYMN.

RUSSIAN AIR.

From 'National Airs.'

Hark! the vesper hymn is stealing
 O'er the waters soft and clear;
 Nearer yet and nearer pealing,
 And now bursts upon the ear:
 Jubilate, Amen.
 Farther now, now farther stealing,
 Soft it fades upon the ear:
 Jubilate, Amen.

Now, like moonlight waves retreating
 To the shore, it dies along;
 Now, like angry surges meeting,
 Breaks the mingled tide of song:
 Jubilate, Amen.
 Hush! again, like waves, retreating
 To the shore, it dies along:
 Jubilate, Amen.

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

"And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances."—EXODUS xv. 20.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
 Jehovah has triumphed—his people are free.
 Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
 His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave—
 How vain was their boast, for the Lord hath but spoken,
 And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
 Jehovah has triumphed—his people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
 His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword.—
 Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
 Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
 For the Lord hath looked out from his pillar of glory,
 And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
 Jehovah has triumphed—his people are free!

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

This world is all a fleeting show,
 For man's illusion given;
 The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
 There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on glory's plume,
 As fading hues of even!
 And love and hope and beauty's bloom
 Are blossoms gathered for the tomb—
 There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day!
 From wave to wave we're driven,
 And fancy's flash and reason's ray
 Serve but to light the troubled way—
 There's nothing calm but Heaven!

THOU ART, O GOD!

"The day is thine, the night also is thine: thou hast prepared the light and the sun. Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: thou hast made summer and winter."—PSALM lxxiv. 16, 17.

Thou art, O God! the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see;
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from thee.
 Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
 Among the opening clouds of even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 Through golden vistas into heaven—
 Those hues that make the sun's decline
 So soft, so radiant, Lord! are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume,
 Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 So grand, so countless, Lord! are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
 Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
 And every flower the summer wreathes
 Is born beneath that kindling eye.
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

A BALLAD.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.¹

“La poesie a ses monstres comme la nature.”—D’ALEMBERT.

“They made her a grave too cold and damp
 For a soul so warm and true;
 And she’s gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
 Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
 She paddles her white canoe.

“And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
 And her paddle I soon shall hear;
 Long and loving our life shall be,
 And I’ll hide the maid in a cypress-tree,
 When the footstep of death is near!”

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—
 His path was rugged and sore,
 Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
 Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,
 And man never trod before!

And when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
 If slumber his eyelids knew,
 He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
 Its venomous tear and nightly steep
 The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,
 And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,

¹“They tell of a young man who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterward heard of. As he had frequently said in his ravings that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses.”—ANONYMOUS.

Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
 "Oh! when shall I see the dusky Lake,
 And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
 Quick over its surface played—
 "Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light!"
 And the dim shore echoed for many a night
 The name of the death-cold maid!

Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,
 Which carried him off from the shore;
 Far he followed the meteor spark,
 The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
 And the boat returned no more.

But oft from the Indian hunter's camp,
 This lover and maid so true
 Are seen at the hour of midnight damp,
 To cross the Lake by a fire-fly lamp,
 And paddle their white canoe!

A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

Written on the River St. Lawrence.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime
 Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
 Soon as the woods on the shore look dim,
 We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
 Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
 The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
 There is not a breath the blue wave to curl.
 But, when the wind blows off the shore,
 O, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
 The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
 Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
 Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
 O, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.
 Blow, breezes blow, the stream runs, fast,
 The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

ORATOR PUFF.

Mr. Orator Puff had two tones in his voice,
The one squeaking *thus*, and the other down *so*;
In each sentence he uttered he gave you your choice,
For one half was B alt, and the rest G below.
O! O! Orator Puff,
One voice for an orator 's surely enough.

But he still talked away, spite of coughs and of frowns,
So distracting all ears with his ups and his downs,
That a wag once, on hearing the orator say,
"My voice is for war" asked, "Which of them, pray?"
O! O! Orator Puff,
One voice for an orator 's surely enough.

Reeling homewards one evening, top-heavy with gin,
And rehearsing his speech on the weight of the crown,
He tripped near a saw-pit, and tumbled right in,
"Sinking fund" the last words as his noddle came down.
O! O! Orator Puff,
One voice for an orator 's surely enough.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed, in his he-and-she tones,
HELP ME OUT! *Help me out!* I have broken my
bones!"
"Help you out?" said a Paddy who passed, "what a bother!
Why, there 's two of you there—can't you help one an-
other?"
O! O! Orator Puff,
One voice for an orator 's surely enough.

LADY MORGAN.

(1783—1859.)

MISS SYDNEY OWENSON, afterward Lady Morgan, was born, it is said, between Liverpool and Dublin about 1783. At eighteen she became a governess, and in 1804 published her first novel, ‘St. Clair, or the Heiress of Desmond.’ In 1805 appeared ‘The Novice of St. Dominic’ and a little later ‘The Wild Irish Girl.’ This last novel immediately became popular and was the means of gaining her admission to the best society, where her wit and talent were fully appreciated. Within two years of its first publication seven editions appeared in Great Britain and two or three in this country. ‘The Lay of an Irish Harp,’ a selection of twelve popular Irish melodies to which Miss Owenson wrote the words, followed in 1807. One of these songs, ‘Kate Kearney,’ is still popular. In the same year she wrote a comic opera called ‘The First Attempt, or the Whim of a Moment,’ which was produced at the Theater Royal, Dublin, and proved successful. Her next novel was ‘Woman, or Ida of Athens,’ which was severely handled by Gifford in *The Quarterly Review*. Miss Owenson at first took no notice of this attack; but afterward, when Lady Morgan, she showed that the insult had not been forgotten, and in the preface to her work ‘France’ defended herself with much spirit.

While visiting the Marquis and Marchioness of Abercorn in 1812, she was introduced to their physician, Sir Thomas Charles Morgan, and later in the same year they were married. At this time she had saved £5,000 (\$25,000), the fruit of her literary labors. They settled down in Kildare Street, Dublin, Lady Morgan becoming the center of a brilliant and talented circle.

Her visits to Europe, which began in 1816, led to the writing of the books entitled ‘France’ and ‘Italy.’ She and her husband moved in the best society, and she was enabled to study the people of all classes. She wrote frankly, fearlessly, and honestly, and the breadth of her opinions gained her some enemies. *The Quarterly Review* attacked both books in the sanguinary style of the cut-and-slash reviewer of the day, but Lord Byron wrote enthusiastically of her ‘Italy.’

In 1837 she and her husband returned to London, and the years of happiness there were interrupted only by the death of the latter in 1843.

Lady Morgan now began to write a diary or story of her life, which she completed before her death. Her works are said to have brought her a sum of £25,000 (\$75,000), but her style of living was expensive and she was by no means rich. In acknowledgment of her long-continued literary work and her constant support given to the Liberal party, a pension of £300 (\$1,500) a year from the civil list was settled upon her by Lord Grey. After a long and busy life she died at her house in William Street, London, April 13, 1859.

During her long literary career of over half a century she is said to have published more than seventy volumes. Some of these have

already been noticed; among the others are ‘Patriotic Sketches in Ireland,’ ‘The Missionary,’ ‘O’Donnel’ (a novel highly spoken of by Sir Walter Scott), ‘Florence Macarthy,’ ‘The Life and Times of Salvator Rosa,’ ‘Absenteeism,’ ‘The O’Briens and O’Flahertys,’ ‘The Book of the Boudoir,’ ‘Dramatic Scenes from Real Life,’ ‘The Princess or the Beguine,’ ‘Woman and her Master,’ ‘An Odd Volume, etc.

We quote the following description of the personal appearance of Lady Morgan from a “memory” in the *Art Journal* by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, who knew her ladyship: “Lady Morgan was small and slightly deformed; her head was large, round, and well formed; her features full of expression, particularly the expression that accompanies ‘humor,’ dimpling, as it does, round the mouth and sparkling in the eyes. The natural intonations of her voice in conversation were singularly pleasing—so pleasing as to render her ‘nothings’ pleasant; and, whatever affectation hovered about her large green fan, or was seen in the ‘way she had’ of folding her draperies round her, and looking out of them with true Irish *espèglerie*, the tones of that voice were to the last full of feeling.”

Lady Morgan was not an admirer of O’Connell, but her novels ably pleaded the cause which he represented. In them she strongly advocated emancipation, and her stories, full of sympathy with the sufferings of her race and of hatred of the wrongs her people had endured, were as great a political power as the best oratory or the smartest pamphlets of the day.

THE PRINCE OF INISMORE.

From ‘The Wild Irish Girl.’

Ay, ’t is even so—point your glasses—and rub your eyes, ’t is all one; here I am, and here I am likely to remain for some time, but whether a prisoner of war, taken up on a suspicion of espionage, or to be offered as an appeasing sacrifice to the *manes* of the old Prince of Inismore, you must for a while suspend your patience to learn.

According to the *carte du pays* laid out for me by the fisherman, I left the shore and crossed the summit of a mountain that “battled o’er the deep,” and which after an hour’s ascension, I found sloped almost perpendicularly down to a bold and rocky coast, its base terminating in a peninsula, that advanced for near half a mile into the ocean. Towards the extreme western point of this peninsula, which was wildly romantic beyond all description, arose a vast and grotesque pile of rocks, which at once formed the site and fortifications of the noblest mass of ruins on which my eye ever rested. Grand even in deso-

lation, and magnificent in decay—it was the Castle of Inismore. The setting sun shone brightly on its moldering turrets, and the waves which bathed its rocky basis, reflected on their swelling bosoms the dark outlines of its awful ruins.

As I descended the mountain's brow I observed that the little isthmus which joined the peninsula to the main land had been cut away, and a curious danger-threatening bridge was rudely thrown across the intervening gulf, flung from the rocks on one side to an angle of the mountain on the other, leaving a yawning chasm of some fathoms deep beneath the foot of the wary passenger. This must have been a very perilous pass in the days of civil warfare; and in the intrepidity of my daring ancestor, I almost forgot his crime. Amidst the interstices of the rocks which skirted the shores of this interesting peninsula, patches of the richest vegetation were to be seen, and the trees which sprung wildly among its venerable ruins, were bursting into all the vernal luxuriancy of spring. In the course of my descent, several cabins of a better description than I had yet seen appeared scattered beneath the shelter of the mountain's innumerable projections; while in the air and dress of the inhabitants (which the sound of my horse's feet brought to their respective doors), I evidently perceived a something original and primitive, I had never noticed before in this class of persons here.

They appeared to me, I know not why, to be in their holiday garb, and their dress, though grotesque and coarse, was cleanly and characteristic. I observed that round the heads of the elderly dames were folded several wreaths of white or colored linen and others had handkerchiefs lightly folded round their brows, and curiously fastened under the chin; while the young wore their hair fastened up with wooden bodkins. They were all enveloped in large shapeless mantles of blue frieze, and most of them had a rosary hanging on their arm, from whence I inferred they were on the point of attending vespers at the chapel of Inismore. I alighted at the door of a cabin a few paces distant from the Alpine bridge, and entreated a shed for my horse, while I performed my devotions. The man to whom I addressed myself, seemed the only one of several who surrounded me that understood English; and appeared

much edified by my pious intention, saying, "that God would prosper my Honor's journey, and that I was welcome to a shed for my horse, and a night's lodging for myself into the bargain." He then offered to be my guide, and as we crossed the drawbridge, he told me I was out of luck by not coming earlier, for that high mass had been celebrated that morning for the repose of the soul of a Prince of Inismore, who had been murdered on this very day of the month. "And when this day comes round," he added, "we all attend dressed in our best; for my part, I never wear my poor old grandfather's *berrad* but on the like occasion," taking off a curious cap of a conical form, which he twirled round his hand and regarded with much satisfaction.

By heavens! as I breathed this region of superstition, so strongly was I infected, that my usual skepticism was scarcely proof against my inclination to mount my horse and gallop off, as I shudderingly pronounced—

"I am then entering the castle of Inismore on the anniversary of that day on which my ancestors took the life of its venerable Prince!"

You see, my good friend, how much we are the creatures of situation and circumstance, and with what pliant servility the mind resigns itself to the impressions of the senses, or the illusions of the imagination.

We had now reached the ruined cloisters of the chapel. I paused to examine their curious but dilapidated architecture when my guide, hurrying me on, said, "if I did not quicken my pace, I should miss getting a good view of the Prince," who was just entering by a door opposite to that we had passed through. Behold me then mingling among a group of peasantry, and, like them, straining my eyes to that magnet which fascinated every glance.

And sure, fancy, in her boldest flight, never gave to the fairy vision of poetic dreams, a combination of images more poetically fine, more strikingly picturesque, or more impressively touching. Nearly one half of the chapel of Inismore has fallen into decay, and the ocean breeze as it rushed through the fractured roof, wafted the torn banners of the family which hung along its dismantled walls. The red beams of the sinking sun shone on the glittering tabernacle which stood on the altar, and touched with their

golden light the sacerdotal vestments of the two officiating priests, who ascended its broken steps at the moment that the Prince and his family entered.

The first of this most singular and interesting group, was the venerable Father John, the chaplain. Religious enthusiasm never gave to the fancied form of the first of the patriarchs a countenance of more holy expression or divine resignation; a figure more touching by its dignified simplicity, or an air more beneficently mild, more meekly good. He was dressed in his pontificals, and, with his eyes bent to the earth, his hands spread upon his breast, he joined his coadjutors.

What a contrast to this saintly being now struck my view; a form almost gigantic in stature, yet gently thrown forward by evident infirmity; limbs of herculean mold, and a countenance rather furrowed by the inroads of vehement passions, than the deep trace of years. Eyes still emanating the ferocity of an unsubdued spirit, yet tempered by a strong trait of benevolence; which, like a glory, irradiated a broad expansive brow, a mouth on which even yet the spirit of convivial enjoyment seemed to hover, though shaded by two large whiskers on the upper lip, which still preserved their ebon hue; while time or grief had bleached the scattered hairs which hung their snows upon the manly temple. The drapery which covered this striking figure was singularly appropriate, and, as I have since been told, strictly conformable to the ancient costume of the Irish nobles.

The only part of the under garment visible, was the ancient Irish *truis*, which closely adhering to the limbs from the waist to the ankle, includes the pantaloons and hose, and terminates in a buskin not dissimilar to the Roman *perones*. A triangular mantle of bright scarlet cloth, embroidered and fringed round the edges, fell from his shoulders to the ground, and was fastened at the breast with a large circular golden brooch, of a workmanship most curiously beautiful; round his neck hung a golden collar, which seemed to denote the wearer of some order of knighthood, probably hereditary in his family; a dagger, called a *skiene* (for my guide explained every article of the dress to me,) was sheathed in his girdle, and was discerned by the sunbeam that played on its brilliant haft. And as he

entered the chapel, he removed from his venerable head a cap or berrad, of the same form as that I had noticed with my guide, but made of velvet, richly embroidered.

The chieftain moved with dignity—yet with difficulty—and his colossal, but infirm frame, seemed to claim support from a form so almost impalpably delicate, that as it floated on the gaze it seemed like the incarnation of some pure ethereal spirit, which a sigh, too roughly breathed, would dissolve into its kindred air; yet to this sylphid elegance of spherulite beauty was united all that symmetrical *contour* which constitutes the luxury of human loveliness. This scarcely “mortal mixture of earth’s mold,” was vested in a robe of vestal white, which was enfolded beneath the bosom with a narrow girdle embossed with precious stones.

From the shoulder fell a mantle of scarlet silk, fastened at the neck with a silver bodkin, while the fine turned head was enveloped in a veil of point lace, bound round the brow with a band or diadem, ornamented with the same description of jewels as encircled her arms.

Such was the *figure* of the Princess of Inismore! But oh! not once was the face turned round towards that side where I stood. And when I shifted my position, the envious veil intercepted the ardent glance which eagerly sought the fancied charms it concealed! for was it possible to doubt the face would not “keep the promise that the form had made”?

The group that followed was grotesque beyond all powers of description. The ancient bard, whose long white beard

“ Descending, swept his aged breast ”;

the incongruous costume, half modern, half antique, of the bare-footed domestics; the ostensible steward, who closed the procession; and, above all, the dignified importance of the *nurse*, who took the lead in it immediately after her young lady; her air, form, countenance, and dress, were indeed so singularly fantastic and *outré*, that the genius of masquerade might have adopted her figure as the finest model of grotesque caricature.

Conceive for a moment a form whose longitude bore no degree of proportion to her latitude; dressed in a short

jacket of brown cloth, with loose sleeves from the elbow to the wrist, made of red camblet striped with green, and turned up with a broad cuff—a petticoat of scarlet frieze, covered by an apron of green serge, longitudinally striped with scarlet tape, and sufficiently short to betray an ankle that sanctioned all the libels ever uttered against the ankles of the Irish fair—true national brogues set off her blue worsted stockings, and her yellow hair, dragged over a high roll, was covered on the summit with a little coiff, over which was flung a scarlet handkerchief, which fastened in a large bow under her rubicund chin.

As this singular and interesting group advanced up the central aisle of the chapel, reverence and affection were evidently blended in the looks of the multitude which hung upon the steps; and though the Prince and his daughter sought to lose in the meekness of true religion all sense of temporal inequality, and promiscuously mingled with the congregation, yet that distinction they humbly avoided was reverently forced on them by the affectionate crowd, which drew back on either side as they advanced, until the chieftain and his child stood alone in the center of the ruined choir, he winds of heaven playing freely amidst their garments, the sun's setting beam enriching their beautiful figures with its orient tints, while he, like Milton's ruined angel,

“ Above the rest,
In shape and feature proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower ”;

and she, like the personified spirit of Mercy hovered round him, or supported, more by tenderness than her strength, him from whom she could no longer claim support.

Those gray-headed domestics, too, those faithful though but nominal vassals, who offered that voluntary reverence with their looks, which his repaid with fatherly affection, while the anguish of a suffering heart hung on his pensive smile, sustained by the firmness of that indignant pride which lowered on his ample brow!

What a picture!

McRORY CONVERSES WITH THE QUALITY.

From 'O'Donnel, a National Tale.'

The servant now came out of the house to say that he believed the people were all abroad, getting in the harvest, for they could only find an old woman in the inn kitchen, and that he could not make her understand him.

"It's hard for her, the *cratur!* when she's entirely *bothered*,"¹ said a voice, which, from its peculiar tone and accent, drew every eye to the speaker. The person who had thus volunteered his observation, in all the unadulterated richness of a genuine Connaught brogue, stood with his huge arms folded, leaning against the side of the inn door, while a thick stick and a small bundle lay at his feet. The figure, thus disposed, was considerably above the ordinary height, muscular, but not full; it exhibited an appearance of powerful strength, united with a lounging air of habitual indolence: a countenance in which a sort of solemn humor was the leading expression, tinctured with an acute shrewdness, was shaded by long black hair, occasionally shaken back, while a pair of dark sunken eyes were thrown indifferently on either side, and only with a slight passing look, turned, as if by chance, on the splendid strangers, whose showy persons and equipage seemed to excite neither admiration nor curiosity.

The dress of this singular person was as equivocal as the figure was striking; his coat might have been an old livery—might have been an undress military frock; it was a faded blue, with still more faded scarlet cuffs and cape. Though the day was sultry for September, he wore a loose, large rug coat, which was buttoned round his neck, but hung behind, like a mantle, with the sleeves unoccupied. Immense brogues and blue stockings were partially covered with black gaiters, and a pair of short canvas trousers, reaching but a little beneath his knees, completed his costume.

"A prize!" cried the colonel, speaking through his hand to the party in the barouche. "The first genuine Paddy I have met since I have been in the north of Ireland," he added, to Lady Florence.

¹ *Bothered, deaf.*

"Perhaps, sir," said Mr. Glentworth, addressing the stranger, "you can give us some information as to the nearest town to this village, where we could get the best accommodation for so large a party as this."

"I can, sir, to be sure—every information in life, your honor; not one in the barony can *insense* you better, sir;" and he took off his hat whilst he spoke; nor could he be prevailed on to resume it, while his dark countenance brightened into intelligence the moment he was addressed.

"Come here, sir," cried Lady Singleton, beckoning to him—"come here. Which is the nearest town to this miserable disappointing little village?"

"Is it the nearest town to ye'z, madam? Why then, madam, the nearest town to ye'z, is the furthest off entirely, in regard to the *short cut* being broke up since myself passed the same last; but the directest way ye'z can take is to turn *across* by that bit of a wood, to your *lift*."

"What wood?" asked Lady Singleton: "there is no wood that I can see."

"There is nat, madam, but there's all as one—for there was a wood there in th' ould times, as I hear tell. Well, ye'z *lave* the wood to the left, and ye'z will turn down, of you *plase*, right forenent you, and when ye'z come to the ind of the lane—"

"Well, sir!" interrupted Lady Singleton, impatiently.

"Well, madam," returned the stranger in a tone of sudden recollection, "the devil a foot further ye'z will go, anyhow, in regard to the floods which has *damm'd* up the road for all the world like the *salmon lep* at *Ballyshanny*; but sure if ye'z will be *contint* to go the ould way, ye'z have nothing to do in life, but turn round and go back *straight* before ye'z, and then, your honor, you'll reach *Larne* in no time."

This information, which excited a general laugh from all the party but Lady Singleton and Mr. Dexter, was replied to by the latter, who exclaimed—

"Why you stupid, blundering fellow, that's the very town we are come from."

"Is it, dear?" returned the Irishman, coolly.

Meantime, as it was evident they had another stage to perform before they halted for the evening, hay and water

was procured for the horses; and the master of the inn, who had come in from his fields, confirmed what they had suspected, that he could not accommodate so large a party, and directed them to a new inn on the sea-coast, within a short distance of the next post town, (New Town Glens,) lately set up for the accommodation of travelers to the causey.

Lady Singleton had entered into conversation with a linen buyer, or, in the language of the country, a *webber*, who was riding by, and to whom, from beginning to inquire about the state of the roads between Glenarm and New Town Glens, she digressed to the texture and value of Irish linens, and gave him some useful hints relative to *bleach greens* and other things connected with the manufacture. While Lady Singleton was thus engaged with the *itinerant* merchant, who, on his part, was recommending her to their house at Colerain, if she intended to buy any linens, while in the very region of webs and looms, the rest of the party, headed by the colonel, were amusing themselves with the Irishman, who stood every interrogatory and attack with the utmost quietude, coolness, and gravity. On the subject, however, of place of his nativity (for the colonel affected to think him an Englishman) he seemed a little puzzled: he repeated that *County Donegal* was his undoubted native place, though he had the good luck to be born in County Leitrim, *Prorence* of Connaught, which was all was left to the FORE of poor *ancient ould Ireland*, barring ministers;—“for,” he added, “every one of my people, grandfathers and grandmothers, from the beginning of time, barring myself, was born in and about Donegal town, till the English patentees and Scotch undertakers drove us all like wild bastes into the mountains, and into the Province of Connaught.”

“Then you are not a native of this province?” asked Mr. Glenworth.

“Is it me, sir? O! no your honor, I am not: I hope I have done nothing, bad as I am, to be born in the black north any way; ye’z might tell that by my English, for the creatures in these parts have no English, only *Scotch Irish*, your honor.”

“We did remark something peculiar in your English,”

returned the colonel; "but may I presume to ask what brings you into this country, since you seem to hold it rather in contempt?"

"What brings me into this country, your honor? O, I'm a traveler, sir."

"I thought so; you have the air of a man who has seen a deal of the world."

"O, I've seen a power, sir, in my day: sure I was twice't in Dublin, your honor."

"Indeed! and no further?"

"No, sir, no further—only once't in *Garmany*, on a little business; and a little back in the Western Indies; that is when I was sarving in th' army, your honor."

"So then his Majesty has had the honor of retaining you in his service?"

"O! he had, your honor; God bless him."

"And pray, captain, to what regiment were you attached?"

"O! your honor's going to the fair with me, now, anyhow: it never was *Phaidrig* (which is Patrick) McRory's luck, and that's myself, to be a captain, yet, sir; only a *corpolar*;—and what was my regimen', why then, troth, I was mighty near listing with the *Flaugh-na-balagh* boys, under the great Giniril Doyle, long life to him, wherever he is, only in regard of the master, who came home on account of the *troubles*. So I listed with him in the Irish brigades; and so we went to fight the black French negurs in St. Domingo. Of as fine a regimen' of lads as ever you clapt your eyes on, not one of us but was kilt dead in the field, barring a handful, as I may say, and myself and the master."

"Why, you don't mean that a gentleman of your education and appearance is really in service?"

"O! I do, sir, surely: and I'm master's foster brother to boot, and has the greatest regard and love for him in life; but at this present spaking I may say I'm no sarvant at all, only a pilgrim."

"A pilgrim! you!"

"I am, sir, surely, an't I going to *keep my station* at Lough-Dergh, in respect of a vow I made for taking a drop too much on a Good Friday: so with the master's lave, and

the blessing of God. I'm going to do *pinnence* at the blessed and holy St. Patrick's purgatory."

"Purgatory!" repeated Mr. Dexter, shrugging his shoulders—"So, I thought as much: and so Mr. McRory, you are really such a superstitious blockhead as to believe in purgatory, are you?"

"I believe, sir, in what my Church bids me, and what my people believed before me; and what more does your honor, and the likes of you do, nor that? But in troth, in respect of purgatory, sir, myself is no ways *particular*; only, bad as it is, sure your honor may *go further and fare worse* for all that."

This observation, quaintly uttered with a mixture of quietude and humor, produced a general laugh at Mr. Dexter's expense, who replied with great acrimony of manner—

"So, sir, it is very plain that *you* are a pretty bigoted, thoroughgoing papist, and think that every man who is otherwise will be damned."

"No, sir, I am nat: I'm a *Roman*, and sweet *Jasus* forbid that every man shouldn't have a *soul* to be saved, go what way he will; and divil a diffir I believe it makes in the end, anyhow, whether a man goes to *mass* or *church*, only just for the fashion sake."

"No, sir, you don't think any such thing," replied Mr. Dexter, with increasing ill humor. "I know what sort of a person you are very well: you are one of those idle, mischievous fellows, for I don't credit a word of your story, who go about the country, stirring up the poor deluded people, and raising the cry of *emancipation*."

"Of who, sir?" returned the Irishman, coming nearer to the barouche, in which Mr. Dexter had just seated himself.

"Emancipation! you hear me very well."

"I have *no call* to him, sir; is he a freeholder?"

"He, he, he!" cried Mr. Dexter, "that's just what he wants to be."

"Why then no blame to him," returned McRory, "for surely it makes all the diffir if a man have a *wote* or have not a *wote*; that's when he gets into a *scrimmage*: what compensation did I ever get for my poor brother, Randall

McRory, who was kilt in a *ruction*, because I'd no gentleman to back me, having ourselves neither wote nor interest, and being *Romans* to boot? for he was far away that could see me righted, anyhow; only he couldn't be in two places at once, like a bird, long life to him."

"And so," said Mr. Glenworth, willing to give the conversation another turn from that to which the folly and intemperance of Mr. Dexter was leading; "and so, my friend, you are going to perform penance for the crime of getting tipsy on a Good Friday: how far have you traveled to-day?"

"Not far, your honor; only from New Town Glens, where you'll get the best entertainment for man and baste, and elegant fish."

"Do you really mean that?" asked Mr. Vandaleur, who had hitherto remained silent, and lolling within the window of his chaise.

"Troth, I do, your honor, every word of it; and it's what you'll get a bit of mutton there that the *Prorost* of *Strabane* needn't be ashamed to stick his knife in of an Easter Sunday; long life to him!—and real *Raghery*."

"Raghery! what sort of mutton is that?" demanded Mr. Vandaleur, with some eagerness.

"The elegantest, little, dear mutton, your honor, that ever you set your two good-looking eyes on; the leg of it, not bigger nor the leg of a lark, sir, to say nothing of the beautiful salmon fish that comes leaping into your arms, fairly out of the water—the craturs, with their tails in their mouths, and their elegant fine fins, twinkling in the sunshine, for all the world like that lady's eye, there," and he bowed low to Lady Florence, who, leaned forward, and smiling graciously, returned—

"Thank you, thank you, Mr. Rory. I assure you, I think you altogether a most amusing person, and particularly gallant, and exactly what I should expect an Irishman to be."

"Why, then, devil a much out you are there, madam, or miss: for myself doesn't know well which you are; it's few of the likes of you comes into these parts anyhow, God bless you."

The horses being now fed, and Lady Singleton having

made all the inquiries, and given all the advice she thought proper, called out to the party, who were still amusing themselves with the communicative Irishman, “*Basta, basta, cosi*; come, we have lost time enough: *Thompson*, get on: Mr. Dexter, put up the head of the barouche at your side. So, I have sent Edwards on before us to prepare for our reception.”

KATE KEARNEY.

O, did you not hear of Kate Kearney?
She lives on the banks of Killarney,
From the glance of her eye shun danger and fly,
For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney!
For that eye is so modestly beaming,
You'd ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming,
Yet oh, I can tell how fatal's the spell
That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney!

O, should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
Who lives on the banks of Killarney,
Beware of her smile, for many a wile
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.
Though she looks so bewitchingly simple,
There's mischief in every dimple;
Who dares inhale her mouth's spicy gale
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

PATRICK FRANCIS MULLANY.

(1847—1893.)

PATRICK FRANCIS MULLANY (better known as Brother Azarias) was born in County Tipperary, Ireland. He came to America when quite young and joined the Brothers of the Christian Schools. He was professor of mathematics and of English literature at Rock Hill College, Maryland, from 1866 to 1878, when he became its President. In 1889 he removed to New York City, and died at Plattsburg, N. Y., 1893.

His works have been chiefly along the line of philosophical thought and literary criticism. Among his books may be mentioned ‘Philosophy of Literature,’ ‘Development of English Literature,’ ‘Addresses on Thinking,’ ‘Aristotle and the Christian Church,’ ‘Culture of the Spiritual Sense,’ ‘Phases of Thought and Criticism.’

Most of the material for these volumes was in the form of contributions to periodicals, and these were afterward gathered up. He also contributed poetry from time to time, and wrote a series of sonnets on the great English poets. He was a successful and acceptable lecturer on literary, philosophical, and educational themes.

EMERSON AND NEWMAN.

THE PHILOSOPHER—THE CHURCHMAN.

From an Address delivered at Rock Hill College, 1877.

That you may all the better understand the nature and scope of sound thinking, I will mention for your consideration two living thinkers in different hemispheres of our globe and standing at opposite poles of human thoughts—men at the same time acknowledged masters of our own language. They both have this in common, that each is retiring, sensitive, shrinking from mere notoriety, not over-anxious to speak and speaking only when each has something to say. They are loved by all who know them, admired by thousands and misunderstood by thousands more. One of these is Ralph Waldo Emerson. He is possessed of a mind like the Eolian harp. It is awake to the most delicate impressions, and at every breath of thought gives out a music all its own. His sympathies with Nature are so strong—so intense, so real—that they seem to take root with the plant, to infuse themselves into the brute creation, and to think and act with his fellow-man. A

thing, be it an institution, or a custom, or a habit, exists; that suffices for Emerson; it must therefore be good, and useful, and beautiful in its own way. He is a passionate lover of the beautiful; he would reduce all morality to a code of esthetics. Beauty of thought, beauty of expression, beauty of action, beauty of manners—these are the outcome of his philosophy. Supreme culture is for him supreme human perfection. But withal, he is a thinker who has learned how to assimilate the best thoughts of the best writers and make them fructify in his own mind. His lines of thought are narrow, but he thinks on them intensely. Not unfrequently his language only half expresses that which his mind labors to give utterance to. Some of his assertions are riddles. He speaks with the mysteriousness of the Sphinx. He despairs argument. He will not reason with you. He is content to throw out the hint or the suggestion; you may take it or leave it. He never obtrudes himself upon you.

Unfortunately for Emerson and the value of his utterances, he ignores the supernatural in man. His view of religion is that of a merely human institution. He is tolerant only in certain directions. He has never acquired the large-sightedness that is expected from a man of his culture. Let him expatiate on the Nature he loves, on society, on manners, on experience, on letters and social aims, and he is admirable, suggestive, original; but once he descends to concrete living issues, we find only the lifeless bones of intolerance dressed up with the time-worn garments of New England puritanical prejudices. I hold this man up to you that you may learn both from his strength and his weakness. You can no more make a model of his mind than you can of his style. He is in some respects a law to himself. The secret of his success lies in this: that he does not isolate a thought; he studies its relations so far as his intellectual vision ranges. Could you imbibe his sympathy for Nature without becoming imbued with his pantheism; could you acquire his culture without the dilettanteism that accompanies it; could you make his love for the beautiful in all shapes and under all conditions your own—looking above all beyond the mere surface into the deeper and more spiritual beauty of things—you would be learning the whole lesson I wish you to draw from his intellectual life.

And now that I have led you into the inner chambers of Emerson's mind, and shown you the points of excellence and deficiency in his thinking, let me with less reserve place before you a still greater living example of this power of thinking, that you may, in admiration and at a distance, and each in his own sphere, follow in his footsteps. His word carries weight wherever the English language is known. His name is revered by all classes and creeds; and it is so because he is thoroughly honest in the expression of his convictions. He does not understand the art of special pleading; he has never learned the trick of covering up disagreeable truths or removing out of sight a fact calculated to tell against him. Endowed with one of the most acute intellects ever bestowed upon man, and well disciplined by severe study and profound meditation, it was his delight to grapple with difficulties. That mind, so ingenious and searching, never rested till it found the basis of an opinion or struck the central idea of a system.

It is often to me a source of wonder how much patient, earnest thought its eminent possessor must have brought to bear upon an idea before he could see it in so many lights, view it in such different relations, and place it before the mind in all the nakedness of truth. But this is one of the characteristics of great thinkers, and such pre-eminently is Cardinal John Henry Newman. It is now about three years since I met him in the bare, modest parlor of the Birmingham Oratory, and I need scarcely add that that meeting is one of the most precious incidents in my life.

I thought the very simplicity of that parlor was in keeping with the greatness of the man. Tinsel, or decoration, or an air of worldliness would have jarred with the simple, unassuming ways of the noble soul I met there. He had then lately returned from his beloved Oxford, where his old *alma mater*, Trinity College, did itself an honor and him an act of tardy justice in inducting him as Honorary Fellow. This veteran knight of natural and revealed truth looked old and worn; his hair was blanched; his features were furrowed with the traces of age. His manners were gentle and condescending. His voice was soft and beautiful in its varied modulations—now serious, now playful, according to the subject he spoke upon. With the

most exquisite tact he listened or placed his remark as the case required. There was a charm in his conversation. As it flowed along placid and pleasant, his countenance glowed with a nameless expression; his eye sparkled, and he spoke with all the strength and clearness of a man whose intellectual vigor is still unimpaired. I was not half an hour in his presence when I felt the spell of that irresistible personal influence which he has swayed through life, whether within the walls of Oriel, or from the Protestant pulpit of St. Mary's, or in the retirement of the Oratory. I then understood the power that shook the Anglican Church to its very basis six and thirty years ago. Though endowed with the delicate sensibility of the poet, Cardinal Newman never permits sentiment or feeling or inclination or confirmed habit to control or divert the severe logic of his noble reason. See for instance the caution with which he took the most important step in his long career. For years inclination and grace and the logic of his mind had been leading him into the Catholic Church, but he makes no move that is not first sanctioned by reason and conscience. His sympathies have gone forth to her long before proof or argument point the way; but he holds aloof till reason becomes convinced. He even keeps others for years from entering her Communion.

And whilst writing a book in favor of that Church he does not yet make up his mind to become a member; he reserves to himself the chance of changing his views after the whole argumentative process influencing him has been placed before him in writing. And in all this he is acting sincerely and in good faith. Protestants question his honesty; Catholics fear he may be trifling with grace; but all the same he waits and prays, and the truth grows upon him from the gray of dawn to the full light of day. Never for a single moment did he falter through the whole course of the long and painful struggle; from first to last he acted according to his lights; God respected the earnest endeavor and blessed it and crowned it with the grace of conversion. I repeat it, it is this strict and chivalric adherence to truth at all times and under all circumstances that has won him the profound respect and admiration of Christendom. He disciplined his mind into the habit of seeing things as they are and of expressing them as he sees

them, till it has become an impossibility for him to do otherwise. His mind is well worth your study. Its logical acuteness is something marvelous. Its analyzing power is searching and exhaustive. Its introspection seems to be all-seeing. He understands so well the checks and limitations of the human intellect that he is never satisfied to accept an idea for the reasons on its face. He goes back of the formal demonstration to what he considers the far more powerful motives of credibility. The syllogism says not all. The real convincing and abiding reasons on which a proposition is accepted as true are beyond either premises or conclusion. "As to logic," he remarks, "its drain of conclusions hangs loose at both ends; both the point from which the proof should start, and the point at which it should arrive, are beyond its reach; it comes short both of first principles and of concrete issues." Besides all this there are undercurrents of sentiment and inclination, associations of ideas, obscure memories, half confessed motives, probabilities, popular impressions that determine the frame of mind and the tone of thought, and they all of them enter his calculations. "And such mainly is the way," he tells us, "in which all men, gifted or not gifted, commonly reason,—not by rule, but by an inward faculty." A mind recognizing all these elements of thought and coördinating them, and giving each its value and position, is the highest ideal of a well-thinking mind that I can place before you. But I have not yet said all.

Cardinal Newman's mind is above all a religious mind. Religion is for him a reality—an intense reality; it is a sacred tunic clothing all his thoughts and making them holy and earnest; it is an essential part of his existence; it is the life of his life. And this is not simply the religion of sentiment or of the mere viewiness of doctrine and dogma, but religion based upon clear-cut doctrines and well-defined principles. "From the age of fifteen"—he tells us in one of those revelations of himself that light up his soul and show the man—"dogma has been the fundamental principle of my religion; I know of no other religion; I cannot enter into the idea of any other sort of religion; religion as a sentiment is to me a mere dream and a mockery. As well can there be filial love without the fact of a father, as devotion without the fact of the Su-

preme Being." Here is the central thought of Cardinal Newman's intellect. All thoughts, all issues group around that one idea. To him who reads between lines, every sermon, every essay, every treatise of the six and thirty volumes penned by his hand, reveals a soul ever questioning, ever struggling with difficulties, ever solving to itself the problems and issues of the day, ever arranging and rearranging in clear, well-defined order its own views and opinions—and all for one object and with one result, that of harmonizing them with the teachings of religion. The thoughts and questionings and theories against which other strong and well-equipped intellects struggled only to be made captives of irreligion and agnosticism, he also wrestled with and became their master, each new effort giving him additional strength; and now, his laurels won, he looks upon the intellectual struggles of the day with the repose of a warrior who has been in the fight and has come out of it a victor.

MILTON.

" Into the heaven of heavens I have presumed,
An earthly guest, and drawn Empyrean fire."
—PARADISE LOST, Book VII.

Irreverent Milton! bold I deem thy flight;
Unsanctified, unbidden, thou didst wing
Thy pathless way off tow'rd the secret spring
Of God's decrees, and read them not aright;
Thou sought to do what no man mortal might,
Still thence a speech majestical didst bring,
And there o'erheard some angels whispering
Of Eden's bliss, and from thy lofty height
Surveyed all starry space both far and wide,
And saw hell's deepest depths and tortures dire,
And viewed the darkling works of demon pride,
And in the glowing of poetic fire,
What time thy heart felt age's chilly hand,
Embodyed all in language stately, grand.

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY.

(1835—1885.)

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY was born in Dublin on May 20, 1835, and was educated there, taking his degree of B.A. at Trinity College in 1856. At first he was a surgeon in the Royal Navy, but afterward took orders, and went to Canada, where he died on May 31, 1885. He contributed to *Kottabos*, and published verses in *The Nation*, *The Irish Metropolitan Magazine*, and *The College Magazine*, which he edited. His books are: ‘Lyrics of History and of Life’ (1880); ‘A History of Brant, Ontario’ (1883); ‘Toronto, Past and Present’ (1884); ‘History of the North-West Rebellion of 1885’ (1886). He was engaged on ‘A History of Canadian Liberalism’ when he died.

LONG DESERTED.

Yon old house in moonlight sleeping,
Once it held a lady fair,
Long ago she left it weeping,
Still the old house standeth there—
That old pauper house unmeet for the pleasant village street—

With its eyeless window sockets,
And its courts all grass o'ergrown,
And the weeds above its doorway
Where the flowers are carved in stone,
And its chimneys lank and high like gaunt tombstones on the sky.
Ruined, past all care and trouble,
Like the heir of some old race
Whose past glories but redouble
Present ruin and disgrace,
For whom none are left that bear hope or sorrow anywhere.

Lost old house! and I was happy
'Neath thy shade one summer night,
When on one that walked beside me
Gazed I by the lingering light,
In the depths of her dark eyes searching for my destinies.

There within our quiet garden
Fell that last of happy eves

Through the gold of the laburnum
And the thickening lilac leaves;
There the winter winds are now sighing round each leafless
bough.

Haunted house! and do they whisper
That the wintry moon-rays show,
Glancing through thy halls, a ghastly
Phantasy of long ago,
And thy windows shining bright with a spectral gala light?

Vain and idle superstition!
Thee no spectral rays illume;
But one shape of gentlest beauty
I can conjure from thy gloom,
In whose sad eyes I can see ghosts that haunt my memory.

ARTHUR MURPHY.

(1727—1805.)

ARTHUR MURPHY, actor, lawyer, dramatist, and editor, was born at Cloonquin, in the county of Roscommon, in the year 1727. He was educated at the college of St. Omer. For a while he was employed in his uncle's counting-house in Cork, but in 1751 he went to live in London. There he edited a political paper, and made acquaintance with a number of actors and men of letters. He went on to the stage and made some money, and afterward was called to the bar. Finding himself unsuccessful in the legal profession, he determined to devote himself to literature alone.

His first dramatic attempt was 'The Apprentice.' In 1759 his tragedy of 'The Orphan of China' was the means of making Mrs. Yates a favorite with the public, and in 1761 she had another success with the author's 'All in the Wrong.' This last comedy was also a great financial success, and, with 'Know Your Own Mind' and 'The Way to Keep Him,' held the stage for many years; indeed the three plays are yet acted occasionally in provincial theaters. 'The Grecian Daughter,' a tragedy, 'Three Weeks after Marriage,' and 'The Citizen,' both comedies, were also successes.

After his retirement to Hammersmith, Murphy published his 'Essay on the Life and Genius of Dr. Johnson.' In 1793 appeared his translation of Tacitus, with an essay on his life and genius, which has frequently been reprinted. He also wrote a 'Life of Fielding' and a 'Life of Garrick,' which last is his least talented work. In 1798 appeared his tragedy of 'Arminius,' which was in favor of the then pending war, and for which he was granted a pension of £200 (\$1,000) a year. This he enjoyed till his death, which occurred at Knightsbridge, in June, 1805.

HOW TO FALL OUT.

From 'Three Weeks After Marriage.'

SIR CHARLES and LADY RACKETT.

Lady Rackett. Well, now let's go to rest;—but, Sir Charles, how shockingly you played that last rubber, when I stood looking over you.

Sir Charles. My love, I played the truth of the game.

Lady Rackett. No, indeed, my dear, you played it wrong.

Sir Charles. Pho! nonsense! You don't understand it.

Lady Rackett. I beg your pardon, I'm allowed to play better than you.

Sir Charles. All conceit, my dear; I was perfectly right.

Lady Rackett. No such a thing, Sir Charles; the diamond was the play.

Sir Charles. Pho, pho! ridiculous! The club was the card against the world.

Lady Rackett. Oh! no, no, no, I say it was the diamond.

Sir Charles. Zounds! madam, I say it was the club.

Lady Rackett. What do you fly into such a passion for?

Sir Charles. Death and fury, do you think I don't know what I'm about? I tell you, once more, the club was the judgment of it.

Lady Rackett. Maybe so; have it your own way, sir.

(*Walks about and sings.*)

Sir Charles. Vexation! you're the strangest woman that ever lived; there's no conversing with you. Look ye here, my Lady Rackett; it's the clearest case in the world; I'll make it plain to you in a moment.

Lady Rackett. Well, sir!—ha, ha, ha!

(*With a sneering laugh.*)

Sir Charles. I had four cards left, a trump was led, they were six; no, no, no, they were seven, and we nine; then, you know, the beauty of the play was to—

Lady Rackett. Well, now, it's amazing to me that you can't see it; give me leave, Sir. Charles. Your left-hand adversary had led his last trump, and he had before finessed the club, and ruffed the diamond; now if you had put on your diamond—

Sir Charles. Zounds! madam, but we played for the odd trick.

Lady Rackett. And sure the play for the odd trick—

Sir Charles. Death and fury! can't you hear me?

Lady Rackett. Go on, sir.

Sir Charles. Zounds! hear me, I say. Will you hear me?

Lady Rackett. I never heard the like in my life.

(*Hums a tune, and walks about fretfully.*)

Sir Charles. Why, then, you are enough to provoke the patience of a Stoic. (*Looks at her, and she walks about and laughs uneasy.*) Very well, madam: you know no more of the game than your father's leaden Hercules on the

top of the house. You know no more of whist than he does of gardening.

Lady Rackett. Ha, ha, ha!

(Takes out a glass and settles her hair.)

Sir Charles. You're a vile woman, and I'll not sleep another night under the same roof with you.

Lady Rackett. As you please, sir.

Sir Charles. Madam, it shall be as I please. I'll order my chariot this moment. (*Going.*) I know how the cards should be played as well as any man in England, that let me tell you. (*Going.*) And when your family were standing behind counters measuring out tape and bartering for Whitechapel needles, my ancestors—madam, my ancestors—were squandering away whole estates at cards,—whole estates, my Lady Rackett. (*She hums a tune, and he looks at her.*) Why, then, by all that's dear to me, I'll never exchange another word with you, good, bad, or indifferent. Look ye, my Lady Rackett, thus it stood; the trump being led it was then my business—

Lady Rackett. To play the diamond, to be sure.

Sir Charles. D—n it; I have done with you for ever, and so you may tell your father. (*Exit.*)

Lady Rackett. What a fashion the gentleman 's in! Ha, ha, ha! (*Laughs in a peevish manner.*) I promise him I'll not give up my judgment.

Re-enter SIR CHARLES.

Sir Charles. My Lady Rackett, look ye, ma'am; once more, out of pure good-nature—

Lady Rackett. Sir, I am convinced of your good-nature.

Sir Charles. That, and that only prevails with me to tel you, the club was the play.

Lady Rackett. Well, be it so; I have no objection.

Sir Charles. It's the clearest point in the world; we were nine, and—

Lady Rackett. And for that very reason, you know, the club was the best in the house.

Sir Charles. There is no such thing as talking to you. You're a base woman. . . . I tell you the diamond was not the play, and here I take my final leave of you. (*Walks back as fast as he can.*) I am resolved upon it, and I know the club was NOT the best in the house.

DENIS MURPHY.

(1833—1896.)

FATHER DENIS MURPHY was born at Newmarket, County Cork, in 1833. He was a Jesuit novice before he was sixteen years old. But he was always deeply interested in the antiquities and history of his country. The Royal University of Ireland conferred on him the degree of LL.D. in recognition of his distinguished scholarship. His ‘Life of Hugh O’Donnell,’ translated from the Irish, is an accurate rendering, and his ‘Cromwell in Ireland’ shows the finest qualities of the historian. At the time of his death he was engaged on a ‘History of the Irish Martyrs.’ Among his other works are the ‘History of Holy Cross Abbey,’ the ‘Annals of Clonmacnoise,’ and the ‘Compendium of Irish History.’ He was a fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, a Vice-President of the Royal Academy, and during the later years of his life was the editor of the *Kildare Archaeological Journal*. He died May 18, 1896.

THE MASSACRE AT DROGHEDA.

From ‘Cromwell in Ireland.’

Then it was, probably, that quarter was offered and accepted. “All the officers and soldiers,” says Ormonde, “promised quarter to such as would lay down their arms, and performed it as long as any place held out; which encouraged the others to yield. But when they had once all in their power and feared no hurt that could be done them, then the word ‘no quarter’ went round, and the soldiers were forced, many of them against their wills, to kill the prisoners.” A contemporary author says Cromwell could not take the town until its defenders had received a promise of their lives from some persons of high rank in his army. As soon as the town was in the assailants’ power, Jones, the governor of Dublin, who was second in command, told Cromwell that now he had the flower of the Irish army in his hands and could deal with them as he pleased. He then issued an order that the life of neither man, woman, nor child should be spared; and when one of his officers pleaded for mercy for the unresisting victims, “he would sacrifice their souls,” he said, “to the ghosts of the English whom they had massacred.”

And thus a body of 3,000 men was totally destroyed

and massacred, with which, in respect to experience and courage, the Marquis would have been glad to have found himself engaged in the field with an enemy though upon some disadvantage.

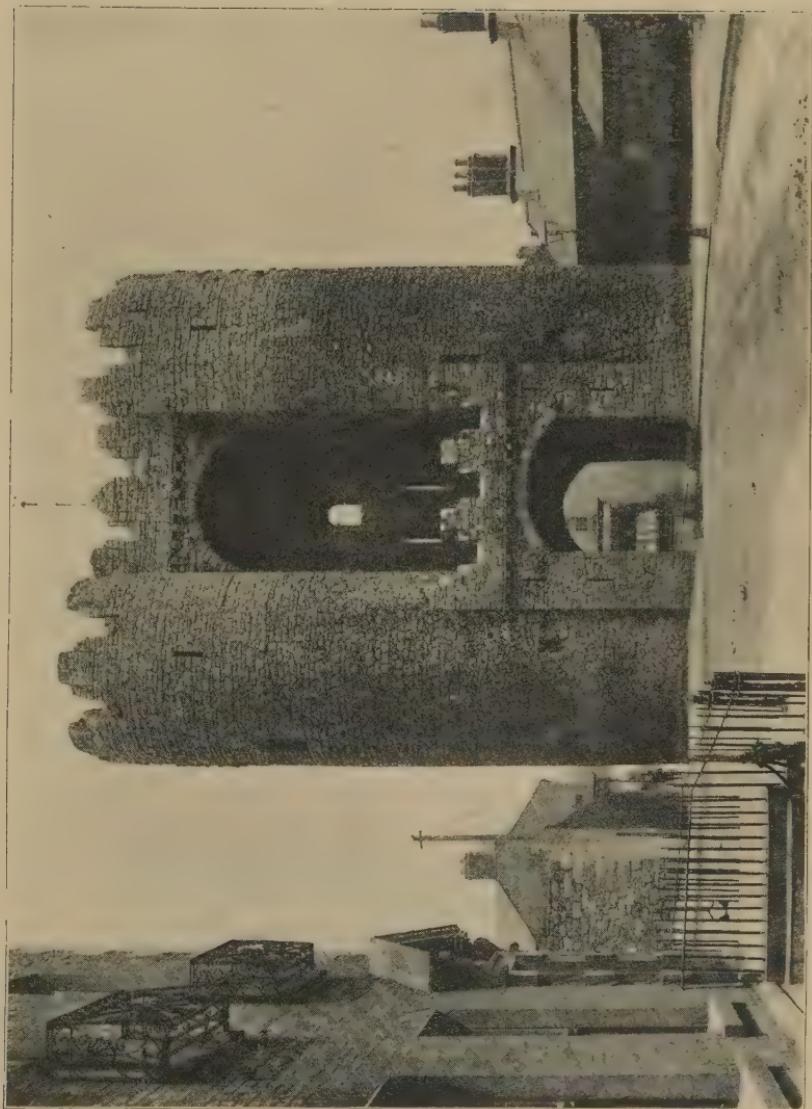
"Divers of the enemy," continues Cromwell, "retreated to the Mill-mount, a place very strong and of difficult access, being exceeding high, having a good graft, and strongly palisadoed. The Governor, Sir Arthur Aston, and divers considerable officers being there, our men getting up to them, were ordered by me to put them all to the sword. And, indeed, being in the heat of action, I forbade them to spare any that were in arms in the town ; and I think that night they put to the sword about 2,000 men."

It was manned with 250 of the best men ; when they saw their companions retreat, they were so disheartened that they thought it useless to make further resistance. "Lieutenant-Colonel Axtell of Colonel Hewson's regiment, with some twelve of his men, went to the top of the Mount and demanded of the Governor the surrender of it, who was very stubborn, speaking high words ; but at length was persuaded to go into the windmill at the top of the Mount, and many of the chiefest as it could contain, where they were disarmed and afterwards slain."

Sir Arthur Aston was among the first who fell ; he was killed "after quarter given by the officer who first came there." "A great dispute there was," says Ludlow in his *Memoirs*, "among the soldiers for his artificial leg, which was reputed to be of gold ; but it proved to be but of wood, his girdle being found to be better booty, wherein 200 pieces of gold were found quilted." A Wood says he was believed to have hid away his gold for security in his wooden leg. This they seized upon as a prize when he fell ; but finding nothing in it, they knocked out his brains with it and hacked his body to pieces. Sir Edward Verney, Colonels Warren, Fleming, Boyle, and Byrne, were slain in cold blood.

As every part of the town was commanded from the Mill-mount, further resistance was hopeless. The assailants in full force passed through the two breaches, crossed the bridge, and were soon in possession of the whole of the north side. There the work of slaughter was continued.

"Then our horse and foot followed them so fast over the bridge, which goes over a broad river ; and being very long, and houses



on both sides, yet they had not time to pull up their drawbridge, that our men fell violently upon them, and I believe there was 2,000 of them put to the sword."

Such was the fate of those who had surrendered because quarter had been promised them. There were others who put no faith in these promises, and, knowing the certain death that awaited them, resoled to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

"Divers of the officers and soldiers being fled over the bridge into the other part of the town, where about a hundred of them possessed St. Peter's church-steeple, some the West gate, others a strong round tower next the gate called St. Sunday's. These being summoned to yield to mercy, refused, whereupon I ordered the steeple of the St. Peter's church to be fired, when one of them was heard to say in the midst of the flames, 'God confound me, I burn, I burn.'"

His first intention was to blow it up, and for the purpose he had put a quantity of powder in the subterranean passage; but changing his plan, he set fire to the steeple. Those who rushed out to avoid the flames were slaughtered. Only one person escaped; he leaped from the tower, and received no other hurt than a broken leg. He had quarter given him by the soldiers, "for the extraordinariness of the thing."

The street leading to St. Peter's church retained even within the memory of the present generation the name of "Bloody Street;" it is the tradition of the place that the blood of those slain in the church formed a regular torrent in this street.

"The next day the two other towers were summoned, in one of which was about six or seven score, but they refused to yield themselves; and we, knowing that hunger must compel them, set only good guards to secure them from running away until their stomachs were come down. From one of the said towers, notwithstanding their condition, they killed and wounded some of our men. When they submitted, their officers were knocked on the head, and every tenth man of the soldiers killed, and the rest shipped for the Barbadoes. The soldiers in the other tower were all spared (as to their lives only), and shipped likewise for the Barbadoes."

Three or four officers of name and good families, who had found some way, by the humanity of some soldiers of the enemy, to conceal themselves for four or five days, being afterwards discovered, were butchered in cold blood.

Captain Teige O'Connor, who was left among the dead, at night returned to his home, and afterwards recovered. Garrett Dungan and Lieutenant-Colonel Cavenagh also escaped. Cromwell saved Dr. Bernard, dean of Kilmore and Ussher's chaplain, and afterwards made him his almoner.

Except these and some few others who during the assault escaped at the other side of the town, and others who, mingling with the rebels as their own men, disguised themselves so as not to be discovered, there was not an officer, soldier, or religious person belonging to that garrison left alive, and all this within the space of nine days after the enemy appeared before the walls.

One of the English soldiers who was present at the siege and took part in the assault, was Thomas, eldest brother of Anthony à Wood, the well-known historian of Oxford. He was a captain in Colonel Ingoldsby's troop. The vivid description given by him of the manner in which the Puritans carried on the war furnishes an excellent commentary on the language of Cromwell. "He returned," says Anthony, "from Ireland to Oxford for a time to take up the arrears of his studentship at Christ Church. It was the winter after the siege. At which time, being often with his mother and brethren, he would tell them of the most terrible assaulting and storming of Drogheda, wherein he himself had been engaged. He told them that three thousand at least, beside some women and children, were, after the assailants had taken part, and afterwards all the town, put to the sword, on the 11th and 12th of September, 1649. At which time Sir Arthur Aston, the governor, had his brains beat out and his body hacked to pieces.

"He told them that when the soldiers were to make their way up to the lofts and galleries in the church, and up to the tower where the enemy had fled, each of the assailants would take up a child, and use it as a buckler of defense when they ascended the steps, to keep themselves from being shot or brained. After they had killed all in the church, they went into the vaults underneath, where all the flower and the choicest of the women and ladies had hid themselves. One of these, a most handsome virgin, arrayed in costly and gorgeous apparel, kneeled down to Thomas

à Wood, with tears and prayers, to save her life; and being struck with a profound pity, he took her under his arm, and went with her out of the church, intending to put her over the works to shift for herself. But a soldier, perceiving his intentions, ran his sword through her body. Whereupon À Wood, seeing her gasping, took away her money and jewels, and flung her down over the works." Mr. Froude has been unlucky that he did not fall in with this detailed account given by one "who himself engaged in the storm." It proves his assertion to be wholly false, that there is no evidence from an eye-witness that women and children were killed otherwise than accidentally.

"It is remarkable," says Cromwell, "that these people, at the first, set up the Mass in some places of the town that had been monasteries, and afterward grew so insolent, that the last Lord's day before the storm the Protestants were thrust out of the great church called St. Peter's, and they had public Mass there, and in this very place near 1,000 of them were put to the sword, fleeing thither for safety."

The sight of the ruin which surrounded him does not seem to have wrought any compunction in his soul:

"I am persuaded," he says, "that this is a righteous judgment of God upon these barbarous wretches, who have imbrued their hands in so much innocent blood, and that it will tend to prevent the effusion of blood for the future, which are the satisfactory grounds of such actions, which otherwise cannot but work remorse and regret. The officers and soldiers of this garrison were the flower of their army. And their great expectation was, that our attempting this place would put fair to ruin us, they being confident of the resolution of their men and the advantage of the place; if we had divided our force into two quarters, to have besieged the north town and the south town, we could not have had such a correspondency between the two parts of our army, but that they might have chosen to have brought their army and have fought with what part they pleased, and at this same time have made a sally with 2,000 men upon us, and have left their walls manned, they having in the town the number hereinafter specified, some say near 4,000.

"And now give me leave to say how it comes to pass that this work was wrought. It was set up in some of our hearts that a great thing should be done, not by power or might, but by the spirit of God. And is it not so, clearly? That which caused your men to storm so courageously, it was the spirit of God, who gave your men courage and took it away again; and gave the enemy courage and took it away again; and gave your men courage again, and therewith this happy success. And therefore it is good that God alone have all the glory."

And writing to the President of the Council of State, he says :

" This hath been a marvelous great mercy. . . . I wish that all honest hearts may give the glory to God alone, to whom, indeed, the praise of this mercy belongs."

What the fate of the ecclesiastics was who were found within the walls, it is not hard to conjecture.

" I believe all their friars were knocked on the head promiscuously but two; the one was Father Peter Taaffe, brother to Lord Taaffe, whom the soldiers took the next day and made an end of. The other was taken in the round tower, under the repute of a lieutenant; and when he understood that the officers in that tower had no quarter, he confessed he was a friar, but that did not save him."

A manuscript history of these events, written at the time by one of the Jesuit Fathers employed on the Irish mission, and preserved in the archives of the Irish College at Rome, gives some further details of the cruelty exercised towards the priests that were seized.

" When the city was captured by the heretics, the blood of the Catholics was mercilessly shed in the streets, in the dwelling-houses, and in the open fields; to none was mercy shown; not to the women, nor to the aged, nor to the young. The property of the citizens became the prey of the Parliamentary troops. Everything in our residence was plundered: the library, the sacred chalices, of which there were many of great value, as well as all the furniture, sacred and profane, were destroyed.

" On the following day, when the soldiers were searching through the ruins of the city, they discovered one of our Fathers, named John Bathe, with his brother, a secular priest. Suspecting that they were religious, they examined them, and finding that they were priests and one of them, moreover, a Jesuit, they led them off in triumph, and, accompanied by a tumultuous crowd, conducted them to the market-place, and there, as if they were at length extinguishing the Catholic religion and our Society, they tied them both to stakes fixed in the ground, and pierced their bodies with shots till they expired. Father Robert Netterville, far advanced in years, was confined to bed by his infirmities; he was dragged thence by the soldiers, and trailed along the ground, being violently knocked against

each obstacle that presented itself on the way; then he was beaten with clubs; and when many of his bones were broken, he was cast out on the highway. Some good Catholics came during the night, and bore him away, and hid him somewhere. Four days after, having fought the good fight, he departed this life, to receive, as we hope, the martyr's crown."

Two Fathers of the Dominican Order, Dominick Dillon, prior of the convent of Urlar, who had been apointed chaplain to the Confederate army by the Nuncio Rinuccini, and Richard Oveton, prior of the convent of Athy, were seized and taken outside the walls to the Puritan camp. There, in the presence of the whole army, they were put to death through hatred of their religious calling and of the Catholic faith.

The massacre continued for five whole days in succession. "During all that time," says Clarendon, "the whole army executed all manner of cruelty, and put every man that belonged to the garrison, and all the citizens who were Irish, man, woman, and child, to the sword." Well might Ormonde say that on "this occasion Cromwell exceeded himself and any thing he had ever heard of in breach of faith and bloody inhumanity; and that the cruelties exercised there for five days after the town was taken, would make as many several pictures of humanity as are to be found in 'The Book of Martyrs' or in 'The Relation of Amboyna.'"

Ludlow calls it an "extraordinary severity." Of the inhabitants only thirty survived, and these by a dubious mercy were shipped to the West Indies, and sold as slaves to the planters. Richard Talbot, who was later the famous Duke of Tyrconnell, was at Drogheda when the town was taken. The sights he witnessed, though he was but a child at the time, made a lasting impression on his mind, and inspired him with a horror of the Puritans all his life long. According to a tradition still current in Drogheda, the slaughter was stayed by a touching incident which aroused the lingering spark of humanity in Cromwell's breast. Walking through the streets, he noticed, stretched in the pathway, the dead body of a newly made mother, from whose breast her miserable infant was striving to draw sustenance.

JAMES MURPHY.

(1839 ——)

JAMES MURPHY, the well-known Irish novelist, was born in Glynn, County Carlow, in 1839. He entered the Dublin Training College for Teachers in 1858, and in 1860 was principal of Public Schools at Bray, County Wicklow. He has filled some important municipal positions; was professor of mathematics at St. Gall's University, Dublin, and is a prominent Government educational official in Ireland.

He has contributed many historical ballads to *The Irishman*, *The Nation*, and other periodicals, and his novels, 'The Forge of Cloughogue,' 'The House on the Rath,' 'Hugh Roach the Ribbonman,' 'The Shan Van Vocht, a Story of '98,' etc., have had and still enjoy considerable vogue.

A NOBLE LORD.

From 'The Shan Van Vocht, a Story of '98.'

It was with a heart beating with conflicting emotions that Eugene found himself in the officers' quarters of the Thunderer, wherein at a large table sat the captain and a number of gentlemen resplendent with all the gorgeousness of naval uniform. If he had had the time to analyze these emotions he would have found the principal one to be a vague sense of disappointment and loss and disaster. Not loss or disaster to himself—for he knew well enough that every man in warfare on sea or land must run the risk of these—they are the incidents of his profession; but for others. Simple as was the little barque in appearance that was even then making her rapid way through the deep waters to the bottom, she bore important fortunes. The future of a gallant and brave nation struggling into the light of freedom was in her keeping, and mayhap the safety of a powerful and friendly fleet. He was convinced, from all that he had heard the night before, that the only chance for success attending the great venture which France was about to make in Ireland's cause, was in making the Eastern coast their point of debarkation; and that unless the present intention of the Republican leaders were altered, sorrow would come to the cause now engaging the attention

of the high-hearted men whom he had left last night—and misfortune to a French army and fleet.

Relying upon the great success with which hitherto their messages had been conveyed, he knew the Irish leaders would rely on *this* message reaching safely also, and would not send a duplicate. Indeed, except himself and François, they had no one sufficiently acquainted with French customs and ways to do the work. He shuddered as he thought of the tremendously important efforts now making in France in the wrong direction, and the impossibility at present of a warning or advising voice reaching them.

He banished, with a strong effort, these uncomfortable feelings and thoughts, as he perceived the necessity for keeping a bold and unconcerned front to the group of officers before whom he was brought. And his first thought in this new train of ideas which his position suggested was, what information as to his position and recent doings should he give his captors, or should he decline to give any at all? The query had no sooner occurred to him than he immediately answered it by mentally adopting the latter course. But the first question addressed to him showed how futile it was.

"Your name is Eugene Lefèbre?" half queried, half affirmed the captain, after glancing at a paper lying on the table before him.

"Yes, that is my name," said the prisoner with great surprise; for he was quite unable to comprehend how they had acquired knowledge of his name.

"First Lieutenant on board the French Republican frigate, *La Vengeur*?"

"I hold that position," said Eugene, bowing.

"You have been in Ireland?"

"I have."

"State to the court here assembled the mission or business that brought you there."

"That I must decline doing."

"It is unnecessary for you to do so. It is all set out here. You were, in the first place, sent on business, on a treasonable errand, from the usurped Republican Government to stir up disaffection in Ireland, and to give countenance and aid and advice to certain traitors there. Is not that so?"

"I decline to state."

"Be it so. You were further sent over to make arrangements for the possible landing of a French invading force, now or at some future time. Is not that so?"

"I decline to state," said Eugene, with some difficulty, endeavouring to keep a calm and unconcerned bearing in face of these statements. He was completely puzzled how they could have arrived at this information, considering the secrecy with which his mission had been conducted.

"It is entirely unnecessary for you to do so; I see the statements are quite correct. You see, lieutenant, how well we are served in our information. This is a question you can perhaps answer: What treatment is awarded in your nation to emissaries caught stirring up rebellion and anarchy?"

"That is a question for yourself to answer," said Eugene haughtily.

"Perhaps it is. What treatment is awarded in your nation to persons found acting as spies from the enemy's camp?"

"I am no spy," said Eugene indignantly. "The French service never sends its officers on such service."

"They do not give them that name, perhaps. We do. Well, as you prefer not to answer, I shall answer for you. If caught on land, they are shot on a trench side without trial; if on sea, they are summarily strung up from the yard-arm without investigation."

"I fear neither the one nor the other," said the prisoner proudly.

"Fear would be useless and unavailing before the inevitable. We shall, however, recognize your position and your youth by accoring you some time. We shall not take you as short as your nation have taken many of our brave officers—if we are strong we shall be merciful. We shall give you the night to prepare for the next world. The sentence of the court is, that you be hung from the yard-arm at gun-shot in the morning. Take the prisoner away."

It was a short and inglorious termination to a career so bright with hope and future promise. The glorious life which he had pictured to himself in the French service had vanished, as a cloud obscures a burst of sunshine of an April day. . . .

The end was now come, and all anxiety and care in the future for him was terminated. Precisely as the convict—knowing the worst, and anticipating in the world nothing further—falls asleep the night before his doom comes, so the young Frenchman, without seeking it, obtained the sleep he vainly courted when in safety, and in dreamless slumbers passed the night. . . .

Eugene awoke from his slumbers as the first beams of the morning, glinting along the sea, came in through the porthole that gave light and air to his prison. The motion of the vessel, the creaking of chains and rattling of cannon balls as they grated against one another, gave evidence enough to his ears that the ship was under weigh. The rush of the white-crested waves apast the port-hole proved it to his eye.

He marveled much that they should have weighed anchor with his execution so near. It was quite unusual, at any rate in the French service, for executions to take place on a vessel proceeding on her course. A floating anchor was generally dropped, and the vessel stayed in her course on such occasions.

Whilst he was revolving these thoughts in his head the door opened, and a footstep sounded on the floor of his cabin.

The prisoner jumped at once to the conclusion that it was his acquaintance, the lieutenant, coming to make the announcement of his doom to him.

He turned his head around, but curiously enough, it was not the expected face upon which his eyes fell. Instead of the officer whom he anticipated, a gentleman, well dressed and in civilian attire, stood before him—one evidently, too, from his fresh face and unweather-beaten appearance, not long on board or at sea.

Noticing the curious look that grew on Eugene's face, he said:

"It is clear, M. Lefèbre, I am not the person you expected to see."

"No," said Eugene.

"Well, I trust I shall be a more acceptable visitor."

"I trust so. I shall have no objection to your being so."

The stranger's manner was so affable and agreeable that Eugene was disposed to respond to the advances he made.

"It will certainly not be my fault, if I do not."

"Nor mine either, I should fancy," Eugene said.

"I am glad to see that you are in such cheerful mood.

I hope you have slept well, M. Lefebre?"

"Yes, quite well," said the prisoner.

"Notwithstanding your sentence?"

"Notwithstanding my sentence."

"Don't you think, M. Lieutenant, that it is a pity one so young as you should die so unhonored a death?" said the visitor, somewhat abruptly, taking his seat on a projecting beam.

"I don't see that I have any very great choice in the matter," said the prisoner.

"Well, I should think you have."

"How?"

"There is no difficulty in the matter. You have been in Ireland on business of which we have cognizance."

The visitor paused, as if seeking for suitable words wherein to express his ideas.

"Yes. Well?"

"You must have intimate knowledge of the designs of the conspirators. Information of that nature would be invaluable to England just at present, and ours is a nation that rewards with unstinted and lavish hand those who do her service. In this case it would be an essential service, indeed."

He paused again, as if with some embarrassment. Eugene glanced through the port-holes, and on the wide sea over whose surface the rising sun was now spreading a mantle of rosy light. The eastern sky was red with the bright effulgence of morning, and, higher in the horizon, the fleecy white clouds were edged with crimson as its rays just tipped them.

For the moment Eugene thought of Helen Barrington, and the bewitching tints that occasionally crimsoned the delicate whiteness of her cheeks. His eye turning on his visitor, however, brought his wandering attention speedily back to the present.

"Ours is a nation that rewards," pursued the visitor, "with unsparing generosity those who do her service. Do you understand me?"

"I think I do," said Eugene quietly.

"There are men high in command in your armies and your fleets who can bear evidence to this. You understand?"

"I am afraid I do not," said the prisoner, whose face promptly darkened with a red purple flush, not unnoticed by his visitor.

"Well, I cannot enter into further particulars nor pursue this matter further than to say that there *are*," said the other guardedly. "Now, it can be of the least possible consequence to you, personally, what course things take in Ireland. For a brave officer, young, and in a brilliant service, what possible advantage can you hold out to yourself by aiding a half-savage country like Ireland, with a miserable ignorant, and degraded population? Is it worth sacrificing your life in such an ignominious cause?"

"I think I said before," said Eugene, again smiling—but this time at the awkward manner in which the other sought to cloak and at the same time reveal his object, "that I have no choice in the matter. Your officers have doomed me—me, an officer in the French fleet—to death at the yard-arm. It is they, not I, should fear it—because of the consequences for them. It is not the British fleet alone who hold prisoners of war."

"You are to remember—I say it with all courtesy—that you are *not* a prisoner in the ordinary acceptation of the term. You are and have been—I say it again with all the respect due to your position in the French service and to your present position as a prisoner—more in the character of a traitor and a spy—"

"What!—do you use these words to me?" said Eugene fiercely, leaping up from his resting place.

"Well, we shall not quarrel about words. It is in that light, however, we look on it. We do not hold that you can look upon yourself in the character of a prisoner of war. But, waiving all that, the question stands thus—Are you prepared, for the sake of an ignorant, semi-savage populace like the Irish, whose futile attempts at insurrection might as well be essayed by a nation of red Indians, to throw away your life and the bright prospects that await you, or are you rather prepared to act the part of a brave and sensible man by courting the advantages which are now held out to you?"

"What are they? Service under your flag?" suggested Eugene, with a half perceptible sneer.

"No; there would be many disadvantages in that. We could probably neither offer, nor *you* accept, such a proposal?"

"What then?—for I am quite at a loss to understand your meaning."

"It is this. Information as to the present intentions and resources of what some are pleased to call the revolutionary army of Ireland, their prospects and their leaders, would be highly valuable at this moment—not that we do not already know it, but confirmation at your hands of what we *do* know would be regarded as quite as valuable as if it came to us for the first time."

"You want me to give you this information?"

"Yes."

"And your reward for that?"

"Your life, in the first instance. A draft on a Hamburg bank for any amount you choose to mention, payable in the Bank of France at sight and signed by a Hamburg banker, in the second. No trace of how you obtained, or from whom you obtained, the draft can ever be by any means discovered. We shall place you on board an English cutter which we shall contrive shall be captured by one of your vessels, and you can readily reach France without detection and without suspicion."

"What if I were," said Eugene, turning his eyes fully on his visitor, "to give you false information—unreliable information?"

"We shall trust to your honor as a French officer for that."

"To my honor as a French officer?" cried he, rising from his seat. "And is it one who bears that title—that honored dignity—you dare to offer the shameful and degrading proposition you have now made me? Do you think that the humblest officer bearing the uniform of France would sink so low as to accept all the gold your country could offer as the price of his own degradation? No. I can readily meet death—I have met it often before unshrinkingly—this," said he, pointing to the cicatrix across his forehead, "bears witness to that—it was on no carpet-tournament that was earned, but amid the smoke

and thunder of battle, where gallant men contended for victory with their lives—I met death there fairly face to face—and often before and since—but the proudest death a man can die is that wherein unnoticed and unhonored he gives his life for the sake of a gallant though down-trodden people. If I had a thousand lives I should give them in the cause. Not all the wealth that England boasts of could tempt me. Tempt!—the very idea is dishonoring!—to breathe a word that could endanger the brightening fortunes of her people! I have known them to love them. I have learned to respect their high spirit and their undaunted bravery, and it was the highest hope of my life to die fighting for their freedom. Go! The threat of death at the yard-arm was a tribute of high respect compared with your insulting offer."

"There are those higher in your service than ever you can hope to obtain who would not, and have not, despised such a one," said the visitor cynically.

"I disbelieve it. I should mourn the day, when the flag of France covered such a scoundrel."

"Harsh words, monsieur. Were you to live long enough you would see the truth of my words; and see it in the disastrous ending of your boasted armament. I tell you, if all the strength of France were put forward in your vaunted expedition there are those within it who would neutralize it—and not the subordinate either. You see we know all. We need no information, though I would gladly have saved your life at the price of what is really worthless to us, because it is in our possession at present."

Eugene turned on his heel to the port-hole, the only parting word he said being, "Go."

"You will think better of it."

Eugene made no answer.

"If you should—I shall be here for a week—send for me. My name is Castlereagh—Lord Castlereagh. All Ireland knows me."

Eugene did not hear his concluding words. A chill of deadly cold was at his heart.

Could it be possible the words were true? Could it be possible that there were within the French ranks, high up in command, scoundrels who would sell their country for British gold? His heart spurned the idea. And yet there

was something in the words of the visitor which showed that, in this instance at any rate, he knew what he was speaking of, and spoke truth. It is always so easy when one really speaks the truth to see it: one may mistake the false for the true, but the truth for falsehood—never. It bears its own distinctive characters never to be mistaken.

He stood there gazing vacantly at the growing day brightening the face of the waters, wholly unconscious of what he was looking at, a dull sense of pain and dread and humiliation weighing on his heart like a foreboding of unaccountable evil—evil not to himself, but to France and to the cause of Ireland, with which he inseparably linked Seamore.

How long he stood there he knew not, until a voice behind him aroused him. It was the cook bringing him his breakfast.

It was only then he remembered—and, remembering, wondered at it—that the hour for his execution had long passed without his once thinking of it. In presence of the unseen danger threatening France and the expedition and Ireland, all considerations of self had completely vanished—quite as much as if he were non-existent, or a third party who had no connection with himself.

CAROLINE NORTON (LADY STIRLING-MAXWELL).

(1807—1877.)

MRS. CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH NORTON was the granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and the daughter of his son Thomas. She was born in 1807, and while still in her girlhood she began to wield her pen and pencil. In conjunction with her sister, Lady Dufferin, she produced the ‘Dandies’ Rout,’ with illustrations from her own designs ; and by 1829 ‘The Sorrows of Rosalie’ was published.

In 1829 she was married to the Hon. George Chapple Norton, a brother of Lord Grantley. It did not take long to convince her that the choice she had made was a most unhappy one. Her husband is described as indolent and conceited, devoid of talent and devoted to pleasure, and sometimes so brutal as to resort to physical violence. He was almost wholly without means, and in order to gratify his extravagant tastes she was compelled to toil night and day at literary work. Mr. Norton demanded that his wife should exercise her influence with Lord Melbourne, then a Minister, to procure him a situation under the Crown. Through him, Mr. Norton obtained a situation as police magistrate in London. He is said to have greatly neglected his duties, to have quarreled with his colleagues, and to have indulged in undignified correspondence with the newspapers ; and the result was that his official superior was obliged to express dissatisfaction with his conduct. He was, besides, exasperated against Lord Melbourne by the latter’s refusal to lend him money. He took his revenge by bringing an action for divorce against the Minister and Mrs. Norton, laying the damages at £10,000 (\$50,000) ; but the jury found the charge so entirely unsupported that they gave a verdict for the defendants without leaving the box. This led to the final separation of Mrs. Norton and her husband.

Mrs. Norton was for some years one of the idols and the chief ornaments of society ; for her vivacious intellect, fine powers of repartee, and distinguished and varied talents made her everywhere a welcome guest. Toward the end of her days, however, she lived in retirement, and for a short time before her death she was confined to her room. Her career had a somewhat romantic close. Her first husband’s death left her a widow in 1869. Eight years afterward she was again married, her husband being Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell ; there had existed between them a friendship of many years. The marriage was purely platonic. Mrs. Norton was married in her own drawing-room in the spring of 1877 and in the June following she was dead. It was a singular coincidence that her sister, the Countess of Gifford, should have been married for the second time under somewhat similar circumstances.

‘The Sorrows of Rosalie,’ which we have already mentioned, was praised enthusiastically by Christopher North in the ‘Noctes Ambrosianæ,’ and found a eulogist also in James Hogg. The ‘Undying One’ followed in 1830. This is a version of the legend of the

'Wandering Jew.' Her next work dealt with a blot on English society—the condition of the women and children employed in factories. Her feelings found expression in a poem, 'A Voice from the Factories,' published in 1836; and in 1841 her letters in *The Times* of London on the same subject were issued in a collected form. The 'Dream,' published in 1840, is one of the most ambitious of Mrs. Norton's poems. 'The Child of the Islands' describes with much vehement eloquence the condition of the poor in England. "The Child of the Islands" is the Prince of Wales, who was then in infancy. Among her other poems we may mention 'The Lady of La Garaya,' which is considered the most polished and classic of all Mrs. Norton's longer poems. Many of her fugitive pieces have been set to music, and some of them have become familiar as household words. Mrs. Norton also produced three novels—'Stuart of Dunleath,' 'Lost and Saved,' and 'Old Sir Douglas'—and pamphlets on several occasions. She wrote 'The Martyr,' a tragedy, several tales and sketches, and also edited a lively book on society in Sierra Leone.

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS STEED.

My beautiful, my beautiful! that standeth meekly by,
With thy proudly-arched and glossy neck, and dark and fiery
eye!

Fret not to roam the desert now with all thy wingèd speed;
I may not mount on thee again!—thou 'rt sold, my Arab steed!

Fret not with that impatient hoof—snuff not the breezy wind;
The farther that thou fliest now, so far am I behind;
The stranger hath thy bridle-rein, thy master hath his gold;—
Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell!—thou 'rt sold, my steed,
thou 'rt sold!

Farewell!—Those free untired limbs full many a mile must
roam,
To reach the chill and wintry clime that clouds the stranger's
home;
Some other hand, less kind, must now thy corn and bed pre-
pare:
That silky mane I braided once, must be another's care.

The morning sun shall dawn again—but never more with thee
Shall I gallop o'er the desert paths where we were wont to
be—

Evening shall darken on the earth; and o'er the sandy plain,
Some other steed, with slower pace, shall bear me home again.

Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye glancing bright—
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and light;
And when I raise my dreaming arms to check or cheer thy
speed,
Then must I startling wake, to feel thou 'rt sold, my Arab
steed!

Ah! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy panting
side,
And the rich blood that's in thee swells, in thy indignant pain,
Till careless eyes that on thee gaze may count each starting
vein!

Will they ill use thee?—if I thought—but no,—it cannot be;
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed, so gentle, yet so free;—
And yet if haply when thou 'rt gone, this lonely heart should
yearn,
Can the hand that casts thee from it now, command thee to
return?

“Return!”—alas! my Arab steed! what will thy master do,
When thou, that wast his all of joy, hast vanished from his
view?
When the dim distance greets mine eyes, and through the
gathering tears
Thy bright form for a moment, like the false mirage, appears?

Slow and unmounted will I roam, with wearied foot, alone,
Where, with fleet step, and joyous bound, thou oft hast borne
me on;
And sitting down by the green well, I'll pause, and sadly
think,
“T was here he bowed his glossy neck when last I saw him
drink.”

When last I saw thee drink!—Away! the fevered dream is o'er!
I could not live a day, and know that we should meet no more;
They tempted me, my beautiful! for hunger's power is strong—
They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have loved too long.

Who said that I had given thee up? Who said that thou wert
sold?
“T is false! 't is false! my Arab steed! I fling them back their
gold!
Thus—thus, I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant plains!
Away! who overtakes us now shall claim thee for his pains.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
 There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of
 woman's tears;
 But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed
 away,
 And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
 The dying soldier faltered, and he took that comrade's hand,
 And he said, "I nevermore shall see my own, my native land;
 Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,
 For I was at Bingen,—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd
 around,
 To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
 That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
 Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun;
 And, mid the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars,—
 The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many
 scars;
 And some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn de-
 cline,—
 And one had come from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other son shall comfort her old age;
 For I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a cage.
 For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
 My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and
 wild;
 And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
 I let them take whate'er they would,—but kept my father's
 sword;
 And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to
 shine,
 On the cottage wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping
 head,
 When the troops come marching home again with glad and
 gallant tread,
 But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
 For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die;
 And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
 To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,

And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine)

For the honor of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Rhine.

“ There 's another,—not a sister ; in the happy days gone by
You 'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her
eye ;

Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond for idle scorning,—
O friend ! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest
mourning !

Tell her the last night of my life (for, ere the moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison),—
I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

“ I saw the blue Rhine sweep along,—I heard, or seemed to
hear,

The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and
still ;

And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with friendly
talk,

Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk !
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine,—
But we 'll meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on the
Rhine.”

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse,—his grasp was
childish weak,—

His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,—
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land is dead !

And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corses strewn;
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to
shine,

As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

Word was brought to the Danish king
(Hurry !)

That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring;
(Oh ! ride as though you were flying !)

Better he loves each golden curl
 On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
 Then his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl!
 And his rose of the isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed,
 (Hurry!)
 Each one mounting a gallant steed
 Which he kept for the battle and days of need;
 (Oh! ride as though you were flying!)
 Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;
 Worn-out chargers staggered and sank;
 Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst;
 But ride as they would, the king rode first,
 For his rose of the isles lay dying!

His nobles are beaten, one by one;
 (Hurry!)
 They have fainted and faltered, and homeward gone;
 His little fair page now follows alone,
 For strength and for courage trying.
 The king looked back at that faithful child;
 Wan was the face that answering smiled;
 They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,
 Then he dropped; and only the king rode in
 Where his rose of the isles lay dying!

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn;
 (Silence!)
 No answer came; but faint and forlorn
 An echo returned on the cold gray morn,
 Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
 The castle portal stood grimly wide;
 None welcomed the king from that weary ride,
 For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
 The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,
 Who had yearned for his voice while dying!

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,
 Stood weary.
 The king returned from her chamber of rest,
 The thick sobs choking in his breast;
 And, that dumb companion eyeing,
 The tears gushed forth which he strove to check;

He bowed his head on his charger's neck :
" O steed—that every nerve didst strain,
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain
To the halls where my love lay dying!"

LOVE NOT.

Love not, love not ! ye hapless sons of clay !
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers—
Things that are made to fade and fall away
Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours.
Love not !

Love not ! the things ye love may change :
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,
The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and strange,
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.
Love not !

Love not ! the thing you love may die,
May perish from the gay and gladsome earth ;
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
Beam o'er its grave, as once upon its birth.
Love not !

Love not ! oh warning vainly said
In present hours as in the years gone by ;
Love flings a halo round the dear one's head,
Faultless, immortal, till they change or die.
Love not !

I DO NOT LOVE THEE.

I do not love thee !—no ! I do not love thee !
And yet when thou art absent I am sad ;
And envy even the bright blue sky above thee,
Whose quiet stars may see thee and be glad.

I do not love thee !—yet, I know not why,
What'er thou dost seems still well done, to me :
And often in my solitude I sigh
That those I do love are not more like thee !

I do not love thee!—yet, when thou art gone,
I hate the sound (though those who speak be dear)
 Which breaks the lingering echo of the tone
Thy voice of music leaves upon my ear.

I do not love thee!—yet thy speaking eyes,
With their deep, bright, and most expressive blue,
 Between me and the midnight heaven arise,
Oftener than any eyes I ever knew.

I know I do not love thee! yet, alas!
Others will scarcely trust my candid heart;
 And oft I catch them smiling as they pass,
Because they see me gazing where thou art.

CHARLOTTE GRACE O'BRIEN.

(1845 ——)

MISS O'BRIEN was born at Cahirmoyle, County Limerick, in 1845. She is the daughter of William Smith O'Brien, and she inherited his philanthropy and his patriotism. Her efforts to improve the lot of the female emigrants from Ireland to this country were most successful, as the accommodation now given to them on board the steamers testifies.

She has found time for something of a literary life as well. She wrote verse for *The Nation*, *United Ireland*, etc., and several very acceptable tales for children. In verse her books are 'A Tale of Venice,' 'Lyrics,' and 'Cahirmoyle'; her novel, 'Light and Shade,' was received with a chorus of praise by the critics of all manner of politics.

BOG COTTON ON THE RED BOG.

FOYNES IN JUNE, 1895.

I.

"O strong-winged birds from over the moorland dark,
On this June day what have you seen?
Where have you been?"

Where, oh! where
The golden yellow asphodel makes its boggy home,
And far and near,
Spreading in broad bands of silvery silky foam
O'er the moorland drear,
The slender-stemmed bog cotton bends in waves of light,
Shaking out its shining tufts for its own delight,
There, oh! there

We have been.

II.

"O sweet sky-piercing, heaven-mounting lark,
On this June day what have you seen?"

I have seen—I have seen
The dark red bog and the king fern green,
And the black black pools lying dim between,—
The baby heather that blossoms so soon
In the splendid heat that comes after June—

And the white white silk that swings in the wind,
 And the little nest hidden just in behind!
 Hey! little mother, how goes the nest?
 Which of the young ones pleases you best?
 Pull the white grass silk, tuck them in tight,
 While I go singing up into the light.
 Oh, I have seen! I have seen!

III.

“O mystic, still, and summer-breathing night
 In this hot June what have you seen?
 What have you seen?”

Silk white tents for fairy armies spreading,
 Silk white sheets for fairy maidens' bedding,
 Silver down for their pillows—and oh, I have seen
 Troops of little fairies pulling low each silky tassel,
 The fairy queen herself and many a red-capped vassal.
 Riding on her snow-maned horse, the gold-haired fairy queen
 Oh, I have seen—I have seen!

IV.

“And you, O summer moon, there in the clear dark sky,
 Tell me, oh! tell me, you who live so high,
 What have you seen?
 What have you seen?”

I have seen the eyes of God looking down upon the earth;
 I have seen the dark things growing to bright strength and
 joyful birth;
 I have seen the slow unfolding of bud and leaf and life;
 I have seen immortal good ripening on through mortal strife—
 Oh, I have seen! I have seen!

SONG.

[Written in imitation of the manner of the Celtic writers of the seventeenth century. Though not a translation, it is a close copy of the fancies and mannerisms of the time.]

One morning by the streamlet I walked, and gazing round,
 I saw the low sun sending its beams along the ground,
 I saw the birch-tree bending, its gray stem lightly crowned.

As I was wandering slowly, in still and thoughtful mood,
I heard the water falling anear me as I stood,
And shouts of cuckoos calling within the far-off wood.

I lifted up mine eyelids, and there along the way,
I saw a fair young woman, all clad in bright array,
And I wondered were she human—in the early dawning day.

Her breath was as the honey wrought by the wandering bee;
Her lips as two red berries, plucked from the rowan tree;
And rose-red as young cherries her round cheek, fresh and free.

Her forehead as the lime-dust was clear, and smooth, and fair;
Her brows were as two swallows, seen far through summer air;
O vain the word that follows, for the wonder of her hair!

Free curling were her tresses, wide-spreading, odorous, sweet,
And the golden lights, though hiding, in shadowed depths would
meet,
Or, down her green robe gliding, would haste to kiss her feet.

As combs of the wild honey, her teeth were ranged and white:
Her eyes as dewdrops sparkling in the early morning light;
Or as river-waters darkling on a frosty moonlight night.

“O tell me now, O tell me, what name to call thee by?
O silent, modest maiden, of the chaste and downcast eye.
Bright love, with beauty laden, O tell me, else I die.

Art thou the sad-eyed Deirdré who mourns the Red Branch
knights?

With Love’s prophetic weeping, she left the Albyn heights.”

“No; Deirdré still lies sleeping beneath the northern lights.”

“O tell me now, O tell me, art thou the magic Maoive
Who, ’mid the dead and dying, threw down the warlike
glaive?”

“No; the cruel queen is lying beside Connacia’s wave.”

“Art thou the fairy Ailnè who bound the Chief of Spears
With her magic waving motion in the Valley of the Fears?”

“No; but the heaving ocean her druid laughter hears.”

All silent she stood by me, but ’mid her radiant hair,
Enwreathed in depths of brightness I saw the shamrock rare,
And my heart was filled with lightness, for my mother-queen
was there.

FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN.

(1828—1862.)

FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN was born in Limerick in 1828. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, but was not graduated. While yet a young man he inherited a fortune of £8,000 (\$40,000); but he went to London and made "ducks and drakes" of it in about two years. He then drifted into journalism, and in 1858, when almost at the end of his tether, he landed in New York with letters of introduction to some distinguished Americans.

He soon became a valued contributor to *Harper's Magazine*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Scribner's*, *Putnam's*, and *The Atlantic Monthly*. 'The Diamond Lens' appeared in the last-named. He also wrote for *The Lantern*, *The Home Journal*, *The New York Times*, etc., both in prose and in verse. He was the author of several comediettas, and his play 'A Gentleman from Ireland,' which was written for Wallack, was very successful.

He was leading the gay and careless life of the Bohemian, when it was rudely broken in upon by the civil war. He lost no time in enlisting, and threw himself with as much reckless fervor into fighting as he did into everything else to which he put his hand. He was first with the New York Seventh Regiment and afterward on the staff of General Lander. He was wounded in the left shoulder, Feb. 16, 1862, and after battling for his life for two months he finally succumbed on the 6th of April of that year. His poems were collected and edited by William Winter in 1881, and his stories in 1885.

THE GREAT DIAMOND IS OBTAINED AND USED.

From 'The Diamond Lens.'

With an uneasy look in his eyes, and hands unsteady with drink and nervousness, he drew a small case from his breast and opened it. Heavens! how the mild lamp-light was shivered into a thousand prismatic arrows, as it fell upon a vast rose-diamond that glittered in the case! I was no judge of diamonds, but I saw at a glance that this was a gem of rare size and purity. I looked at Simon with wonder and—must I confess it?—with envy. How could he have obtained this treasure? In reply to my questions, I could just gather from his drunken statements (of which, I fancy, half the incoherence was affected) that he had been superintending a gang of slaves engaged in diamond-

washing in Brazil; that he had seen one of them secrete a diamond, but instead of informing his employers, had quietly watched the negro until he saw him bury his treasure; that he had dug it up and fled with it, but that as yet he was afraid to attempt to dispose of it publicly,—so valuable a gem being almost certain to attract too much attention to its owner's antecedents,—and he had not been able to discover any of those obscure channels by which such matters are conveyed away safely. He added that in accordance with Oriental practice, he had named his diamond by the fanciful title of "The Eye of Morning."

While Simon was relating this to me, I regarded the great diamond attentively. Never had I beheld anything so beautiful. All the glories of light ever imagined or described seemed to pulsate in its crystalline chambers. Its weight, as I learned from Simon, was exactly one hundred and forty carats. Here was an amazing coincidence. The hand of Destiny seemed in it. On this very evening when the spirit of Leeuwenhoek communicates to me the great secret of the microscope, the priceless means which he directs me to employ start up within my easy reach! I determined, with the most perfect deliberation, to possess myself of Simon's diamond.

I sat opposite to him while he nodded over his glass, and calmly revolved the whole affair. I did not for an instant contemplate so foolish an act as a common theft, which would of course be discovered, or at least necessitate flight and concealment, all of which must interfere with my scientific plans. There was but one step to be taken,—to kill Simon. After all, what was the life of a little peddling Jew in comparison with the interests of science? Human beings are taken every day from the condemned prisons to be experimented on by surgeons. This man, Simon, was by his own confession a criminal, a robber, and I believed on my soul a murderer. He deserved death quite as much as any felon condemned by the laws; why should I not, like government, contrive that his punishment should contribute to the progress of human knowledge?

The means for accomplishing everything I desired lay with my reach. There stood upon the mantelpiece a bottle half full of French laudanum. Simon was so occupied with his diamond, which I had just restored to him,

that it was an affair of no difficulty to drug his glass. In a quarter of an hour he was in a profound sleep.

I now opened his waistcoat, took the diamond from the inner pocket in which he had placed it, and removed him to the bed, on which I laid him so that his feet hung down over the edge. I had possessed myself of the Malay creese, which I held in my right hand, while with the other I discovered as accurately as I could by pulsation the exact locality of the heart. It was essential that all the aspects of his death should lead to the surmise of self-murder. I calculated the exact angle at which it was probable that the weapon, if leveled by Simon's own hand, would enter his breast; then with one powerful blow I thrust it up to the hilt in the very spot which I desired to penetrate. A convulsive thrill ran through Simon's limbs. I heard a smothered sound issue from his throat, precisely like the bursting of a large air bubble sent up by a diver when it reaches the surface of the water; he turned half round on his side, and, as if to assist my plans more effectually, his right hand, moved by some mere spasmotic impulse, clasped the handle of the creese, which it remained holding with extraordinary muscular tenacity. Beyond this there was no apparent struggle. The laudanum, I presume, paralyzed the usual nervous action. He must have died instantaneously.

There was yet something to be done. To make it certain that all suspicion of the act should be diverted from any inhabitant of the house to Simon himself, it was necessary that the door should be found in the morning *locked on the inside*. How to do this, and afterwards escape myself? Not by the window; that was a physical impossibility. Besides, I was determined that the windows *also* should be found bolted. The solution was simple enough. I descended softly to my own room for a peculiar instrument, which I had used for holding small slippery substances, such as minute spheres of glass, etc. This instrument was nothing more than a long slender hand-vise, with a very powerful grip, and a considerable leverage, which last was accidentally owing to the shape of the handle. Nothing was simpler than, when the key was in the lock, to seize the end of its stem in this vise, through the keyhole, from the outside and so lock the door. Previously, however, to

doing this, I burned a number of papers on Simon's hearth. Suicides almost always burn papers before they destroy themselves. I also emptied some more laudanum into Simon's glass,—having first removed from it all traces of wine,—cleaned the other wine-glass, and brought the bottles away with me. If traces of two persons drinking had been found in the room, the question naturally would have arisen, Who was the second? Besides, the wine-bottles might have been identified as belonging to me. The laudanum I poured out to account for its presence in his stomach, in case of a post-mortem examination. The theory naturally would be, that he first intended to poison himself, but after swallowing a little of the drug, was either disgusted with its taste, or changed his mind from other motives, and chose the dagger. These arrangements made, I walked out leaving the gas burning, locked the door with my vise, and went to bed.

Simon's death was not discovered until nearly three in the afternoon. The servant, astonished at seeing the gas burning,—the light streaming on the dark landing from under the door,—peeped through the keyhole and saw Simon on the bed. She gave the alarm. The door was burst open, and the neighborhood was in a fever of excitement.

Every one in the house was arrested, myself included. There was an inquest; but no clew to his death beyond that of suicide could be obtained. Curiously enough he had made several speeches to his friends the preceding week, that seemed to point to self-destruction. One gentleman swore that Simon had said in his presence that "he was tired of life." His landlord affirmed that Simon, when paying him his last month's rent, remarked that "he should not pay him rent much longer." All the other evidence corresponded,—the door locked inside, the position of the corpse, the burnt papers. As I anticipated, no one knew of the possession of the diamond by Simon, so that no motive was suggested for his murder. The jury, after a prolonged examination, brought in the usual verdict, and the neighborhood once more settled down into its accustomed quiet.

The three months succeeding Simon's catastrophe I devoted night and day to my diamond lens. I had con-

structed a vast galvanic battery, composed of nearly two thousand pairs of plates,—a higher power I dared not use, lest the diamond should be calcined. By means of this enormous engine I was enabled to send a powerful current of electricity continually through my great diamond, which it seemed to me gained in luster every day. At the expiration of a month I commenced the grinding and polishing of the lens, a work of intense toil and exquisite delicacy. The great density of the stone, and the care required to be taken with the curvatures of the surface of the lens, rendered the labor the severest and most harassing that I had yet undergone.

At last the eventful moment came; the lens was completed. I stood trembling on the threshold of new worlds. I had the realization of Alexander's famous wish before me. The lens lay on the table, ready to be placed upon its platform. My hand fairly shook as I enveloped a drop of water with a thin coating of oil of turpentine, preparatory to its examination,—a process necessary in order to prevent the rapid evaporation of the water. I now placed the drop on a thin slip of glass under the lens, and throwing upon it, by the combined aid of a prism and a mirror, a powerful stream of light, I approached my eye to the minute hole drilled through the axis of the lens. For an instant I saw nothing save what seemed to be an illuminated chaos, a vast luminous abyss. A pure white light, cloudless and serene, and seemingly limitless as space itself, was my first impression. Gently, and with the greatest care, I depressed the lens a few hairs' breadths. The wondrous illumination still continued, but as the lens approached the object, a scene of indescribable beauty was unfolded to my view.

I seemed to gaze upon a vast space, the limits of which extended far beyond my vision. An atmosphere of magical luminousness permeated the entire field of view. I was amazed to see no trace of animalculous life. Not a living thing, apparently, inhabited the dazzling expanse. I comprehended instantly that by the wondrous power of my lens I had penetrated beyond the grosser particles of aqueous matter, beyond the realms of Infusoria and Protozoa, down to the original gaseous globule, into whose

luminous interior I was gazing, as into an almost boundless dome filled with a supernatural radiance.

It was, however, no brilliant void into which I looked. On every side I beheld beautiful inorganic forms, of unknown texture, and colored with the most enchanting hues. These forms presented the appearance of what might be called, for want of a more specific definition, foliated clouds of the highest rarity; that is, they undulated and broke into vegetable formations, and were tinged with splendors compared with which the gilding of our autumn woodlands is as dross compared with gold. Far away into the illimitable distance stretched long avenues of these gaseous forests, dimly transparent, and painted with prismatic hues of unimaginable brilliancy. The pendent branches waved along the fluid glades until every vista seemed to break through half-lucent ranks of many-colored drooping silken pennons. What seemed to be either fruits or flowers, pied with a thousand hues lustrous and ever varying, bubbled from the crowns of this fairy foliage. No hills, no lakes, no rivers, no forms animate or inanimate, were to be seen, save those vast auroral copses that floated serenely in the luminous stillness, with leaves and fruits and flowers gleaming with unknown fires, unrealizable by mere imagination.

How strange, I thought, that this sphere should be thus condemned to solitude! I had hoped at least to discover some new form of animal life,—perhaps of a lower class than any with which we are at present acquainted,—but still some living organism. I find my newly discovered world, if I may so speak, a beautiful chromatic desert.

While I was speculating on the singular arrangements of the internal economy of Nature, with which she so frequently splinters into atoms our most compact theories, I thought I beheld a form moving slowly through the glades of one of the prismatic forests. I looked more attentively, and found that I was not mistaken. Words cannot depict the anxiety with which I awaited the nearer approach of this mysterious object. Was it merely some inanimate substance, held in suspense in the attenuated atmosphere of the globule? or was it an animal endowed with vitality and motion? It approached, flitting behind the gauzy, colored veils of cloud-foliage, for seconds dimly

revealed, then vanishing. At last the violet pennons that trailed nearest to me vibrated; they were gently pushed aside, and the Form floated out into the broad light.

It was a female human shape. When I say "human," I mean it possessed the outlines of humanity,—but there the analogy ends. Its adorable beauty lifted it illimitable heights beyond the loveliest daughter of Adam.

I cannot, I dare not, attempt to inventory the charms of this divine revelation of perfect beauty. Those eyes of mystic violet, dewy and serene, evade my words. Her long, lustrous hair following her glorious head in a golden wake, like the track sown in heaven by a falling star, seems to quench my most burning phrases with its splendors. If all the bees of Hybla nestled upon my lips, they would still sing but hoarsely the wondrous harmonies of outline that inclosed her form.

She swept out from between the rainbow curtains of the cloud-trees into the broad sea of light that lay beyond. Her motions were those of some graceful Naiad, cleaving, by a mere effort of her will, the clear unruffled waters that fill the chambers of the sea. She floated forth with the serene grace of a frail bubble ascending through the still atmosphere of a June day. The perfect roundness of her limbs formed suave and enchanting curves. It was like listening to the most spiritual symphony of Beethoven the divine, to watch the harmonious flow of lines. This indeed was a pleasure cheaply purchased at any price. What cared I, if I had waded to the portal of this wonder through another's blood? I would have given my own to enjoy one such moment of intoxication and delight.

Breathless with gazing on this lovely wonder, and forgetful for an instant of everything save her presence, I withdrew my eye from the microscope eagerly. Alas! as my gaze fell on the thin slide that lay beneath my instrument, the bright light from mirror and from prism sparkled on a colorless drop of water! There, in that tiny bead of dew, this beautiful being was forever imprisoned. The planet Neptune was not more distant from me than she. I hastened once more to apply my eye to the microscope.

Animula (let me now call her by that dear name which I subsequently bestowed on her) had changed her position. She had again approached the wondrous forest, and was

gazing earnestly upwards. Presently one of the trees—as I must call them—unfolded a long ciliary process, with which it seized one of the gleaming fruits that glittered on its summit, and sweeping slowly down, held it within reach of Animula. The sylph took it in her delicate hand and began to eat. My attention was so entirely absorbed by her that I could not apply myself to the task of determining whether this singular plant was or was not instinct with volition.

I watched her as she made her repast, with the most profound attention. The suppleness of her motions sent a thrill of delight through my frame; my heart beat madly as she turned her beautiful eyes in the direction of the spot in which I stood. What would I not have given to have had the power to precipitate myself into that luminous ocean, and float with her through those groves of purple and gold! While I was thus breathlessly following her every movement, she suddenly started, seemed to listen for a moment, and then cleaving the brilliant ether in which she was floating, like a flash of light, pierced through the opaline forest, and disappeared.

Instantly a series of the most singular sensations attacked me. It seemed if I had suddenly gone blind. The luminous sphere was still before me, but my daylight had vanished. What caused this sudden disappearance? Had she a lover or a husband? Yes, that was the solution! Some signal from a happy fellow-being had vibrated through the avenues of the forest, and she had obeyed the summons.

The agony of my sensations, as I arrived at this conclusion, startled me. I tried to reject the conviction that my reason forced upon me. I battled against the fatal conclusion,—but in vain. It was so. I had no escape from it. I loved an animalcule!

It is true, that, thanks to the marvelous power of my microscope, she appeared of human proportions. Instead of presenting the revolting aspect of the coarser creatures that live and struggle and die in the more easily resolvable portions of the water-drop, she was fair and delicate and of surpassing beauty. But of what account was all that? Every time that my eye was withdrawn from the instrument, it fell on a miserable drop of water, within which, I

must be content to know, dwelt all that could make my life lovely.

Could she but see me once! Could I for one moment pierce the mystical walls that so inexorably rose to separate us, and whisper all that filled my soul, I might consent to be satisfied for the rest of my life with the knowledge of her remote sympathy. It would be something to have established even the faintest personal link to bind us together,—to know that at times, when roaming through these enchanted glades, she might think of the wonderful stranger who had broken the monotony of her life with his presence, and left a gentle memory in her heart!

But it could not be. No invention of which human intellect was capable could break down the barriers that Nature had erected. I might feast my soul upon her wondrous beauty, yet she must always remain ignorant of the adoring eyes that day and night gazed upon her, and even when closed, beheld her in dreams. With a bitter cry of anguish I fled from the room, and flinging myself on my bed, sobbed myself to sleep like a child.

LOCH INA.¹

I know a lake where the cool waves break,
And softly fall on the silver sand—
And no steps intrude on that solitude,
And no voice, save mine, disturbs the strand.

And a mountain bold, like a giant of old
Turned to stone by some magic spell,
Uprears in might his misty height,
And his craggy sides are wooded well.

In the midst doth smile a little Isle,
And its verdure shames the emerald's green—
On its grassy side, in ruined pride,
A castle of old is darkling seen.

On its lofty crest the wild cranes nest,
In its halls the sheep good shelter find;
And the ivy shades where a hundred blades
Were hung, when the owners in sleep reclined.

¹ A beautiful salt-water lake in County Cork near Baltimore.

That chieftain of old could he now behold
 His lofty tower a shepherd's pen,
His corpse, long dead, from its narrow bed
 Would rise, with anger and shame again.

'T is sweet to gaze when the sun's bright rays
 Are cooling themselves in the trembling wave—
But 't is sweeter far when the evening star
 Shines like a smile at Friendship's grave.

There the hollow shells through their wreathèd cells,
 Make music on the silent shore,
As the summer breeze, through the distant trees,
 Murmurs in fragrant breathings o'er.

And the sea weed shines, like the hidden mines
 Or the fairy cities beneath the sea,
And the waved-washed stones are bright as the thrones
 Of the ancient Kings of Araby.

If it were my lot in that fairy spot
 To live for ever, and dream 't were mine,
Courts might woo, and kings pursue,
 Ere I would leave thee—Loved Loch-Ine.

R. BARRY O'BRIEN.

(1847 ——)

RICHARD BARRY O'BRIEN, the historian, was born at Kilrush, County Clare, in 1847. He was educated by private tutors and at the Catholic University, Dublin. In 1874 he was called to the Irish bar and in 1875 to the English. After practicing for a time in England he turned to politics and literature, devoting himself mainly to Irish historical studies. He has written the following books : 'The Irish Land Question and English Public Opinion,' 'The Parliamentary History of the Irish Land Question,' 'Fifty Years of Concessions to Ireland,' 'Thomas Drummond's Life and Letters,' 'Irish Wrongs and English Remedies,' 'The Life of Charles Stewart Parnell,' 'The Life of Lord Russell of Killowen.' He has also edited, with an introduction, a new edition of the 'Autobiography of Wolfe Tone.' Mr. O'Brien was one of the founders of the Irish Literary Society, and since its establishment he has been its Chairman.

THE CAPTURE OF WOLFE TONE.

From 'Autobiography of Wolfe Tone.'

Yet another effort was to be made. On September 20th the last French expedition sailed from Brest. It consisted of a fleet of one sail of the line, the *Hoche* (74 guns), eight frigates, *Loire*, *Résolue*, *Bellone*, *Coquette*, *Embuscade*, *Immortalité*, *Romaine*, *Sémillante*, and one schooner, the *Biche*, under the command of Admiral Bompard, and of an army of 3,000 men under General Hardy. Tone was on board the admiral's ship, the *Hoche*. As on the previous occasion, the ships were scattered on the voyage; but on October 10 Bompard arrived at the entrance of Lough Swilly with the *Hoche*, the *Loire*, the *Résolue*, and the *Biche*. He was instantly signaled from the shore. At daybreak next morning a British squadron, consisting of six sail of the line, one razee (60 guns) and two frigates, under the command of Sir John Borlase Warren, hove in sight. Bompard signaled the French frigates and the schooner to retreat, and cleared the *Hoche* for action. A boat from the *Biche* came alongside the *Hoche* for last orders.

The French officers gathered around Tone, and urged him to escape. "The contest is hopeless," they said. "We

shall be prisoners of war, but what will become of you?" He answered, "Shall it be said that I fled when the French were fighting the battles of my country? No; I shall stand by the ship." The British admiral, having dispatched two sail—the razee and a frigate—to give chase to the *Loire* and the *Résolute*, bore down on the *Hoche* with the rest of the squadron. The French ship was surrounded; but Bompard nailed his colors to the mast. For six hours the *Hoche* stood the combined fire of the British ships. Her masts were dismantled; her rigging was swept away; the scuppers flowed with blood; the wounded filled the cock-pit. At length with yawning ribs, with five feet of water in the hold, her rudder carried away, her sails and cordage hanging in shreds, her batteries dismounted and every gun silenced, she struck. Tone commanded a battery, and fought like a lion, exposing himself to every peril of the conflict.

The *Hoche* was towed into Loch Swilly, and the prisoners landed and marched to Letterkenny. The Earl of Cavan invited the French officers to breakfast. Tone was among the guests. An old college companion, Sir George Hill recognized him. "How do you do, Mr. Tone?" said Hill. "I am very happy to see you." Tone greeted Hill cordially, and said, "How are you, Sir George? How are Lady Hill and your family?" The police, who suspected that Tone was among the prisoners, lay in waiting in an adjoining room. Hill went to them, pointed to Tone, and said "There is your man." Tone was called from the table. He knew that his hour had come, but he went cheerfully to his doom. Entering the next apartment, he was surrounded by police and soldiers, arrested, loaded with irons, and hurried to Dublin.

On November 10 he was put on his trial before a court-martial. He said to his judges: "I mean not to give you the trouble of bringing judicial proof, to convict me, legally, of having acted in hostility to the Government of his Britannic Majesty in Ireland. I admit the fact. From my earliest youth I have regarded the connection between Ireland and Great Britain as the curse of the Irish nation, and felt convinced that, whilst it lasted, this country could never be free nor happy. My mind has been confirmed in this opinion by the experience of every succeeding year,

and the conclusions which I have drawn from every fact before my eyes. In consequence, I determined to apply all the powers which my individual efforts could move in order to separate the two countries."

He made but one request. He asked to be shot like a soldier. The request was refused, and he was ordered to be hanged within forty-eight hours. On the morning of the 12th of November Curran moved the Court of King's Bench for a writ of *habeas corpus*. "I do not pretend," he said, "that Mr. Tone is not guilty of the charges of which he is accused. I presume the officers were honorable men. But it is stated in this affidavit as a solemn fact, that Mr. Tone had no commission under his Majesty, and therefore no court-martial could have cognizance of any crime imputed to him whilst the Court of King's Bench sat in the capacity of the great criminal court of the land. In times when war was raging, when man was opposed to man in the field, courts-martial might be endured; but every law authority is with me, whilst I stand upon this sacred and immutable principle of the Constitution, that martial law and civil law are incompatible, and that the former must cease with the existence of the latter. This is not, however, the time for arguing this momentous question. My client must appear in this court. He is cast for death this very day. He may be ordered for execution whilst I address you. I call on the court to support the law, and move for a *habeas corpus*, to be directed by the Provost-Marshal of the barracks of Dublin, and Major Sandys, to bring up the body of Tone."

Chief-justice—"Have a writ instantly prepared."

Curran—"My client may die whilst the writ is preparing."

Chief-justice—"Mr. Sheriff, proceed to the barracks, and acquaint the Provost-Marshal that a writ is preparing to suspend Mr. Tone's execution, and see that he be not executed."

The sheriff hastened to the prison. The court awaited his return with feverish suspense. He speedily reappeared.

"My lord," he said, "I have been to the barracks, in pursuance of your order. The Provost-Marshal says he must obey Major Sandys. Major Sandys says he must obey Lord Cornwallis."

Curran—“My lord, Mr. Tone’s father has just returned after serving the writ of *habeas corpus*, and General Craig says he will not obey it.”

Lord Chief-justice Kilwarden—“Mr. Sheriff, take the body of Tone into custody, take the Provost-Marshal and Major Sandys into custody, and show the order of the court to General Craig.”

The sheriff hastened once more to the prison. He returned quickly. He had been refused admittance, and was told that Tone had attempted suicide, and that he lay in a precarious state. A servant was called to corroborate the sheriff’s statement.

Lord Chief-justice—“Mr. Sheriff, take an order to suspend the execution.”

At the prison Tone lay on his pallet dying. On the evening of the 11th of November, while the soldiers were erecting the gallows before his window, he cut his throat with a penknife, inflicting a deep wound. At four o’clock next morning a surgeon came and closed the wound. As the carotid artery was not cut, he said that Tone might recover. “I am sorry,” said Tone, “that I have been so bad an anatomist.” He lingered till the morning of November 19. Standing by his bedside, the surgeon whispered to an attendant that if he attempted to move or speak he would die instantly. Tone overheard him, and making a slight movement said: “I can yet find words to thank you, sir. It is the most welcome news you can give me. What should I wish to live for?” Falling back with these expressions upon his lips, he instantly expired.

So perished Wolfe Tone. So ended the rebellion of 1798.

WHY PARNELL WENT INTO POLITICS.

From ‘The Life of Charles Stewart Parnell.’

But the event which was destined to turn Parnell’s thoughts fully to Irish politics now occurred. In September, 1867, two Fenian leaders, Kelly and Deasy, were arrested in Manchester. Their comrades in the city resolved to rescue them. Accordingly, as the van conveying

them was on its way from the police court to the jail at Bellevue it was attacked. The prisoners were liberated, and a policeman, Sergeant Brett, was shot dead in the struggle. Many Fenians were arrested for complicity in this affray, including Allen, Larkin, Condon, and O'Brien, who were tried, convicted, and sentenced to death. In the dock they showed a bold front, a dauntless spirit, and an abiding faith in their cause. All protested their innocence of the crime of murder, but did not shrink from the charge of treason. Indeed, they gloried in it. "No man in this court," said Allen, "regrets the death of Sergeant Brett more than I do, and I positively say in the presence of the Almighty and ever-living God that I am innocent—ay, as innocent as any man in this court. I don't say this for the sake of mercy. I want no mercy, I 'll have no mercy. I 'll die, as many thousands have died, for the sake of their beloved land and in defense of it."

"I was not even present," said Condon, "when the rescue took place. But I do not accuse the jury of willfully wishing to convict, but I believe they were prejudiced. We have, however, been convicted, and, as a matter of course, we accept our death. We are not afraid to die. I only trust that those who are to be tried after us will have a fair trial, and that our blood will satisfy the craving which, I understand, exists. You will soon send us before God, and I am perfectly prepared to go. I have nothing to regret, or to retract, or take back. I can only say, 'God save Ireland!'" "God save Ireland!" repeated all the prisoners, and "God save Ireland!" has since become a political watchword in the country.

All England was profoundly moved by this Manchester affair. Irish discontent and Irish treason were painfully brought home to the English people. But the first feeling was one of vengeance and retaliation, when the mob which gathered round the jail the night before the execution, shouting, cheering, and reviling the men within, singing "Rule, Britannia," performing break-down dances, and bursting into yells of glee, only too faithfully represented the general feeling of triumph and satisfaction at the fate of the doomed men. On the morning of November 23, 1867, Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien perished on the scaffold.

Nothing can, perhaps, better show the chasm which sepa-

rates English from Irish political opinion than the way in which the news of their execution was received in each country. In England it awoke a pean of joy: in Ireland it produced a growl of indignation and horror. In one country they were regarded as murderers and traitors, in the other as heroes and martyrs. Up to this time a section of the Home Rulers was more or less out of sympathy with the Fenian movement. But the Manchester executions brought all Irish Nationalists into line. "Commemorative funerals" were held in almost every principal city in Ireland, and Constitutional-Nationalists and Revolutionists marched side by side in honor of the Manchester martyrs.

"The Dublin procession," says Mr. A. M. Sullivan, himself a persistent opponent of Fenianism, "was a marvelous display. The day was cold, wet and gloomy, yet it was computed that 150,000 persons participated in the demonstration, 60,000 of them marching in a line over a route some three or four miles in length. As the three hearses, bearing the names of the executed men passed through the streets, the multitudes that lined the streets fell on their knees, every head was bared, and not sound was heard save the solemn notes of the 'Dead March in Saul' from the bands, or the sobs that burst occasionally from the crowd."

"At the cemetery gate the procession formed into a vast assemblage, which was addressd by Mr. Martin in feeling and forcible language, expressive of the national sentiment on the Manchester executions. At the close once more all heads were bared, a prayer was offered, and the mourning thousands peacefully sought their homes." To Englishmen these demonstrations were only a proof of Irish sympathy with crime. A policeman had been killed by a gang of Irish revolutionists, and Ireland went mad over the transaction. That was all that Englishmen saw in the Manchester celebrations. But Parnell, despite his English surroundings, caught the Irish feeling on the instant. "It was no murder," he said, then and afterwards. It was not the intention of Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien to kill Sergeant Brett. Their sole object was to rescue their comrades. And why not? Was England to sit in judgment on Fenianism, or upon anything Irish? The Irish were justified in overthrowing the English rule, if they could. The Fenians who rescued Kelly and Deasy had a better case than the English

Government which punished them. They acted with pluck and manliness. What they did they did in the open day. A few Irishmen faced the police and mob of a hostile city, and snatched their comrades from the clutches of the law—the law to which they morally owed no allegiance. The rescue was a gallant act, the execution a brutal and a cowardly deed. A strong and generous Government would never have carried out the extreme penalties of the law. But the English people were panic-stricken. The presence of Fenianism in their midst filled them with alarm, and they clamored for blood. The killing of Sergeant Brett was no murder; the execution of the Fenians was.¹

That was the Irish view of the case, and that was the view of Parnell. But, though the execution of Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien made Parnell think about Ireland, he did not for several years afterwards take an active part in Irish politics. He never did anything in a hurry. He thought out every question. He looked carefully around before taking any forward step. But when once he put his hand to the plow he never turned back. When I was at Avondale in 1896 I met a middle-aged man, a retainer of the family, who remembered Parnell as a boy and a man. He said to me: "You see, sir, if it was only the picking up of that piece of stick (pointing to the ground) Master Charles would take about half an hour thinking of it. He never would do anything at once, and when he grew up it was just the same. I would sometimes ask him to make some alterations about the place. 'I will think of that, Jim,' he would say, and I would think he would forget all I said; but he would come back, maybe in two days' time, and say, 'I have considered it all,' and would do what I asked, or not, just as he liked."

¹It is quite clear that it was not the intention of the Fenians to kill Sergeant Brett. Brett was on guard inside the van. He was asked to give up the keys, but refused. Allen then fired to force the lock of the door. The ball penetrated, and killed Brett. Shaw, a police-constable, swore at the trial that it was his impression that Allen fired to knock the lock off.—*Annual Register, 1867.*

THE FIRST BOYCOTT.

From 'The Life of Charles Stewart Parnell.'

On September 19, Parnell attended a mass meeting at Ennis. There, in a speech which rang throughout the land, he struck the keynote of the agitation; he laid down the lines on which the League should work. Slowly, calmly, deliberately, without a quiver of passion, a note of rhetoric, or an exclamation of anger, but in a tone that penetrated his audience like the touch of cold steel, he proclaimed war against all who should resist the mandates of the League.

"Depend upon it that the measure of the Land Bill next session will be the measure of your activity and energy this winter. It will be the measure of your determination not to pay unjust rents; it will be the measure of your determination to keep a firm grip on your homesteads. It will be the measure of your determination not to bid for farms from which others have been evicted, and to use the strong force of public opinion to deter any unjust men amongst yourselves—and there are many such—from bidding for such farms. Now what are you to do to a tenant who bids for a farm from which his neighbor has been evicted?"

Here there was much excitement, and cries of "Kill him!" "Shoot him!" Parnell waited, with his hands clasped behind his back, looking quietly out upon the crowd until the tumult subsided, and then softly resumed: "Now I think I heard somebody say 'Shoot him!'—(a voice: 'Yes, quite right')—but I wish to point out to you a very much better way—a more Christian and a more charitable way, which will give the lost sinner an opportunity of repenting."

Here there were inquiring glances, and a lull, and a silence, which was scarcely broken until Parnell finished the next sentence—a long sentence, but every word of which was heard, as the voice of the speaker hardened and his face wore an expression of remorseless determination. "When a man takes a farm from which another has been evicted, you must show him on the roadside when you meet him, you must show him in the streets of the town—(a voice: 'Shun him!')—you must show him at the shop counter, you must show him in the fair, and in the market-

place, and even in the house of worship, by leaving him severely alone, by putting him into a moral Coventry, by isolating him from his kind as if he was a leper of old—you must show him your detestation of the crime he has committed, and you may depend upon it that there will be no man so full of avarice, so lost to shame, as to dare the public opinion of all right-thinking men and to transgress your unwritten code of laws."

The closing sentence was received with a shout of applause; the doctrine of boycotting, as it afterwards came to be called, was accepted with popular enthusiasm.

Three days afterwards the peasants of Connaught showed how ready they were to practice as Parnell had preached. Captain Boycott, the agent of Lord Erne, had been offered by the tenants on the estate what they conceived to be a just rent. He refused to take it, and the tenants refused to give more; whereupon ejectment processes were issued against them.

On September 22 the process server went forth to serve the ejectments. He was met by a number of peasants, who forced him to abandon the work and retreat precipitately to the agent's house. Next day the peasants visited the house and adjoining farm, and ordered the servants in Captain Boycott's employ to depart—a mandate which was promptly obeyed; the result being that the unfortunate gentleman was left without farm laborers or stablemen, while his crops remained ungathered and unsaved. Nor did the peasants stop here. They forbade the local shopkeepers to serve him, told the blacksmith and laundress not to work for him, threatened the post-boy who carried his letters, and upon one occasion stopped and "cautioned" the bearer of a telegram.

Captain Boycott was left "severely alone," "put into moral Coventry." As days wore on it became a matter of pressing importance to him to have his crops saved, but no one in the neighborhood could be got to do the work. In these circumstances an opportunity, gladly seized, for "demonstrating in force" was given to the Ulster Orangemen. One hundred of them offered to "invade" Connaught to save Captain Boycott's crops. The captain informed the authorities of Dublin Castle that fifty men would be quite sufficient for agricultural purposes; and be-

ing himself a man of peace, he did not feel at all disposed to see a hundred Orangemen marching in battle array over his farm, shouting "to hell with the Pope," and drinking the memory of the glorious, pious, and immortal William at his expense. Fifty Orangemen were accordingly dispatched to Connaught under the protection of a large force of military and police (with two field pieces) to save Captain Boycott's crops. The work done, the Orangemen, accompanied by Captain Boycott, departed in peace, and the Connaught peasants were left masters of the situation.

The "isolation" of Captain Boycott was followed by another famous case. Mr. Bence Jones, of Clonakilty, in the County Cork, had incurred the popular displeasure, and was, in the phraseology of the day, boycotted. He tried to sell his cattle in Cork market, but no one could be got to buy. He then sent them to Dublin to be shipped off to the Liverpool markets, but the men in the service of the Dublin Steam Packet Company refused to put them on board. Finally, after a great deal of difficulty, the cattle were taken in small batches across the Channel and sold.

After these cases boycotting became a great weapon in the armory of the League, and was, as one of the Leaguers said, "better than any 81-ton gun ever manufactured."

WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

(1852 ——)

WILLIAM O'BRIEN was born at Mallow, Oct. 2, 1852. He was educated at Cloyne College and Queen's College, Cork. He became a reporter on the Cork *Daily Herald*, wrote for *Freeman's Journal*, and founded *United Ireland* in 1880. He was returned to Parliament for his native town in 1883, and has sat for various other constituencies. He has been prosecuted nine times for political offenses and has spent over two years in prison. Mr. O'Brien has published 'Irish Ideas,' 'When We Were Boys,' and 'A Queen of Men.'

In 1898 he founded a new agrarian movement, the United Irish League, and started *The Irish People* newspaper as its advocate.

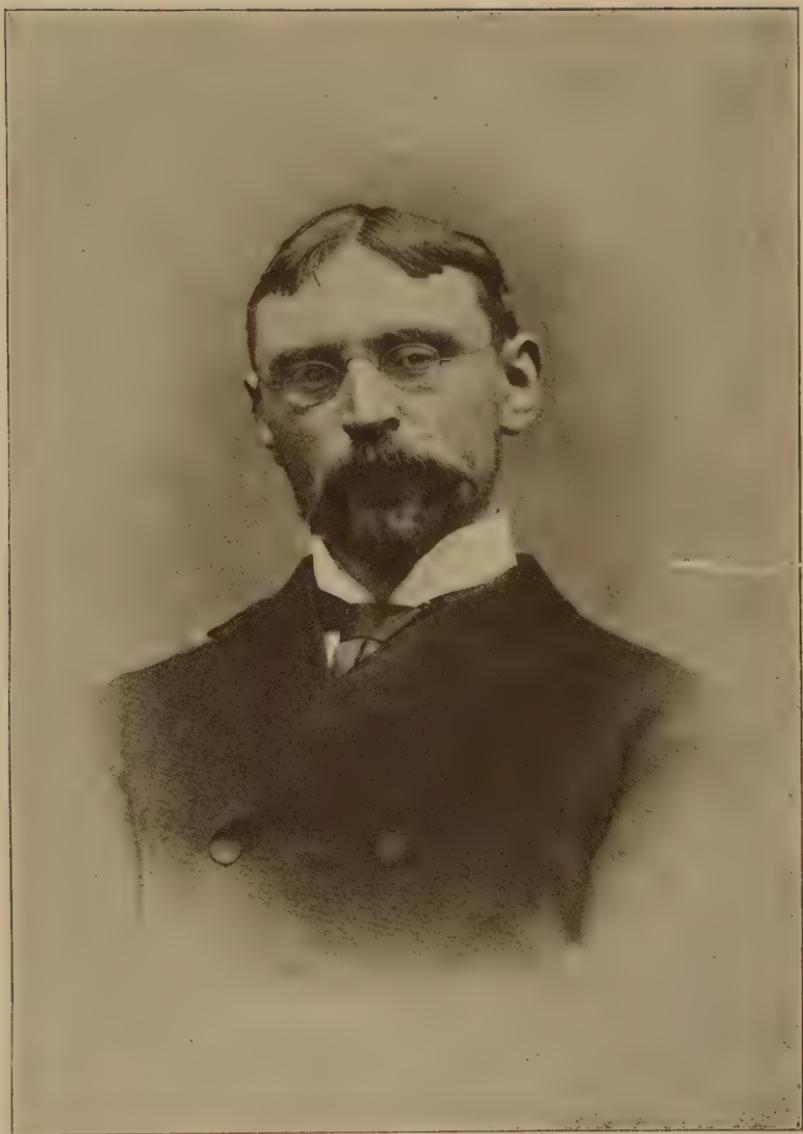
A PLEA FOR THE STUDY OF IRISH.

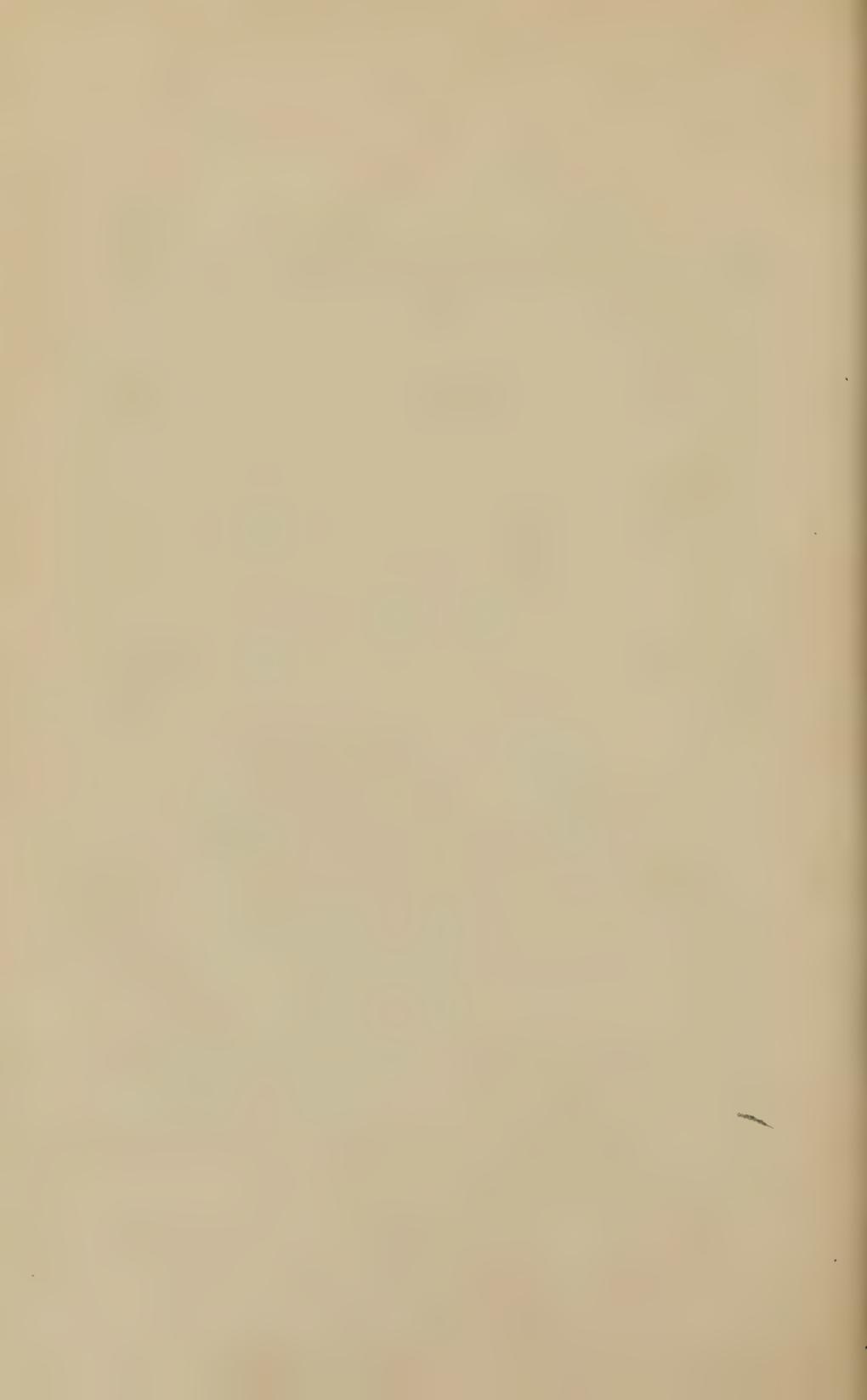
From 'The Influence of the Irish Language,' a lecture delivered May 13, 1902, before the Cork National Society.

The story of the belief in, and the clinging to, the Gaelic language is in itself a romance pathetic enough for tears. Age after age, while the native tongue was a badge of contempt, a passport to persecution, even a death warrant—the schools suppressed, the printing press unknown, the relics of the national literature scattered in moldering manuscripts, secreted as the damning evidences of superstition or treason—there were always to be found the poet, the scholar, the ecclesiastic, to foster the sacred fire, the outlawed treasure of the Gael, in his bosom—to suffer, and hunger, and die for its sake.

In the days of Elizabeth it was Duard Mac Firbis, dedicating his great Genealogy to his ruined Celtic prince with the pathetic lament that no Irish prince any longer owned enough of territory to afford himself a grave. Or it was Michael O'Clery, one of the Four Masters, in his poor Franciscan cell, "transcribing every old material that his eager hand could reach," for it seemed to him, in his own quaint words, "a cause of pity and grief, for the glory of God, and the honor of Erin, how much the race of *Gael*, the son of Niall, had gone under a cloud of darkness."

The centuries pass. The soil of Ireland is confiscated anew after the Cromwellian wars, and confiscated all over





again after the Williamite wars. The last relics of the old Celtic civilization seem to shrink into the very earth before the laws and dripping sword of England.

And still in Keating's cave in Aherlow Glen, and O'Flaherty's cabin in Connemara, and Lynch's cell in Louvain, the undying spark is kept alive, and the treasonous manuscripts of the Gael are cherished for happier days. Not happier, but more unhappy days arrive. A century of humiliation compared to which the Drogheda massacre was glory, and the lost battle of the Boyne inspiring—the century of the diabolical Penal Laws of Anne and the First Georges—broods over the Celtic race. The Gaelic school-master becomes a legal abomination. The school-house, as well as the Mass-house, cowers in a lonely glen under the rains and storms. Still will not the imperishable spirit of Gaelic song and scholarship consent to give up the ghost. In the very dead of night of the eighteenth century burst out the songs of Carolan, amazing as the notes of a nightingale in mid-winter; and then were heard 'The Blackbirds;' and the 'Dawning of the Day' of the Munster Bards—that mysterious band of minstrels who started up here, there, and everywhere, for no other reason than that the overcharged Irish heart had either to sing or die—a Charleville farmer, a schoolmaster in Clare, a blind musician in Tipperary—men whose names even are unknown to the people who still find in their songs the heavenly nutriment of their sweetest emotions and of their most passionate hours.

Then came the period when patriots and scholars, sprung from the ruling blood and speaking the Saxon speech, began to realize dimly the charms of national archeology, and of the venerable Gaelic literature that had been so long hunted on the hills and ridiculed in the schools—the period when the great Edmund Burke was the means of securing for Trinity College the manuscript of the priceless Brehon Law Code after its century of wanderings, neglect, and decay in the cabins of Tipperary; when O'Flaherty's *Ogygia* was purchased for twenty guineas, and the great compilation of the *Drimmin don dilis* for £3 13s. 8d.; the period of the pathetic scene in the history of an apparently lost tongue, when the *Leabhar Breac*, recovered as by a miracle from the proscriptions

and neglect of ages, was found to be written in a dialect which was no longer intelligible to the most learned Irish scholar then alive. Finally, there came the discovery of the great French and German philologists, that the Gaelic language afforded as inestimable a key to the history of pre-Roman Europe as the baths of Caracalla and the golden house of the Cæsars do to the character of the Imperial city itself. At the same time there arose in our own country that pleiad of conscientious, accurate, and indefatigable Irish scholars, the Petries, and O'Donovans, and O'Currys—who deciphered and unearthed and made light in the dark places, confounded the scoffers, and convinced every scientific thinker in Europe for all time that the rotting manuscripts to which Irish enthusiasm had clung throughout centuries of unexampled horror were not the mere abracadabra of the fanatical worshipers of a barbarous *patois*, but were the authentic title-deeds of a social system, a history, and a literature more venerable and more fascinating than any European race, except the Romans and the Greeks, can produce.

The Gaelic enthusiasts were vindicated. But the Gaelic tongue, while it is honored in the schools, has been dying on the hills. The masters of many languages take off their hats to it, but to the Irish youth, whom it has suckled, whose mental atmosphere, so to say, it has provided, whose blood pulses with its inspirations, it is still a stranger—an uncouth, ill-clad, poor relation at the door. I do not preach any sudden or violent diversion of our national energies from the channels in which they were now directed, for a National Parliament is the life-giver without which no national interest can flourish, and in whose heat all fair and seemly accessories of national life are sure to blossom forth again. I am fully persuaded than any general Gaelic revival will not come as a mere matter of national penance for past forgetfulness, much less on the terms of penalizing the use of that agglomeration of languages which is called the English. It will have to be proven that the language of our fathers is a pleasure and a luxury to the Celtic tongue and brain, even as the hurling and the hunting sports of our fathers have been proven to be an exhilaration to Celtic brawn and muscle.

Poor human nature will have to be convinced that a knowledge of the Irish language, in place of being a thing to blush for and disown, a mark of inferiority to be concealed like the faint dark circle around the finger-nails of the octoroon, ought to be the first object of an Irish Nationalist's young ambition, a new sense, a delicious exercise of the faculties, the key that unlocks to him the old palaces, and the old hunting-grounds of his dreams, the music which comes ringing down the ages from the lips of the saints who chanted in the old abbeys, of the warriors whose lusty shouts rang over the old battle-fields, and of the lovers who whispered by the haunted Irish springs. Approached thus with the loving ardor of a nation's second youth, the tongue of Tara and Kinkora may realize the fond prophecy that "the Gaelic will be in high repute yet among the music-loving hosts of Eirinn," and the men who clung to it when it was persecuted, who believed in it when it was scorned, who in the watches of the night hoped on beside what seemed to be its bed of death, may yet taste the reward of knowing that they have preserved unto the happier coming time a language which will be the well-spring of a racier national poetry, national music, national painting, and of that richer spiritual life of simplicity, of equality, of good-fellowship, of striving after the higher and holier ideals, with which the Celtic race alone seems to have the promise of brightening the future of a disenchanted world.

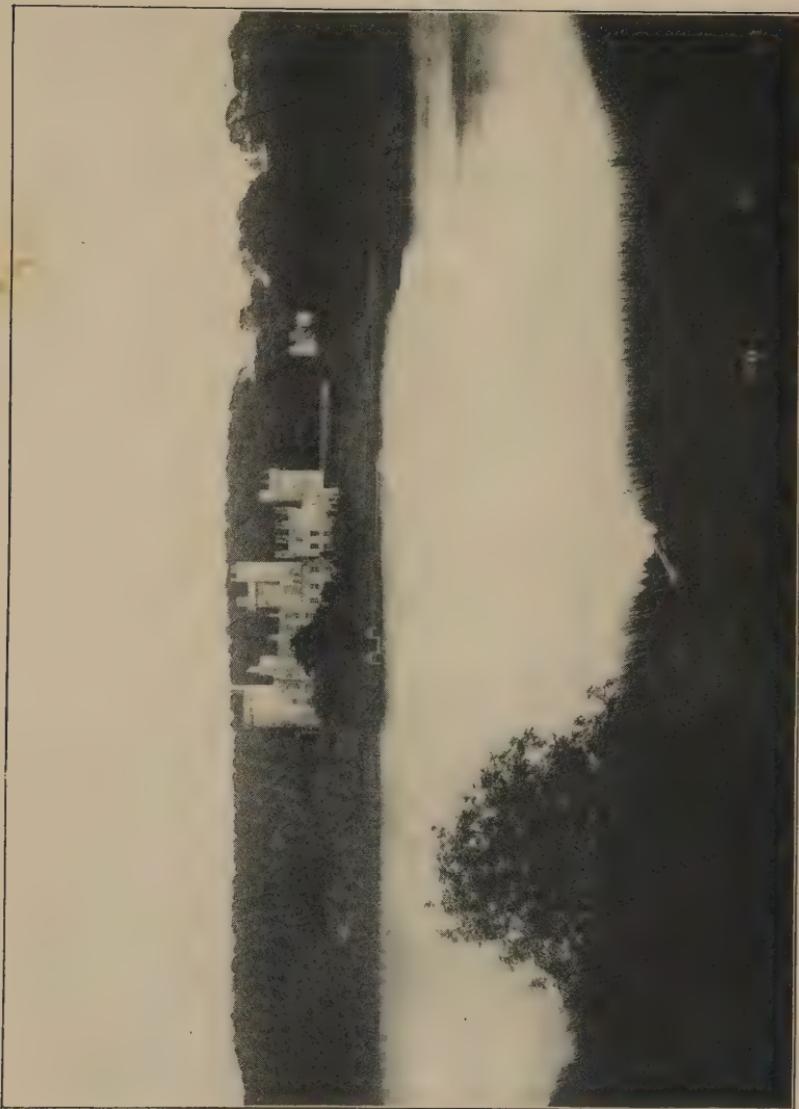
THE IRISH IN AMERICA.

From 'Irish Ideas.'

In the present century the bountiful commonwealth of America has given Irish enthusiasm, brawn, and intellect a more fruitful place of exile than the hungry battle-fields of Turenne and Prince Eugene. Our countrymen have not only fought American battles, they have tasted American freedom; they have become an imperishable part of the greatness of the world's greatest State—rulers among her rulers, pioneers in her progress, partners in the rich heritage of her giant trades and silver mines and golden

prairies. They have not only grown with the greatness of the land of their exile, they have showered countless blessings back upon the island of their birth. Even in the glorious eyes of the republic of their wedlock they have never forgotten the gray hair and loving accents of the poor old mother in the mountain hut at home.

The Irish-Americans and Irish-Australians have achieved two feats for which no other race can offer a parallel. From their exile they have year by year, practically speaking, contributed more than all the poor-rates and all the subsidies of the Imperial Exchequer, to sustain the poorer half of the Irish population three thousand miles away. That is an unrivaled deed of racial generosity. But they have done a greater thing still. It is their principles, their sympathy, their money, which, without firing a shot, have brought about in Ireland a revolution more potent than many that have been purchased with the horrors of a hundred massacres. The Irish-American servant-girl, who has been so often the scoff of English newspaper contumely, has literally done as much to liberate the country of her childhood as if she were a queen disposing of regiments and ironclads in their embattled might.



WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN.

(1803—1864.)

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN was born in Dromoland, County Clare, Oct. 17, 1803, and was educated at Harrow, and afterward at Trinity College, Cambridge. His remote ancestors were, according to Mr. W. J. O'Neill Daunt in his 'Eighty-five Years of Irish History,' the royal O'Briens, of whose family Brian Boroimhe was a member. In 1826 he took his seat in Parliament as the Tory Member for Ennis, and not only used his influence against O'Connell, but on one occasion very strongly censured the conduct of the Liberator. But a change was brought about after some study of the social and political conditions, and Smith O'Brien became a violent member of the Young Ireland party. He was warmly welcomed and generously greeted by O'Connell when he made his appearance in Conciliation Hall, although his ideas of Irish freedom and the methods to be resorted to for obtaining it were very different from those of the great emancipator.

The whole story of the attempt of 1848, its disastrous failure, and the trial and transportation of Smith O'Brien, is well told by Mr. A. M. Sullivan in his 'New Ireland.'

After nearly five years in exile an unsolicited pardon was accorded to Smith O'Brien on condition of his not returning to Ireland, and in 1854 he went to Europe, settling with his family at Brussels. Here he wrote his 'Principles of Government, or Meditations in Exile,' which was afterward published in Dublin. It is clearly and forcibly written, the views are very moderate and far-seeing, and the ideas with regard to the Australian colonies show keen observation.

In May, 1856, a free pardon was granted him, and July of the same year saw the patriot once more on the shores of Ireland. Although his opinions were unchanged, he wisely kept himself apart from politics.

After spending a short time at home he departed on a European tour, visiting this country before his return. The ideas gleaned during his absence, and his conclusions formed upon many subjects, were utilized in a course of interesting lectures given in the Mechanics' Institute, Dublin.

In 1864 he visited England and Wales, with the view of restoring his failing health, but no improvement took place, and he died at Bangor, June 16, 1864. "Few politicians," says Mr. Lecky, a writer who has no sympathy with his views, "have sacrificed more to what they believed to be right, and the invariable integrity of his motives has more than redeemed the errors of his judgment."

AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.

From 'Principles of Government.'

A beneficent government ought not to limit its efforts merely to the establishment of arrangements to promote the health of the community; it ought also to do whatever lies in its power to provide suitable recreation for the people. Enjoyment of some kind—excitement of some kind—is indispensable to man; and those best deserve innocent enjoyment who give up the greater portion of their time to useful toil. Now, if rational and innocent pleasures are not rendered accessible to the working-classes, they will naturally have recourse to those brutalizing excitements which are always within their reach. Many a laboring man spends his evening in a pot-house only because no other circle in which he can enjoy social converse is open to him. Many a young man has attended a cock-fight, only because no more noble excitement has been presented to him. Had he been a citizen of ancient Athens, he would probably have spent his leisure hours in listening to the dramas of Euripides and Sophocles, or in taking part in those athletic exercises which developed and kept alive the manly prowess of the children of Greece. . . .

With regard to athletic exercises and games of skill, we have occasion to feel shame and regret when we contrast the feebleness and decrepitude of modern days with the vigor of antiquity. Horse-racing and the manly amusement of fox-hunting, which are the favorite excitements of the gentry of modern times, form but a poor substitute for the athletic exercises of Greece, or for the tournaments of the middle ages. At one period in English history the practice of archery was not only an amusement but a requirement exacted from every English peasant and yeoman. What manly exercise now forms part of the discipline of youth? The governors of many of those states which call themselves free would be afraid to place arms in the hands of the population at large, or to encourage them to learn the use of implements of defense; otherwise the rifle would now be, in the hands of an English peasant, what the bow was in former times. The hour will arrive when rulers,

who have been accustomed to place their whole reliance upon standing armies, and to distrust the loyalty of their own population, will have reason to regret the decay of that self-relying spirit which they have labored to extinguish. I do not advocate the revival of pugilistic combats, though much may be said in favor of that barbarous amusement; but I cannot read Virgil's account of the games practiced by the followers of *Æneas*, without feeling how immeasurably superior was the spirit which is breathed in the following lines—

“ *Hi proprium decus et partum indignantur honorem
Ni teneant vitamque volunt pro laude pacisci;
Hos successus alit; possunt quia posse videntur* ”—

to that emulation which now prompts the peasantry of England to catch soaped pigs by the tail, or to run in sacks—the rural sports of the nineteenth century.

In a well-governed community not only should the population be encouraged to practice all sorts of gymnastic exercises; but also they should be trained to military evolutions, and to the use of arms. For such purposes days ought to be set apart, and prizes ought to be distributed by the municipal authorities. The acquisition of money has become the sole object of pursuit in modern days. Mammon now rules the civilized world with imperious sway. It should be the aim of the statesman to impart nobler emotions, more generous aspirations, than those which the love of gain can inspire.

There are some who affect to disapprove emulation in every form—whether in a boat-race or in an academy. Yet even such squeamish moralists may assist in providing recreation for the people. They cannot object to throw open to the multitude zoölogical collections, botanic gardens, museums of painting and sculpture, or to encourage attendance upon lectures directed to the advancement of literary and scientific knowledge. It ought to be the pride, as it is the duty, of an enlightened government to encourage all such pursuits, and there is no mode of encouraging them so legitimate as that which calls into action the co-operation of the people themselves. Hence the municipal representatives of the people should not only be empowered, but stimulated, to provide in each locality such arrangements as shall contribute in the highest attainable

degree to the health, recreation, and intellectual improvement of the population. There is no village, however small, in which something might not be done to promote the enjoyment of the inhabitants. These things are in some countries left undone, merely because no organization has been formed for carrying such objects into effect. "What is everybody's business is nobody's," says the proverb. It appears like intrusion on the part of an individual to do that for the public which the public neglects to do for itself; and if a benevolent or public-spirited individual hazards such an intrusion, some sinister motive will generally be imputed to him.

Take the simplest instance that can be brought forward in illustration of this observation. It generally happens that, in the vicinity of every village, there are spots of favorite resort, which attract by their beauty of scenery, or by some other charm. It naturally occurs to every one that seats should be provided in such places for the accommodation of the public, yet seats are not provided. There is no public body authorized to make such arrangements, and each individual says to himself, "It is not my business. Why should I be called upon to expend my private funds for the accommodation of the public?" Or, if he be willing to incur the expense, he is deterred by the consideration that some unworthy motive will be attributed to him, in case he undertake to provide the desired accommodation. Were political institutions organized with a view to promote the happiness of the people, much would be done that is now left undone; much would be left undone that is now done.

To exact taxes which shall be squandered upon the parasites of government, and to coerce those who offend against laws enacted for the maintenance of an artificial state of society, which is often repugnant to the requirements of nature, is too generally the principal, if not the sole object to which the whole energy of civil administration is directed. If taxes were levied with a view to promote the well-being and enjoyment of all classes of the community, they would be paid without reluctance, and universal contentment would render superfluous many of the expensive appliances now employed for the restraint and coercion of a discontented population.

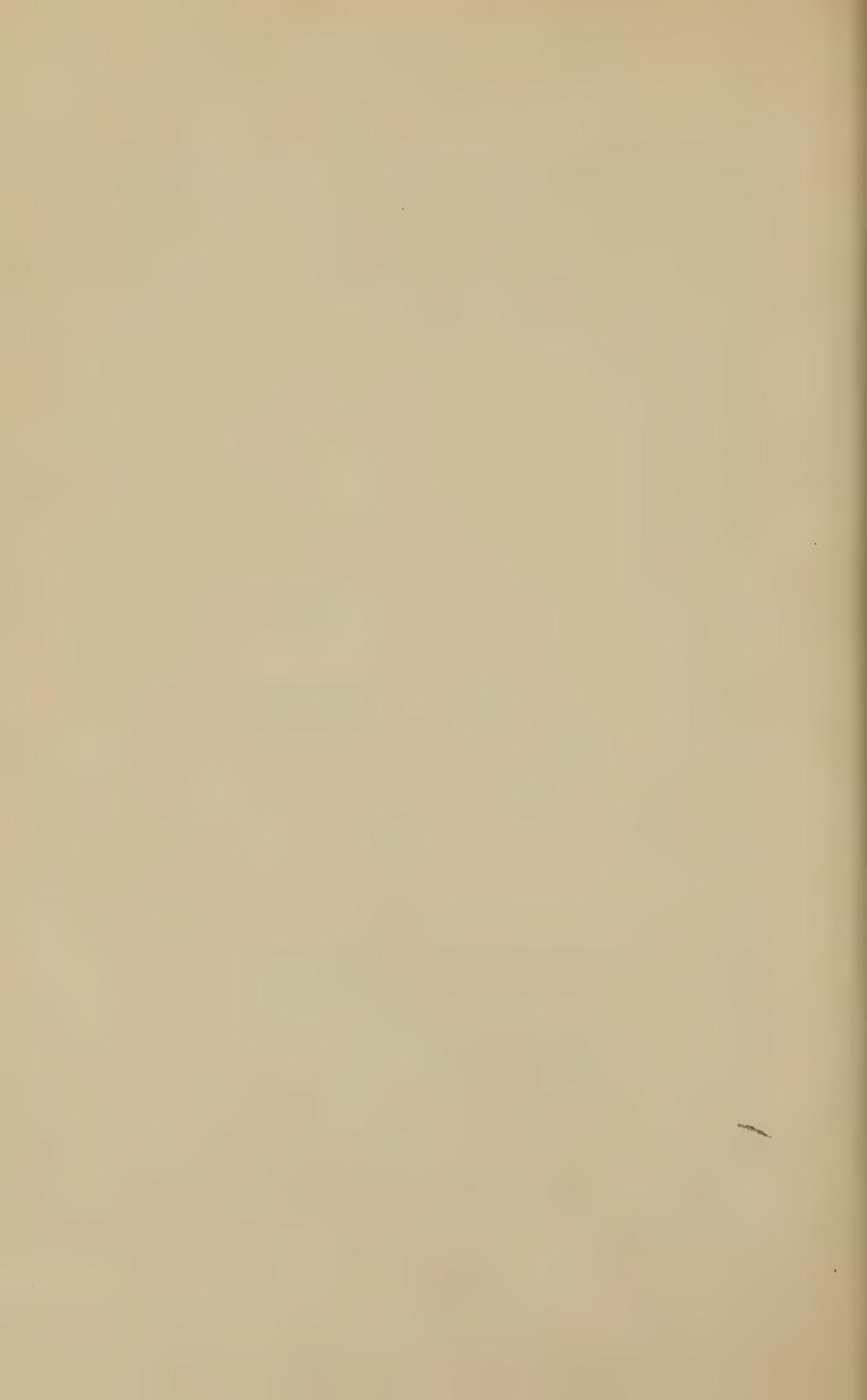
Never despair! Let the fable in open
Boo like the wilton that stoops to the blast
Drop not in peril! 'Tis manhood the merit
Hobly & struggle and hope to the last.
When by the sunshine of fortune forsaken
Faint sinks the heart of the fable with fear
Stand like the oak of the forest - unshaken
Never despair - Boys - oh! never despair
never despair! - Through adversity rages,
Fiercely and fell as the surge on the shore,
Firm as the rock of the ocean for ages
Stand the rude torrent till danger ... over
Fate with its whirlwind outrages may all sever
True to ourselves we have nothing to fear
Be this our hope and our anchor for ever
Never despair - Boys - oh never despair

The lines were sent to me by
William Smith Dyer

The evening of Monday, October 9th, 1848.
the day on which sentence of death was
passed upon him

James Francis Prendergast.

Hannah Park,
October 11th 1848



There is, perhaps, no country in Europe in which so little has been done to promote the amusement of the people as in the United Kingdom. Upon the Continent there are few towns of any considerable size in which arrangements have not been made, either by the central government or by the municipal authorities, to give to the inhabitants the pleasures afforded by public promenades and gardens, military music, theaters, museums of painting, sculpture, and natural history, etc. In the United Kingdom, on the contrary, even the public squares are for the most part reserved exclusively for the enjoyment of the privileged few, instead of being thrown open to the whole population; and access to the repositories of art, nay, even to the glorious old cathedrals which were erected during the time which we presumptuously designate as "the dark ages," can seldom be procured except by payment of a fee on admission.

Yet we boast of modern refinement, civilization, progress, and philanthropy.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

(1775—1847.)

DANIEL O'CONNELL, "the greatest popular leader the world has ever seen," as Mr. Gladstone said, was born Aug. 6, 1775, at Carhen, near Cahirciveen, and was educated in France. On the breaking out of the French revolution he was removed for safety from the seminary of St. Omer to Douay, but his liberty and even his life were endangered here, and with some difficulty he escaped. In 1794 he entered Lincoln's Inn as a law student. After two years he was called to the bar, but owing to illness he did not take his place there until the memorable year 1798. He found himself in the midst of rebellion, but, with the memory of the French revolutionary policy still before him, he ranged himself on the side of law and order and proved his loyalty by joining a yeomanry corps got up solely by the lawyers.

He adopted a policy aimed at emancipation of the Roman Catholics in the first place; next the restoration of the Irish Parliament, or, as it was called, Repeal of the Union; and lastly, the disendowment of the Established Church in Ireland. O'Connell made his first public speech on the 13th of January, 1800, in circumstances sufficient to shake the nerves of even a veteran orator, a party of military being present. In this speech, modest and short, O'Connell stated his opposition to the Union, and concluded by challenging every man who felt with him to proclaim his preference of the re-enactment of the penal code to union with England.

The veto was a proposal that, with the grant of Catholic emancipation, the power of veto in the appointment of Roman Catholic bishops should rest with the Government. O'Connell opposed this power being vested in Government on any condition; and he was supported by the mass of the people, who were alarmed for the safety of their church. It seemed, however, as if all the powers were leagued in opposition to him. The bishops themselves declared in favor of the measure. But O'Connell's eloquence and persuasion soon caused the bishops to change their mind. The people were with him already, and finally the Pope himself withdrew his opposition.

By this agitation two important ends were gained by O'Connell: in the first place the clergy now took an interest in the politics of the country, and the people were aroused to action.

O'Connell married Miss Mary O'Connell, a distant relative, in 1802.

Mr. Lecky, in his 'Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland,' says of O'Connell's success at the bar: "His language was clear, nervous, and fluent, but often incorrect and scarcely ever polished. Having but little of the pride of a rhetorician, he subordinated strictly all other considerations to the end he was seeking to achieve, and readily sacrificed every grace of style in order to procure an immediate effect. 'A great speech,' he used to say, 'is a very fine thing, but after all the verdict is the thing.'" His professional income, which

in the first year of his legal life amounted to about £58 (\$290), increased rapidly year by year, till in the year after his marriage it reached £9,000 (\$45,000).

Many anecdotes are related of his wonderful abilities as a pleader and of his powers in cross-examination. In one case he was defending a man named James, indicted for murder, and had up for examination a witness who would stop at nothing to criminate the accused. The witness swore positively that a hat found near the body belonged to the prisoner. O'Connell asked to see the hat, proceeded to examine its outside, its top, its rim, and finally entered on a careful inspection of the inside. Turning it round slowly, and repeating the letters "J-a-m-e-s," he said to the witness : "Now, do you mean to tell the court and jury that this name was in the hat when you found it ?" "I do, on my oath," replied the witness. "Did you see the name there ?" "I did, surely." "This is the same hat; no mistake about it ?" "Och, no mistake ; it is his hat." "Now you may go down," said O'Connell, triumphantly. "My lord, there is an end of this case. There is no name whatever in the hat."

He found time to address meetings on the subject of Catholic emancipation, and became the acknowledged leader of the people. In 1806 the Whigs came into power, and from this time until 1815 O'Connell was one of the hardest worked men in the kingdom, organizing meetings, keeping his followers within the bounds of the law, and at the same time conducting an enormous and ever-increasing practice. In 1811 he took the house in Merrion Square, Dublin, where he resided for the remainder of his life. In 1813 his greatest forensic speech was made in defense of Magee, the proprietor of the *Dublin Evening Post*, who was prosecuted for a libel on the Duke of Richmond. In 1815 an unfortunate circumstance occurred, which threw a cloud over O'Connell's life ever after. He had called the Dublin municipal body a "beggarly corporation." Mr. D'Esterre, who was among the poorest of the members, at once construed the speech into a personal insult and challenged O'Connell. They met ; D'Esterre was killed at the first shot, to the intense horror and remorse of his antagonist. Twice afterward he was challenged by Mr. (afterward Sir) Robert Peel, but on both occasions the authorities interfered and prevented the duel.

The movement for Catholic emancipation became very feeble from 1815 to 1819. There had been agitation, speeches, and promised aid from men in power, but with no result, and the Catholic party were almost in despair. It was entirely owing to O'Connell's exertions that the movement did not utterly collapse.

The Irish Catholic Association was organized in 1825 with great care to avoid infringing the Convention Act and other restrictions on the expression of public opinion in Ireland. On the 4th of February, 1824, the motion for establishing the "Catholic Rent" was carried at a meeting of the Association. In 1828 the rent reached the sum of £21,425 (\$107,125). The total amount collected amounted to £52,266 (\$261,330). This money voluntarily contributed was set apart for Parliamentary expenses, for the cost incident upon meetings, services of the press, legal defenses of Catholics and rebels, and

numerous other outlays connected with the organization of the vast movement. There were three classes who contributed to the rent—members, volunteers, and associates. The collectors were called Repeal wardens, and held office under the supervision of the priests. There were badges and other insignia of office, and Repeal reading-rooms and places of meeting were established everywhere.

The Goverment took alarm, and Lord Liverpool brought a bill into Parliament on Feb. 10, 1825, for the suppression of the Association. O'Connell at once set out for London, and attempted to obtain a hearing at the bar of the House. Although he failed in gaining his end, he managed to exercise great influence on public opinion, Lord Brougham and the Liberals giving him their support. Lord Liverpool and Mr. Peel, however, carried the bill by a majority of 146. The act forbade holding meetings continuously for more than fourteen days, but O'Connell had little difficulty, as he said, in "driving a coach and six" through it. The old association was dissolved, and a new one formed, which arranged to hold fourteen days' continuous meetings annually, and these were most successful.

After a long struggle the Catholic disabilities were partially removed in 1829; but O'Connell was refused a seat in the House on the ground that the Emancipation Act had been passed since his election. This was felt by the people as an insult, and because of the rebuff O'Connell afterward cherished a bitter feeling toward Sir Robert Peel, saying that "his smile was like the silver plate on a coffin." Of course he was at once re-elected; but this act of seeming spite served to modify any contented feeling on the part of the people, and induced them to demand and obtain yet more. The higher positions at the bar were now open, and many Roman Catholic barristers received the silk gown. Among these was Sheil, but O'Connell, the most deserving of all, was left out. A temporary suppression of the Catholic Association was accomplished, but O'Connell was constantly evading the proclamations of the Viceroy against his associations, by dissolving them, only to be reformed under new and different names. Now it was "Volunteers for Repeal of the Union," now "Friends of Ireland," again "Anti-Union Association." O'Connell was old enough to remember the Irish Parliament, which he desired to restore, and he felt that, although it may have had its faults, it contained more men of genius and real lovers of their country than had ever been engaged, either before or since, in the ordering of Irish affairs. He also knew well that the unbribed members were for the most part opposed to the Union. To further his views he established in 1839 a society which he called the "Precursor Society." It was, as its name implied, intended to lead up to the demand for Repeal, but its first object was to feel its way by trying how much of "justice to Ireland" could be obtained from the Whigs and Radicals then in power.

In 1841 he was elected Lord Mayor of Dublin, and resided at the Mansion House. In that year the Whigs went out of office, and Sir Robert Peel became Minister. All hope of obtaining repeal from Government being therefore gone, the Precursor Society was changed into the Repeal Association. For two years this body gained ground, and attracted no particular attention from the authorities; indeed

the normal state of the country for years had been agitation in some form. At length, in 1843, O'Connell ceased attending Parliament, declaring that the Repeal year had now come, and at once set about the work of organizing monster meetings and getting up petitions from various Irish corporations praying for Repeal. He declared the Union was false, that it had been obtained by bribery to the amount of two million and a quarter, and that it had been concluded by the weighty and unanswerable argument of twenty-nine thousand soldiers stationed in the country prepared to quell the slightest show of opposition. He pointed to the ruined trade, absenteeism, the money of the country drained out of it, and the manufactures destroyed.

Monster meetings were held in various parts of the country, and Repeal and the temperance cause went hand in hand. Mr. Lecky, in his graphic description of one of them, says : "At daybreak the mighty throng might be seen, broken into detached groups and kneeling on the green sward round their priests, while the incense rose from a hundred rude altars, and the solemn music of the mass floated upon the gale, and seemed to add a consecration to the cause." And Lord Lytton has described the scene of another in fluent and sonorous verse.

At the fatal Mullaghmast near Dublin—where the English lords of the Pale once invited a number of Irish chiefs to a banquet, and while the feast was in progress had the hall surrounded by a body of troops, who, on a given signal, rushed in and massacred the over-confiding Irish guests—another monster meeting was held. Here the people crowned the Liberator with a cap made like an ancient Irish crown. The Government took the alarm, and notice of a bill for disarming the people of Ireland was given. Ships of war lay near the coast, the barracks were fortified, the military strength was increased, and O'Connell was deprived of his commission as magistrate. A Cabinet council was held, of which O'Connell said they were "consulting whether they would deprive us of our rights, and I know not what the result of that council may be ; but this I know : there was not an Irishman in the council. I may be told the Duke of Wellington was there. Who calls him an Irishman ? If a tiger's cub was dropped in a fold, would it be a lamb ? The council sat for an entire day, and even then did not conclude its deliberations, but adjourned till next day, while the business of the country was allowed to stand over. What had they to deliberate about ? The Repealers were peaceable, loyal, and attached—affectionately attached—to the Queen, and determined to stand between her and her enemies. If they assailed us to-morrow, and we conquered them—as conquer them we will one day—the first use of the victory which we would make would be to place the scepter in the hands of her who has ever shown us favor, and whose conduct has been full of sympathy and emotion for our sufferings."

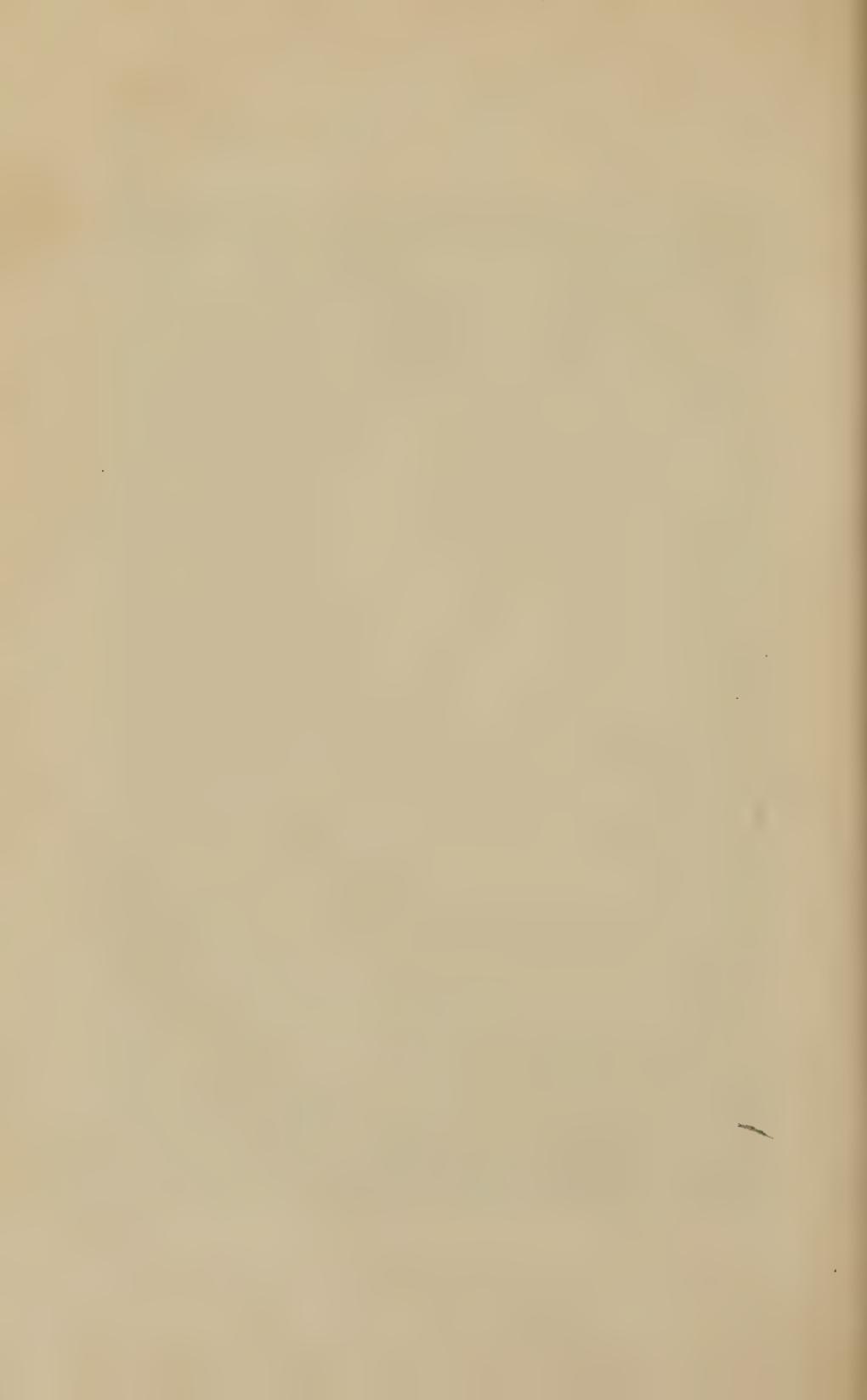
Another meeting was arranged for the 8th of October, 1843, at Clontarf, and on the preceding Saturday evening a Government proclamation was issued forbidding it. The roads were already thronged with multitudes on their way to the meeting. O'Connell, with the aid of active members of the association, took immediate

measures, and by herculean efforts they managed to stay the influx of the people and send them back peaceably to their homes. The Government, however, now that the first step had been taken, determined to crush the movement, and on the 14th of October warrants were issued for the arrest of O'Connell, his son, and seven of his associates, on the charge of exciting discontent and disaffection among the Queen's subjects. Bail was accepted for their appearance, and in the meantime O'Connell opened Conciliation Hall for the purpose of holding meetings during the ensuing winter. This open defiance determined the Government to proceed rigorously, and he was put on trial with the others at the Queen's Bench, Dublin, Jan. 16, 1844. The jury was notoriously packed, all Roman Catholics being excluded by the Government prosecutor. O'Connell was found guilty on May 30, condemned to two years' imprisonment with a fine of £2,000 (\$10,000), and had to give security to keep the peace for seven years. He was conveyed to Richmond the same day, guarded by mounted police and followed by crowds of sympathizers. He wrote to the people, desiring them to conduct themselves quietly and to make no effort for his release.

An appeal against the sentence was brought before the House of Lords in September of the same year, and although O'Connell by his strong language had given many of the members cause to treat him as an enemy, their sense of justice and feeling of honor rose superior to mere personal prejudice, and on the ground of a packed jury the sentence was reversed. The people of Ireland received the decision with delight, and signal-fires blazed the joyful news all over the country. On Sept. 7 O'Connell was released, and was conducted by a monster procession to his own house. While passing the old House of Parliament in College Green, he rose up in his carriage and pointed to it silently. The people loudly cheered him, feeling how much that action expressed.

But O'Connell never recovered his former buoyancy of spirits. He was no longer young, and mind and body were both worn down by the continuous excitement of his life. The Young Ireland party, or the "rash young men of the nation" as he called them, the advocates of armed rebellion, were now a power in the land, and he dreaded the misery which their extreme proceedings might bring upon his country. Blighted hopes and gloomy anticipations did their work : he saw the great agitation for Repeal slackened, the fearful famine and pestilence of 1845-46 deeply affected his mind, and his naturally fine constitution completely broke down. In January, 1847, he left Ireland for the last time, and on the 8th of February he made his last speech in Parliament, when his altered appearance excited the sympathy of even his bitterest opponents. His had been a massive and imposing figure ; his features, although not handsome, were full of good-nature and unmistakable genius ; his eyes bright and piercing, and his voice deep and musical, with its brogue so melodious to Irish ears. Now his figure was shrunken, his face thin, and his head hanging upon his breast ; and the once powerful voice sunk almost to a whisper, so that it was with difficulty his words could be heard. He implored the aid of Parliament for his famine-stricken country : "She is in





your hands," he said, "in your power. If you do not save her, she cannot save herself." He was listened to with deep respect, and statesmen of all parties expressed their sympathy with him and the cause which he was so earnestly pleading.

He had been ordered by his physicians to the Continent, and having a strong desire to visit Rome, and possibly to die there, he set out on his journey. Even his last wish was doomed to disappointment, for he had only reached Genoa when he died, May 15, 1847. His heart, at his own request, was sent to Rome, and his body rests in the cemetery of Glasnevin, near Dublin.

In 1875 O'Connell's centenary was celebrated with the greatest enthusiasm throughout Ireland.

ON CATHOLIC RIGHTS.

From a Speech in the Irish House of Common, 1814.

I wish to submit to the meeting a resolution calling on the different counties and cities in Ireland to petition for unqualified emancipation. It is a resolution which has been already and frequently adopted—when we had persevered in our petitions, even at periods when we despaired of success—and it becomes a pleasing duty to present them, now that the symptoms of the times seem so powerfully to promise an approaching relief.

Indeed, as long as truth or justice could be supposed to influence man, as long as man was admitted to be under the control of reason, so long must it be prudent and wise to procure discussions on the sufferings and the rights of the people of Ireland. Truth proclaimed the treacherous iniquity which had deprived us of our chartered liberty; truth destroyed the flimsy pretext under which this iniquity is continued; truth exposed our merits and our sufferings; whilst reason and justice combined to demonstrate our right—the right of every human being to freedom of conscience—a right without which every honest man must feel that to him, individually, the protection of government is a mockery and the restriction of penal law a sacrilege.

Truth, reason, and justice are our advocates, and even in England let me tell you that those powerful advocates have some authority. They are, it is true, more frequently resisted there than in most other countries, but yet they have some sway among the English at all times. Passion

may confound and prejudice darken the English understanding, and interested passion and hired prejudice have been successfully employed against us at former periods, but the present season appears singularly well calculated to aid the progress of our cause and to advance the attainment of our important objects.

I do not make the assertion lightly. I speak, after deliberate investigation and from solemn conviction, my clear opinion that we shall, during the present session of Parliament, obtain a portion at least, if not the entire, of our emancipation. We cannot fail unless we are disturbed in our course by those who graciously style themselves our friends or are betrayed by the treacherous machinations of part of our own body.

Yes, everything, except false friendship and domestic treachery, forebodes success. The cause of man is in its great advance. Humanity has been rescued from much of its thraldom. In the states of Europe, where the iron despotism of the feudal system so long classed men into two species—the hereditary masters and the perpetual slaves; when rank supplied the place of merit, and to be humbly born operated as a perpetual exclusion—in many parts of Europe man is reassuming his natural station, and artificial distinctions have vanished before the force of truth and the necessities of governors.

France has a representative government; and as the unjust privileges of the clergy and nobility are abolished; as she is blessed with a most wise, clear, and simple code of laws; as she is almost free from debt, and emancipated from odious prejudices, she is likely to prove an example and a light to the world.

In Germany, the sovereigns who formerly ruled at their free will and caprice are actually bribing the people to the support of their thrones, by giving them the blessings of liberty. It is a wise and a glorious policy. The prince regent has emancipated his Catholic subjects of Hanover, and traced for them the grand outlines of a free constitution. The other states of Germany are rapidly following the example. The people, no longer destined to bear the burdens only of society, are called up to take their share in the management of their own concerns, and in the sustentation of the public dignity and happiness. In short,

representative government, the only rational or just government, is proclaimed by princes as a boon to their people, and Germany is about to afford many an example of the advantages of rational liberty. Anxious as some kings appear to be in the great work of plunder and robbery, others of them are now the first heralds of freedom.

It is a moment of glorious triumph to humanity; and even one instance of liberty, freely conceded, makes compensation for a thousand repetitions of the ordinary crimes of military monarchs. The crime is followed by its own punishment; but the great principle of the rights of man establishes itself now on the broadest basis, and France and Germany now set forth an example for England to imitate.

Italy, too, is in the paroxysms of the fever of independence. O may she have strength to go through the disease, and may she rise like a giant refreshed with wine! One thing is certain, that the human mind is set afloat in Italy. The flame of freedom burns; it may be smothered for a season; but all the whiskered Croats and the fierce Pandours of Austria will not be able to extinguish the sacred fire. Spain, to be sure, chills the heart and disgusts the understanding. The combined Inquisition and the court press upon the mind, whilst they bind the body in fetters of adamant. But this despotism is, thank God, as unrelentingly absurd as it is cruel, and there arises a darling hope out of the very excess of the evil. The Spaniards must be walking corpses—they must be living ghosts, and not human beings, unless a sublime reaction be in rapid preparation. But let us turn to our own prospects.

The cause of liberty has made, and is making, great progress in states heretofore despotic. In all the countries in Europe, in which any portion of freedom prevails, the liberty of conscience is complete. England alone, of all the states pretending to be free, leaves shackles upon the human mind. England alone, amongst free states, exhibits the absurd claim of regulating belief by law, and forcing opinion by statute. Is it possible to conceive that this gross, this glaring, this iniquitous absurdity can continue? Is it possible, too, to conceive that it can continue to operate, not against a small and powerless sect, but against the millions, comprising the best strength, the

most affluent energy of the empire?—a strength and an energy daily increasing, and hourly appreciating their own importance. The present system, disavowed by liberalized Europe, disclaimed by sound reason, abhorred by genuine religion, must soon and forever be abolished.

Let it not be said that the princes of the continent were forced by necessity to give privileges to their subjects, and that England has escaped from a similar fate. I admit that the necessity of procuring the support of the people was the mainspring of royal patriotism on the continent; but I totally deny that the ministers of England can dispense with a similar support. The burdens of the war are permanent; the distresses occasioned by the peace are pressing; the financial system is tottering, and to be supported in profound peace only by a war taxation. In the meantime, the resources of corruption are mightily diminished. Ministerial influence is necessarily diminished by one-half of the effective force of indirect bribery; full two-thirds must be disbanded. Peculation and corruption must be put upon half-pay, and no allowances. The ministry lose not only all those active partisans, those outrageous loyalists, who fattened on the public plunder during the seasons of immense expenditure; but those very men will themselves swell the ranks of the malcontents, and probably be the most violent in their opposition. They have no sweet consciousness to reward them in their present privations; and therefore they are likely to exhaust the bitterness of their souls on their late employers. Every cause conspires to render this the period in which the ministry should have least inclination, least interest, least power, to oppose the restoration of our rights and liberties.

I speak not from mere theory. There exist at this moment practical illustrations of the truth of my assertions. Instances have occurred which demonstrate as well the inability of the ministry to resist the popular voice as the utility of re-echoing that voice, until it is heard and understood in all its strength and force. The ministers had determined to continue the property tax; they announced that determination to their partisans at Liverpool and in Bristol. Well, the people of England met; they petitioned; they repeated—they reiterated their petitions, un-

til the ministry felt they could no longer resist; and they ungraciously but totally abandoned their determination; and the property tax now expires.

Another instance is also now before us. It relates to the corn laws. The success of the repetition of petitions in that instance is the more remarkable, because such success has been obtained in defiance of the first principles of political economy, and in violation of the plainest rules of political justice.

This is not the place to discuss the merits of the corn laws; but I cannot avoid, as the subject lies in my way, to put upon public record my conviction of the inutility as well as the impropriety of the proposed measure respecting those laws. I expect that it will be believed in Ireland that I would not volunteer thus an opposition of sentiment to any measure, if I was not most disinterestedly, and in my conscience convinced, that such measure would not be of any substantial or permanent utility to Ireland.

As far as I am personally concerned, my interest plainly is to keep up the price of lands; but I am quite convinced that the measure in question will have an effect permanently and fatally injurious to Ireland. The clamor respecting the corn laws has been fomented by parsons who were afraid that they would not get money enough for their tithes, and absentee landlords, who apprehended a diminution of their rack rents; and if you observed the names of those who have taken an active part in favor of the measure, you will find amongst them many, if not all, of the persons who have most distinguished themselves against the liberty and religion of the people. There have been, I know, many good men misled, and many clever men deceived, on this subject; but the great majority are of the class of oppressors.

There was formed, some time ago, an association of a singular nature in Dublin and the adjacent counties. Mr. Luke White was, as I remember, at the head of it. It contained some of our stoutest and most stubborn seceders; it published the causes of its institution; it recited that, whereas butcher's meat was dearer in Cork, and in Limerick, and in Belfast than in Dublin, it was therefore expedient to associate, in order that the people of Dublin should not eat meat too cheap. Large sums were sub-

scribed to carry the patriotic design into effect, but public indignation broke up the ostensible confederacy; it was too plain and too glaring to bear public inspection. The indignant sense of the people of Dublin forced them to dissolve their open association; and if the present enormous increase of the price of meat in Dublin beyond the rest of Ireland be the result of secret combination of any individuals, there is at least this comfort, that they do not presume to beard the public with the open avowal of their design to increase the difficulties of the poor in procuring food.

Such a scheme as that, with respect to meat in Dublin —such a scheme, precisely, is the sought-for corn law. The only difference consists in the extent of the operation of both plans. The corn plan is only more extensive, not more unjust in principle, but it is more unreasonable in its operation because its necessary tendency must be to destroy that very market of which it seeks the exclusive possession. The corn law men want, they say, to have the exclusive feeding of the manufacturers; but at present our manufacturers, loaded as they are with taxation, are scarcely able to meet the goods of foreigners in the markets of the world. The English are already undersold in foreign markets; but if to this dearness produced by taxation there shall be added the dearness produced by dear food, is it not plain that it will be impossible to enter into a competition with foreign manufacturers, who have no taxes and cheap bread? Thus the corn laws will destroy our manufactures and compel our manufacturers to emigrate, in spite of penalties; and the corn law supporters will have injured themselves and destroyed others.

I beg pardon for dwelling on this subject. If I were at liberty to pursue it here, I would not leave it until I had satisfied every dispassionate man that the proposed measure is both useless and unjust; but this is not the place for doing so, and I only beg to record at least the honest dictates of my judgment on this interesting topic. My argument, of the efficacy of petitioning, is strengthened by the impolicy of the measure in question; because, if petitions, by their number and perseverance, succeed in establishing a proposition impolitic in principle, and oppressive to thousands in operation, what encouragement does it not

afford to us to repeat our petitions for that which has justice for its basis, and policy as its support?

The great advantages of discussion being thus apparent, the efficacy of repeating, and repeating, and repeating again our petitions being thus demonstrated by notorious facts, the Catholics of Ireland must be sunk in criminal apathy if they neglect the use of an instrument so efficacious for their emancipation.

There is further encouragement at this particular crisis. Dissension has ceased in the Catholic body. Those who paralyzed our efforts, and gave our conduct the appearance and reality of weakness, and wavering, and inconsistency, have all retired. Those who were ready to place the entire of the Catholic feelings and dignity, and some of the Catholic religion too, under the feet of every man who pleased to call himself our friend, and to prove himself our friend by praising on every occasion, and upon no occasion, the oppressors of the Catholics, and by abusing the Catholics themselves; the men who would link the Catholic cause to this patron and to that, and sacrifice it at one time to the ministry, and at another to the opposition, and make it this day the tool of one party, and the next the instrument of another party; the men, in fine, who hoped to traffic upon our country and our religion—who would buy honors, and titles, and places, and pensions, at the price of the purity, and dignity, and safety of the Catholic church in Ireland; all those men have, thank God, quitted us, I hope, forever. They have returned into silence and secession, or have frankly or covertly gone over to our enemies. I regret deeply and bitterly that they have carried with them some few, who, like my Lord Fingal, entertain no other motives than those of purity and integrity, and who, like that noble lord, are merely mistaken.

But I rejoice at this separation—I rejoice that they have left the single-hearted, and the disinterested, and the indefatigable, and the independent, and the numerous, and the sincere Catholics to work out their emancipation unclogged, unshackled, and undismayed. They have bestowed on us another bounty also—they have proclaimed the causes of their secession—they have placed out of doubt the cause of the divisions. It is not intemperance, for that we abandoned; it is not the introduction of ex-

traneous topics, for those we disclaimed; it is simply and purely, veto or no veto—restriction or no restriction—no other words; it is religion and principle that have divided us; thanks, many thanks to the tardy and remote candor of the seceders, that has at length written in large letters the cause of their secession—it is the Catholic church of Ireland—it is whether that church shall continue independent of a Protestant ministry or not. We are for its independence—the seceders are for its dependence.

Whatever shall be the fate of our emancipation question, thank God we are divided forever from those who would wish that our church should crouch to the partisans of the Orange system. Thank God, secession has displayed its clovén foot, and avowed itself to be synonymous with vetoism.

Those are our present prospects of success. First, man is elevated from slavery almost everywhere, and human nature has become more dignified, and, I may say, more valuable. Secondly, England wants our cordial support, and knows that she has only to concede to us justice in order to obtain our affectionate assistance. Thirdly, this is the season of successful petition, and the very fashion of the times entitles our petition to succeed. Fourthly, the Catholic cause is disengaged of hollow friends and interested speculators. Add to all these the native and inherent strength of the principle of religious freedom and the inert and accumulating weight of our wealth, our religion, and our numbers, and where is the sluggard that shall dare to doubt our approaching success?

Besides, even our enemies must concede to us that we act from principle, and from principle only. We prove our sincerity when we refuse to make our emancipation a subject of traffic and barter, and ask for relief only upon those grounds which, if once established, would give to every other sect the right to the same political immunity. All we ask is “a clear stage and no favor.” We think the Catholic religion the most rationally consistent with the divine scheme of Christianity, and, therefore, all we ask is that everybody should be left to his unbiased reason and judgment. If Protestants are equally sincere, why do they call the law, and the bribe, and the place, and the pension, in support of their doctrines? Why do they for-

tify themselves behind pains, and penalties, and exclusions, and forfeitures? Ought not our opponents to feel that they degrade the sanctity of their religion when they call in the profane aid of temporal rewards and punishments, and that they proclaim the superiority of our creed when they thus admit themselves unable to contend against it upon terms of equality, and by the weapons of reason and argument, and persevere in refusing us all we ask—"a clear stage and no favor"?

Yes, Mr. Chairman, our enemies, in words and by actions, admit and proclaim our superiority. It remains to our friends alone, and to that misguided and ill-advised portion of the Catholics who have shrunk into secession—it remains for those friends and seceders alone to undervalue our exertions, and underrate our conscientious opinions.

Great and good God! in what a cruel situation are the Catholics of Ireland placed! If they have the manliness to talk of their oppressors as the paltry bigots deserve—if they have the honesty to express, even in measured language, a small portion of the sentiments of abhorrence which peculating bigotry ought naturally to inspire—if they condemn the principle which established the Inquisition in Spain and Orange lodges in Ireland, they are assailed by the combined clamor of those parliamentary friends and title-seeking, place-hunting seceders. The war-whoop of "intemperance" is sounded, and a persecution is instituted by our advocates and our seceders—against the Catholic who dares to be honest, and fearless, and independent!

But I tell you what they easily forgive—nay, what our friends, sweet souls, would vindicate to-morrow in Parliament, if the subject arose there. Here it is—here is *The Dublin Journal* of the twenty-first of February, printed just two days ago. In the administration of Lord Whitworth, and the secretaryship of Mr. Peel, there is a government newspaper—a paper supported solely by the money of the people; for its circulation is little, and its private advertisements less. Here is a paper continued in existence like a wounded reptile—only whilst in the rays of the sun, by the heat and warmth communicated to it by the Irish administration. Let me read two passages for

you. The first calls “Popery the deadly enemy of pure religion and rational liberty.” Such is the temperate description the writer gives of the Catholic faith. With respect to purity of religion I shall not quarrel with him. I differ with him only in point of taste; but I should be glad to know what this creature calls rational liberty. I suppose such as existed at Lacedemon—the dominion of Spartans over Helots—the despotism of masters over slaves, that is his rational liberty. We will readily pass so much by. But attend to this:—

“I will,” says this moderate and temperate gentleman, “lay before the reader such specimens of the popish superstition as will convince him that the treasonable combinations cemented by oaths, and the nocturnal robbery and assassination which have prevailed for many years past in Ireland, and still exist in many parts of it, are produced as a necessary consequence by its intolerant and sanguinary principles.”

Let our seceders—let our gentle friends who are shocked at our intemperance, and are alive to the mild and conciliating virtues of Mr. Peel—read this passage, sanctioned I may almost say, certainly countenanced by those who do the work of governing Ireland. Would to God we had but one genuine, unsophisticated friend, one real advocate in the House of Commons! How such a man would pour down indignation on the clerks of the castle, who pay for this base and vile defamation of our religion—of the religion of nine tenths of the population of Ireland!

But perhaps I accuse falsely; perhaps the administration of Ireland are guiltless of patronizing these calumnies. Look at the paper and determine; it contains nearly five columns of advertisements—only one from a private person—and even that is a notice of an anti-Popery pamphlet, by a Mr. Cousins, a curate of the Established Church. Dean Swift has somewhere observed that the poorest of all possible rats was a curate [much laughing]; and if this rat be so, if he have, as usual, a large family, a great appetite, and little to eat, I sincerely hope that he may get what he wants—a fat living. Indeed, for the sake of consistency, and to keep up the succession of bad pamphlets, he ought to get a living.

Well, what think you are the rest of the advertisements? First, there are three from the worthy Commissioners of Wide Streets; one dated the sixth of August, 1813, announcing that they would, the ensuing Wednesday, receive certain proposals. Secondly, the Barony of Middlethird is proclaimed, as of the sixth of September last, for fear the inhabitants of that barony should not as yet know they were proclaimed. Thirdly, the proclamation against the Catholic Board, dated only the third day of June last, is printed lest any person should forget the history of last year. Fourthly, there is proclamation stating that gunpowder was not to be carried coastwise for six months, and this is dated the fifth of October last. But why should I detain you with the details of state proclamations, printed for no other purpose than as an excuse for putting so much of the public money into the pocket of a calumniator of the Catholics? The abstract of the rest is that there is one other proclamation, stating that Liverpool is a port fit for importation from the East Indies; another forbidding British subjects from serving in the American forces during the present, that is, the past war; and another stating that although we had made peace with France, we are still at war with America, and that, therefore, no marine is to desert; and to finish the climax, there is a column and a half of extracts from several statutes: all this printed at the expense of government—that is, at the expense of the people.

Look now at the species of services for which so enormous a sum of our money is thus wantonly lavished! It consists simply of calumnies against the Catholic religion—calumnies so virulently atrocious as, in despite of the intention of the authors, to render themselves ridiculous. This hireling accuses our religion of being an enemy to liberty, of being an encourager of treason, of instigating to robbery, and producing a system of assassination. Here are libels for which no prosecution is instituted. Here are libels which are considered worthy of encouragement, and which are rewarded by the Irish treasury. And is it for this—is it to supply this waste, this abuse of public money—is it to pay for those false and foul calumnies, that we are, in a season of universal peace, to be borne down with a war taxation? Are we to have two or three ad-

ditional millions of taxes imposed upon us in peace, in order that this intestine war of atrocious calumny may be carried on against the religion of the people of Ireland with all the vigor of full pay and great plunder? Let us, agitators, be now taunted by jobbers in Parliament with our violence, our intemperance. Why, if we were not rendered patient by the aid of a dignified contempt, is there not matter enough to disgust and to irritate almost beyond endurance?

Thus are we treated by our friends, and our enemies, and our seceders; the first abandon, the second oppress, the third betray us, and they all join in calumniating us; in the last they are all combined. See how naturally they associate—this libeler in *The Dublin Journal*, who calls the Catholic religion a system of assassination, actually praises in the same paper some individual Catholics; he praises, by name, Quarantotti, and my Lord Fingal [much laughing], and the respectable party (those are his words) who join with that noble lord.

Of Lord Fingal I shall always speak with respect, because I entertain the opinion that his motives are pure and honorable; but can anything, or at least ought anything, place his secession in so strong a point of view to the noble lord himself as to find that he and his party are praised by the very man who, in the next breath, treats his religion as a system of assassination? Let that party have all the enjoyment which such praises can confer; but if a spark of love for their religion or their country remains with them, let them recollect that they could have earned those praises only by having, in the opinion of this writer, betrayed the one and degraded the other.

This writer, too, attempts to traduce Lord Donoughmore. He attacks his lordship in bad English, and worse Latin, for having, as he says, cried peccavi to Popish thralldom. But the ignorant trader in virulence knew not how to spell that single Latin word, because they do not teach Latin at the charter schools.

I close with conjuring the Catholics to persevere in their present course.

Let us never tolerate the slightest inroad on the discipline of our ancient, our holy Church. Let us never consent that she should be made the hireling of the minis-

try. Our forefathers would have died, nay, they perished in hopeless slavery, rather than consent to such degradation.

Let us rest upon the barrier where they expired, or go back into slavery rather than forward into irreligion and disgrace. Let us also advocate our cause on the two great principles—first, that of an eternal separation in spirituals between our Church and the state; secondly, that of the eternal right to freedom of conscience—a right which, I repeat it with pride and pleasure, would exterminate the Inquisition in Spain and bury in oblivion the bloody Orange flag of dissension in Ireland!

JUSTICE FOR IRELAND.

It appears to me impossible to suppose that the House will consider me presumptuous in wishing to be heard for a short time on this question, especially after the distinct manner in which I have been alluded to in the course of the debate. If I had no other excuse, that would be sufficient; but I do not want it; I have another and a better—the question is one in the highest degree interesting to the people of Ireland. It is, whether we mean to do justice to that country—whether we mean to continue the injustice which has been already done to it, or to hold out the hope that it will be treated in the same manner as England and Scotland. That is the question. We know what “lip service” is; we do not want that. There are some men who will even declare that they are willing to refuse justice to Ireland; while there are others who, though they are ashamed to say so, are ready to consummate the iniquity, and they do so.

England never did do justice to Ireland—she never did. What we have got of it we have extorted from men opposed to us on principle—against which principle they have made us such concessions as we have obtained from them. The right honorable baronet opposite [Sir Robert Peel] says he does not distinctly understand what is meant by a principle. I believe him. He advocated religious exclusion on religious motives; he yielded that point at length,

when we were strong enough to make it prudent for him to do so.

Here am I calling for justice to Ireland; but there is a coalition to-night—not a base unprincipled one—God forbid!—it is an extremely natural one; I mean that between the right honorable baronet and the noble lord the member for North Lancashire [Lord Stanley]. It is a natural coalition, and it is impromptu; for the noble lord informs us he had not even a notion of taking the part he has until the moment at which he seated himself where he now is. I know his candor; he told us it was a sudden inspiration which induced him to take part against Ireland. I believe it with the most potent faith, because I know that he requires no preparation for voting against the interests of the Irish people. [Groans.] I thank you for that groan—it is just of a piece with the rest. I regret much that I have been thrown upon arguing this particular question, because I should have liked to have dwelt upon the speech which has been so graciously delivered from the throne to-day—to have gone into its details, and to have pointed out the many great and beneficial alterations and amendments in our existing institutions which it hints at and recommends to the House. The speech of last year was full of reforms in words, and in words only; but this speech contains the great leading features of all the salutary reforms the country wants; and if they are worked out fairly and honestly in detail, I am convinced the country will require no further amelioration of its institutions, and that it will become the envy and admiration of the world. I, therefore, hail the speech with great satisfaction.

It has been observed that the object of a king's speech is to say as little in as many words as possible; but this speech contains more things than words—it contains those great principles which, adopted in practice, will be most salutary not only to the British Empire, but to the world. When speaking of our foreign policy, it rejoices in the coöperation between France and this country; but it abstains from conveying any ministerial approbation of alterations in the domestic laws of that country which aim at the suppression of public liberty, and the checking of public discussion, such as call for individual reprobation.

tion, and which I reprobate as much as any one. I should like to know whether there is a statesman in the country who will get up in this House and avow his approval of such proceedings on the part of the French government. I know it may be done out of the House amid the cheers of an assembly of friends; but the government have, in my opinion, wisely abstained from reprobating such measures in the speech, while they have properly exulted in such a union of the two countries as will contribute to the national independence and the public liberty of Europe.

Years are coming over me, but my heart is as young and as ready as ever in the service of my country, of which I glory in being the pensionary and the hired advocate. I stand in a situation in which no man ever stood yet—the faithful friend of my country—its servant—its slave, if you will—I speak its sentiments by turns to you and to itself. I require no £20,000,000 on behalf of Ireland—I ask you only for justice: will you—can you—I will not say dare you refuse, because that would make you turn the other way. I implore you, as English gentlemen, to take this matter into consideration now, because you never had such an opportunity of conciliating. Experience makes fools wise; you are not fools, but you have yet to be convinced. I cannot forget the year 1825. We begged then as we would for a beggar's boon; we asked for emancipation by all that is sacred amongst us, and I remember how my speech and person were treated on the Treasury Bench, when I had no opportunity of reply. The other place turned us out and sent us back again, but we showed that justice was with us. The noble lord says the other place has declared the same sentiments with himself; but he could not use a worse argument. It is the very reason why we should acquiesce in the measure of reform, for we have no hope from that House—all our hopes are centered in this; and I am the living representative of those hopes. I have no other reason for adhering to the ministry than because they, the chosen representatives of the people of England, are anxiously determined to give the same measure of reform to Ireland as that which England has received. I have not fatigued myself, but the House, in coming forward upon this occasion. I may be laughed and sneered at by those who talk of my power; but what

has created it but the injustice that has been done in Ireland? That is the end and the means of the magic, if you please—the groundwork of my influence in Ireland.

If you refuse justice to that country, it is a melancholy consideration to me to think that you are adding substantially to that power and influence, while you are wounding my country to its very heart's core; weakening that throne, the monarch who sits upon which, you say you respect; severing that union which, you say, is bound together by the tightest links, and withholding that justice from Ireland which she will not cease to seek till it is obtained; every man must admit that the course I am taking is the legitimate and proper course—I defy any man to say it is not. Condemn me elsewhere as much as you please, but this you must admit. You may taunt the ministry with having coalesced me, you may raise the vulgar cry of "Irishman and Papist" against me, you may send out men called ministers of God to slander and calumniate me; they may assume whatever garb they please, but the question comes into this narrow compass. I demand, I respectfully insist on equal justice for Ireland, on the same principle by which it has been administered to Scotland and England. I will not take less. Refuse me that if you can.

REPEAL OF THE UNION.¹

From Speech at a meeting on June 29, 1813.

Your enemies say—and let them say it—that I wish for a separation between England and Ireland. The charge is false; it is, to use a modern quotation, as "false as hell!" And the men who originated, and those who seek to inculcate it, know it to be a falsehood. There lives not a man less desirous of a separation between the two countries—there lives not a man more deeply convinced that the connection between them, established upon the basis of one king and separate parliaments, would be of the utmost value to the peace and happiness of both countries, and to the liberties of the civilized world.

¹ O'Connell repudiates the accusation that he desires separation from England, and urges upon the people the wearing of their own manufactures.



Next, your enemies accuse me of a desire for the independence of Ireland. I admit the charge, and let them make the most of it. I *have* seen Ireland a kingdom; I reproach myself with having lived to behold her a province! Yes, I confess it—I will ever be candid upon the subject—I *have* an ulterior object—THE REPEAL OF THE UNION, and THE RESTORATION TO OLD IRELAND OF HER INDEPENDENCE. I am told that it is indiscreet to avow this intention. It may be so, but in public affairs discretion may easily pass into dissimulation, and I will not be guilty of it. And if to repeal the union be the first service that can be rendered to Ireland, as it clearly is, I for one most readily and heartily offer to postpone our emancipation, in order to promote the cause of our country.

But let me not be mistaken. It is true, as I declare, that I desire the restoration of our Irish parliament; I would sacrifice my existence to restore to Ireland her independent legislature, but I do *not* desire to restore precisely such a parliament as she had before. No: the act of restoration necessarily implies a reformation which would for ever abolish the ridiculous but most criminal traffic in the representative privileges. The new Irish legislature would, of course, be purged of all the close boroughs. The right to nominate to parliament should no longer be a matter of traffic or of family arrangement; it should not be, as it is at present, private property—so much so that I could name to you a borough in which a seat in parliament is vested by regular marriage settlement.—I could tell you the date and number of the registry in which a judge of the land and a country gentleman are trustees to raise money upon it for the benefit of the younger children of a baronet; this traffic—this most odious and disgusting traffic—should be abolished at once and for ever were our parliament restored to us.

Desiring as I do the repeal of the union, I rejoice to see how our enemies promote that great object. Yes, they promote its inevitable success by their very hostility to Ireland; they delay the liberties of the Catholic, but they compensate us most amply, because they advance the restoration of Ireland; by leaving one cause of agitation they have created and they will embody and give shape and form to a public mind and a public spirit. Ireland lay in

torpor till roused by the call for religious liberty. She would, I fear and I am convinced, have relapsed into apathy if liberty of conscience had been speedily conceded. Let them delay emancipation but yet a little while, and they will find that they have roused the sleeping lion of Ireland to awaking activity, which will not permit our further slumber till Ireland is herself again. They may still, perchance, think of administering the narcotic of religious freedom, which may tend to re-establish political lethargy; but only let them allow our discussions to continue, let them suffer our agitators to proceed—let the love of country and even the desire of notoriety be permitted to excite fresh agitators, and, above all, let the popular mind become accustomed to the consideration of public subjects and to the vehemence of political contest, and they know nothing of human nature who imagine that they can with a breath still the tempest that they shall have thus excited, or be able to quiet a people whom they shall have roused to a sense of their wrongs, and to a knowledge of their own strength and importance! I repeat it! The delay of emancipation I hear with pleasure, because in that delay is included the only prospect of obtaining my great, my ultimate object—the legislative independence of my native land!

I have wandered from my subject, but I have not forsaken your cause. The very calumnies of your enemies and mine lead us to the discussion of topics which it is for their own interest to bury, if they can, in eternal oblivion! The manner in which I shall refute their calumnies is by endeavoring to serve you. I cannot do that better than by tendering to you my humble but my honest advice. The present period peculiarly calls for that advice. Emissaries are abroad, agents have been employed, abundance of money and great encouragements are held out to those who may seduce you from your allegiance. Your enemies cannot put you down unless you yourselves lend them assistance. Your cause must triumph unless you yourselves crush it. You have the fate of Ireland in your hands—upon you, and upon you alone, does it depend. . . .

I am deeply anxious to impress upon those who hear me or may chance to read a report of what I utter—I am most

deeply anxious to impress upon the minds and understandings of every true Irishman that disloyalty to his sovereign would be double treason to his country; it would be perjury, aggravated by folly, and followed by the eternal extinction of the liberties of Ireland. And what prospect could there possibly be of aught besides destruction? You would have no friends—no supporters. We, who now join you in bearing down upon our oppressors—we, who expose the hypocrites that cover their bigotry in the stolen garments of religion—we, who are ready to run every danger, to sustain every calumny and every loss and personal inconvenience in your cause, so long as you conduct that cause within the limits of the constitution—we, in whom you confide would, and *must* be found, if you violate the law, in the ranks of your enemies, and in arms!

For myself, I will tell you honestly, that if ever that fatal day arrive, you will find me arrayed against you. There will not be so heavy a heart, but there will not be a more ready hand to sustain the constitution against every enemy! . . .

I have, I own, been tedious in the advice I have given you for the regulation of your conduct, but think not that I recommend to you to submit to Orange outrage and insult. Let them go to war with you, do you content yourself with going to *law* with them. If they dare to attack the wealthy Catholic—a proceeding they are generally much too prudent to adopt, the wealthy Catholic can protect himself. If they attack the poor we are bound, and willing, to procure protection for him; on his behalf the protection of the law shall be exerted. I am able to promise it, because the Catholic Board has the rich treasury of the Irish heart to draw upon in order to procure the funds necessary to afford this protection. I repeat it, no illegal outrage shall be committed with impunity by the Orange banditti upon the poor or the hitherto unprotected. This is the first duty that we owe to the patient people.

We owe them another. We owe them the home market; we owe them the consumption of Irish manufactures—the consumption of *nothing but Irish manufactures*.

Yes, it is a solemn duty imposed upon the Irish Catholics to give to their own countrymen the priority of their

custom. One would imagine that it ought to require no argument to enforce this duty; but the melancholy fact is, that Ireland is debased and degraded, first, and principally, because Irishmen have given a perverse preference to everything that was *not* Irish. We enrich the bigots of England, and we leave our own manufacturers starving, and then we talk of our patriotism! In fact, the clothing districts in England are the most bigoted portions of it. The no-Popery cry commenced last year in the very center of the cloth manufactory. It commenced with the dealers in cloth at Pontefract in Yorkshire, and I need only appeal to the Leeds newspaper for the absurd virulence with which persecution is advocated in that town.

Why, in that very paper I read about a fortnight ago an account of a fresh rebellion in Ireland—nay, in Dublin! As none of you heard of it, let me inform you that it actually took place. I forget the day, but that is not material. It took place in Exchequer Street. The Nottingham regiment covered itself with glory! They fought the Popish rebels for two hours; the rebels ascended the houses, fired out of the windows, threw brickbats and large stones from the roofs! Two regiments of horse, three regiments of foot, the flying-artillery from Island Bridge, and the regiment of artillery from Chapelizod, all shared in the honor of the day! and, at length, the main body of the rebels retired to the Wicklow Mountains, and the residue of them went to bed in town; fortunately no person was killed or wounded, and tranquillity was restored by a miracle. Do you imagine I jest with you? No; I solemnly assure you that the story is gravely told in the Leeds newspaper. Some of the London journals have copied it, even to the scrap of bad Latin with which Yorkshire dullness has adorned it; and there is not a maker of woolen cloth at Leeds that would not swear to the truth of every sentence and every word of it.

And are these the men for whom you are making fortunes? Are there not, perhaps, hundreds that have been clothed in the “fabric of these dullest of all malignant bigots”? Probably the wretch who fabricated the lie is himself engaged in the woolen trade, and that Irish Catholics are his customers and consumers. Let us teach these drivellers and dotards that they cannot insult us with

impunity. The most sensitive part of an Englishman is his purse; let us apply ourselves to this his organ of sensitiveness, and make him feel in his tenderest part the absurdity of rousing an anti-Anglican spirit amongst us; by this will you punish your enemies; but what is still more delightful, by this will you encourage and stimulate the industry of your own poor countrymen.

Let us leave to the Orangemen the produce of England. The Orangemen are the sworn enemies of Ireland, and naturally enough have ratified their alliance with England. But let us recollect that our own tradesmen are starving; that it is in vain to preach loyalty and obedience to the laws if we leave our people without employment, if we encourage English industry and thereby promote idleness in Ireland. For my own part, I have long made it a scrupulous duty not to wear anything that was not Irish; and if you will sanction so humble an example by your imitation, you will confer wealth and content upon those who, in their turn, will powerfully aid you in the pursuit of your liberties. I shall move, and I am confident you will adopt, a resolution to this effect.

I have also one resolution more to propose. I mean to move—"That the board should prepare a second petition to the legislature to take into consideration the judicial system in Ireland—the administration of the law amongst us." We all know—and by sad experience we feel—how it is administered. It has been more than once said, quaintly and not untruly, that voting for the union did not make a man a good lawyer. We all know that it did not, but it made many men judges; and some it made judges who had never held a brief. But this is not what I complain of at present; it is something more immediately injurious; it is the profligacy that is induced by the present state of the law in the mode of selecting *juries*! I need not remind you of the care with which every Catholic is excluded from the panel—or at least from the jury—when any question interesting to us is to be tried. How carefully every envenomed bigot is congregated to pronounce a verdict of conviction by anticipation. Our petition must state these facts, and we will offer to prove them in their details. For example, we will offer to prove that a man in the class of bank director has been heard to declare in

public company that he wanted no money from government; all he asked was that when they had a Papist to try them they should put him on the jury.

COLONIAL SLAVERY, 1831.

No man can more sincerely abhor, detest, and abjure slavery than I do. I hold it in utter detestation, however men may attempt to palliate or excuse it by differences of color, creed, or clime. In all its gradations, and in every form, I am its mortal foe. The speech of an opponent on this question has filled me with indignation. "What," said this party, "would you come in between a man and his freehold!" I started as if something unholy had trampled on my father's grave, and I exclaimed with horror, "A freehold in a human being!" I know nothing of this individual; I give him credit for being a gentleman of humanity; but, if he be so, it only makes the case the stronger; for the circumstance of such a man upholding such a system shows the horrors of that system in itself and its effect in deceiving the minds of those who are connected with it, wherever it exists. We are told that the slave is *not fit* to receive his freedom—that he could not endure freedom without revolting. Why, does he not endure slavery without revolting? With all that he has to bear, he does not revolt now; and will he be more ready to revolt when you take away the lash? Foolish argument!

But I will take them upon their own ground—the ground of *gradual* amelioration and preparation. Well; are not eight years of education sufficient to prepare a man for anything? Seven years are accounted quite sufficient for an apprenticeship to any profession, or for any art or science; and are not eight years enough for the negro? If eight years have passed away without preparation, so would eighty, if we were to allow them so many. There is a time for everything—but it would seem there is no time for the emancipation of the slave. Mr. Buxton most ably and unanswerably stated to the House of Commons the awful decrease in population; that, in fourteen

colonies, in the course of ten years, there had been a decrease in the population of 145,801—that is, in other words, 145,801 human beings had been murdered by this system—their bodies gone to the grave—their spirits before their God. In the eight years that they have had to educate their slaves for liberty, but which have been useless to them—in those eight years, one-twelfth have gone into the grave murdered! Every day, ten victims are thus dispatched! While we are speaking, they are sinking; while we are debating, they are dying! As human, as accountable beings, why should we suffer this any longer? Let every man take his own share in this business. I am resolved, if sent back to Parliament, that I will bear my part. I purpose fully to divide the House on the motion, that every negro child born after the first of January, 1832, shall be free. They say, “Oh, do not emancipate the slaves suddenly; they are not prepared, they will revolt!” Are they afraid of the insurrection of the infants? Or, do you think that the mother will rise up in rebellion as she hugs her little freeman to her breast, and thinks that he will one day become her protector? Or, will she teach him to be her avenger? Oh, no! there can be no such pretense.

I will carry with me to my own country the recollection of this splendid scene. Where is the man that can resist the argument of this day? I go to my native land under its influence; and let me remind you that land has its glory, that no slave ship was ever launched from any of its numerous ports. I will gladly join any party to do good to the poor negro slaves. Let each extend to them the arm of his compassion; let each aim to deliver his fellow-man from distress. I shall go and tell my countrymen that they must be first in this race of humanity.

SOME ANECDOTES OF O'CONNELL.

O'Connell went down to Kingstown, near Dublin, with a party, to visit a queen's ship-of-war, which was then riding in the bay. After having seen it, O'Connell proposed a walk to the top of Killiney Hill. Breaking from the rest of his party, he ascended to the highest point of the hill, in company with

a young and real Irish patriot, whose character was brimful of national enthusiasm. The day was fine, and the view from the summit of the hill burst gloriously upon the sight. The beautiful bay of Dublin, like a vast sheet of crystal, was at their feet. The old city of Dublin stretched away to the west, and to the north was the bold promontory of Howth, jutting forth into the sea. To the south were the Dublin and Wicklow mountains, inclosing the lovely vale of Shanganah, rising picturesquely against the horizon. The scene was beautiful, with all the varieties of sunlight and shadow. O'Connell enjoyed it with nearly as much rapture as his youthful and ardent companion, who broke forth: "It is all Ireland!—oh! how beautiful! Thank God we see nothing English here. Everything we see is Irish!" His rapture was interrupted by O'Connell gently laying his hand on his shoulder, and pointing to the ship-of-war at anchor, as he exclaimed: "*A speck of the British power!*" The thought was electric. That speck, significantly pointed out by O'Connell, suggested the whole painful history of his fatherland to the memory of the ardent young Irishman.

A "POINTED" QUOTATION.

Mr. Goulburn, while secretary for Ireland, visited Killarney, when O'Connell (then on circuit) happened to be there. Both stopped at Finn's hotel, and chanced to get bedrooms opening off the same corridor. The early habits of O'Connell made him be up at cock-crow.

Finding the hall door locked, and so hindered from walking outside, he commenced walking up and down the corridor. To pass the time, he repeated aloud some of Moore's poetry, and had just uttered the lines—

" We tread the land that bore us,
The green flag flutters o'er us,
The friends we 've tried are by our side—"

At this moment Goulburn popped his nightcapped head out to see what was the matter. O'Connell instantly pointed his finger at him, and finished the verse—

" And the foe we hate before us ! "

In went Goulburn's head in the greatest hurry.

LIFE IN DEATH.

In a trial about the validity of a will, O'Connell, for the heir-at-law, was pressing on a witness to the will. To more than one question asked of him whether the testator was alive

when he signed the document, his unvarying answer was, "There was life in Mr. So-and-so when he was signing the will." The able and acute counselor, thinking at last that he had got within the wily knave's defenses, cried out at him, "Now, by the solemn oath you have taken, and as you shall one day answer for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, was there not a live fly in the dead man's mouth, when his hand was put to the will?" The trembling witness confessed that so it was.

GREAT CRY AND LITTLE WOOL.

Once at a public meeting O'Connell illustrated the system adopted by the peasants to deprive themselves of little, and give even less than that little to the rectors, while they were subject to the tithe nuisance.

"Paddy," says the rector, "you owe me £1 17s. 6d."—"What for, your reverence?"—"Tithes, Paddy."—"Then I suppose you gave the family some value before I was born. Surely you never gave anything to me that I remember. But, please your reverence, I have no money."—"You have a cow, Paddy."—"But if your reverence takes her, what will Norah and the childher do?"—"Well, I'm sorry, but the cow must be dis-trained."

Paddy stamps TITHES on the cow's side, and not a soul in the three townlands will buy her. So the disappointed man gets a regiment and a half of redcoats, and they and their officers, all gentlemen by birth and education, march seventeen miles across bogs and fields, and along bad roads, and bring the cow to Carlow. There the auction is to take place. The crowd collect, and the parson rubs his hands. "There will be bidders enough now." The cow is put up at £2—no bidder; £1—no bidder; 10s.—no bidder; 5s. 6d.—18d.—not a soul will bid, and the cow goes back to Norah and the childher.

SAVED BY A STRAW.

O'Connell was engaged for a man at the Cork Assizes, but neither he nor the attorney had the slightest hopes of saving him from the gibbet. Sergeant Lefroy occupied the chair of the circuit judge, who was ill at the time, and the counselor rightly conjectured that he would be averse, except in an extreme case, to utter the doom of death. He resolved on an unusual line of proceeding, and tormented the witness for the Crown with a series of annoying questions not bearing in any shape on the subject. Sergeant Goold, the Crown prosecutor, objected to this proceeding, and the judge was obliged to say

he could not allow Mr. O'Connell to proceed any longer in that line of examination.

"Well then, my lord," said he, after some parley, "as you refuse to allow me to defend my client, I leave his fate in your hands." He flung down his brief and left the court, saying the while, "The blood of that man, my lord, will be on your head if he is condemned." The far-seeing and accurately judging advocate well knew what he was doing in throwing such responsibility on an inexperienced and humane judge. In about half-an-hour, as he was pacing the flags outside, his attorney, forgetful of his hat, came running to announce success. The judge had charged so favorably that the prisoner was acquitted.

RETENTIVE MEMORY.

At Derrynane he was sitting one morning, surrounded by country people, some asking his advice, some his assistance, others making their grievances known. Amongst the rest was a farmer rather advanced in life, a swaggering sort of fellow, who was desirous to carry his point by impressing the Liberator with the idea of his peculiar honesty and respectability. He was anxious that O'Connell should decide a matter in dispute between him and a neighboring farmer who, he wished to insinuate, was not as good as he ought to be. "For my part, I, at least, can boast that neither I nor mine were ever brought before a judge or sent to jail, however it was with others."

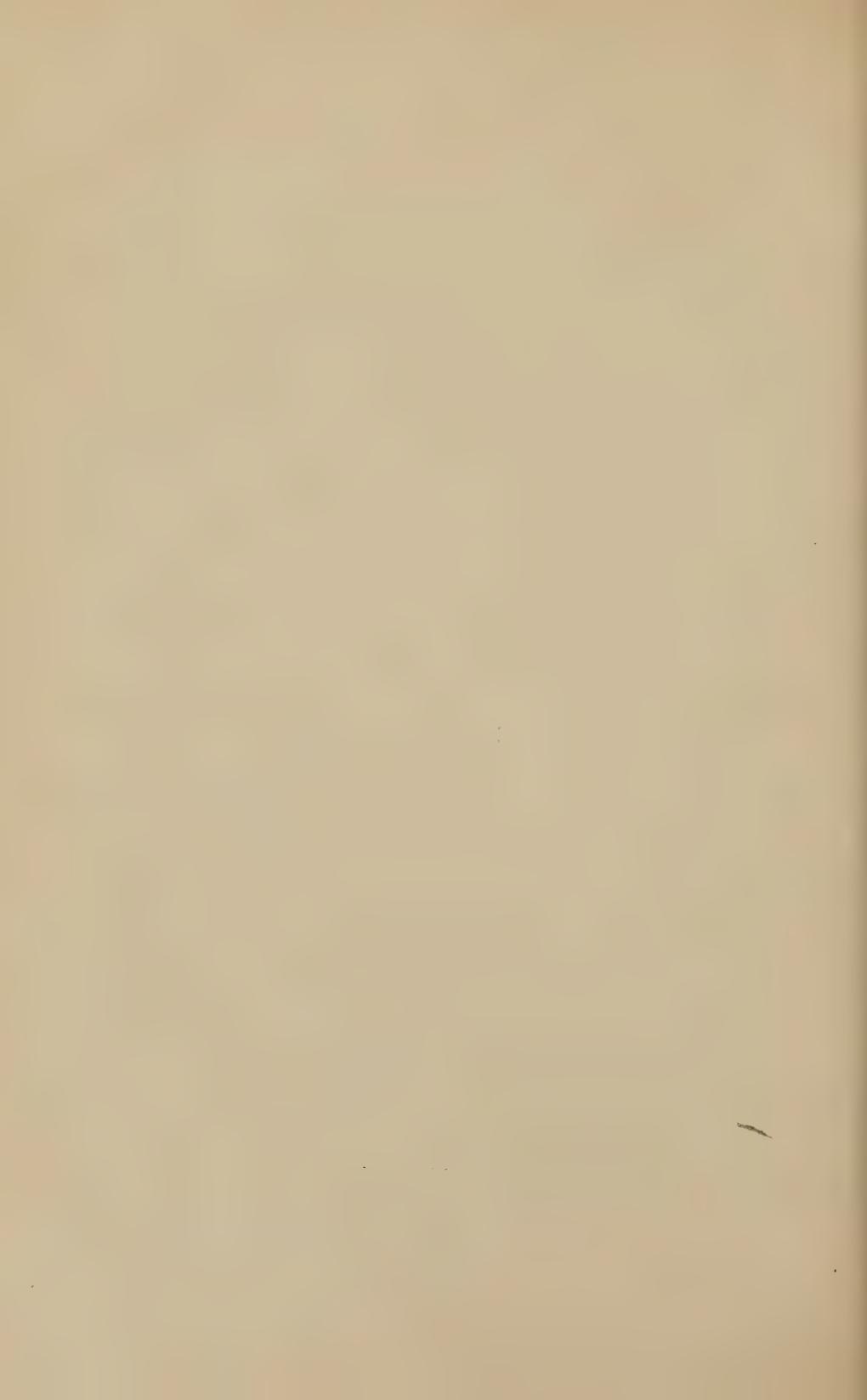
"Stop, stop, my fine fellow," cried the Liberator—"Let me see," pausing a moment. "Let me see; it is now just twenty-five years ago, last August, that I myself saved you from transportation, and had you discharged from the dock."

The man was thunderstruck! he thought such a matter could not be retained in the great man's mind. He shrunk away, murmuring that he should get justice elsewhere, and never appeared before the Liberator afterwards.

ENLIGHTENED BY A COW STEALER.

O'Connell having extricated from his embarrassment a worthy who had killed a neighbor's cow, and was found in suspicious proximity to the beef, was waited on by the rascal to receive thanks for his masterly defense. The fattest cow in the herd having been selected, the counselor was curious to know how the choice fell on that particular animal, as the night when execution took place had been very dark. "Well, counselor, I'll put you up to it. When you go for to steal a cow mind and 'take the one that 's farthest from the ditch. The poor thin crathurs always goes to the ditch for shelter, while the fat bastes keeps outside."





THOMAS POWER O'CONNOR.

(1848 —)

THOMAS POWER O'CONNOR, one of the most brilliant and strenuous of London journalists, and one of the most genial of men, was born in Athlone, Ireland, in 1848. He was educated at the College of the Immaculate Conception in that city and at Queen's College, Galway, whence he was graduated with distinguished honors.

In 1867 he entered journalism as a junior reporter on Saunders' *News Letter*, a conservative Dublin paper. In 1870 he went to London in search of employment, and it was not long before he was appointed a sub-editor on *The Daily Telegraph*. He was employed in the London office of the *New York Herald* in 1881 and came to this country to lecture for the Irish cause. He spoke in nearly all the large cities during a stay of seven months, and was successful in raising a great sum of money.

He introduced a revolution into London journalism when he founded *The Star*, an evening newspaper, modeled in many ways on American lines and infused with the spirit of American editorship. He successively founded *The Sun* and *The Weekly Sun*, each of which had a successful career, and although no longer under his control, they are all three doing good and useful work to-day.

He introduced the personal element into his newspapers to an extent unknown aforetime in England, but without the element of offensiveness which has been inseparably connected, in the minds of some English people, with certain phases of American journalism. In his newspapers he always had a column with the standing headline "Mainly About People." This was so successful a feature of his daily papers that he now edits a weekly journal with the title "M. A. P.," which consists wholly of interesting information about men and women who are in the public eye.

While thus active in the world of journalism, he has been no less busily occupied in politics. He first entered Parliament as member for Galway in 1880, and he has sat for a division of Liverpool since 1885. He is a pleasing, persuasive, and eloquent speaker, and his talents are always devoted to the service of the country of his birth. He is familiarly known in the world of journalism and in the House of Commons as "Tay Pay," and when he is "up" he never has to speak to empty benches.

But not alone have journalism and politics occupied his busy life—he has written several books also. His 'Lord Beaconsfield,' a biography, written at "white-heat," is a powerful and brilliant, if somewhat one-sided book. But this and 'The Parnell Movement' and 'Gladstone's House of Commons' will be valued by the historian for their vivid and clear impressions. He has also written 'Napoleon' and the 'Phantom Millions.'

In politics he was a follower of Parnell. He was one of the Executive of the Land League in England and Ireland, and in 1883 he became President of the Irish National League of Great Britain.—C. W.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE GREAT HOME RULE DEBATE.

From 'The Great Irish Struggle.'

Before entering on a description of the scenes which took place in the House on the Home Rule bill in 1886, it will be well to give a rapid sketch of the principal engaged in the mighty struggle, Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone is marked, physically as well as mentally, for a great leader. He is about five feet nine inches high, but looks taller. His build is muscular, and but a short time ago he was able to take a hand at felling a tree with young men. There was a time when he was one of the most skillful horsemen. He is still a great pedestrian, and there scarcely passes a day that he is not to be seen walking.

He walks with his head thrown back, and a step firm and rapid. His countenance is singularly beautiful. He has large, dark eyes, that flash brilliantly even in his age. Deep set and with heavy eyelids, they sometimes give the impression of the eyes of a hooded eagle. He has a large, exquisitely chiseled nose. The mouth also is finely modeled. The head is unusually large. It was in early youth covered with thick, black hair. The brow is lofty and broad, and very expressive. The complexion is white almost as wax, and gives the face a look of wonderful delicacy. The face is the most expressive in the House of Commons. It reflects every emotion as clearly and rapidly as a summer lake its summer sky. When Mr. Gladstone is angry his brow is clouded and his eyes shine. When he is amused his face beams. When he is contemplative his lips curl and his head is tossed. His air is joyous if things go well, and mournful when things go ill; though when the final trial comes and he stands convinced that he must meet absolute and resistless defeat, he looks out with dignified tranquillity.

All the passions of the human soul shine forth by his look and gesture. His voice is powerful, and at the same time can be soft, can rise in menace or sink in entreaty. Allusions have been made to the vast and heterogeneous stores of learning which are in this single man's brain.

He has extraordinary subtlety of mind, so that he is able to present a case in a thousand different lights. And it is this faculty that has sometimes given him the unpleasant and undeserved reputation of sophistry and of duplicity. He speaks as a rule with considerable vehemence and gesticulates freely.

To speak of him as the first orator of the House of Commons is to give a very inadequate estimate of his position. Over and over again in the course of his career he has turned a battle, when he was seemingly just beaten, into a victory; and nobody is ever able to say how things will go until Mr. Gladstone has first spoken. Lord Beaconsfield up to the time of his death presented to the people a contrast and a counter attraction. The late Tory leader was a poor charlatan at bottom, but he was a brilliant and strong-willed man that passed through a romantic and picturesque career. With the death of Lord Beaconsfield passed away the last man who could venture to be brought into rivalry with Mr. Gladstone, and so he stands alone as the last survival of a race of giants. His effect thus upon people outside of Parliament is almost as great as upon those who are inside its walls. There seems to be something so lofty and pure in his purpose that men follow him with something of fanaticism. The restlessness of his energy produces equally earnest work for his followers, and his own exhaustless funds of enthusiasm and sunny optimism make other men passionate strugglers for the right. The hand of Gladstone has changed the map of Europe, and first really gave birth to the Christian nationalities in the East, which are now emerging into freedom and light after ages of dark thraldom under the Mussulman. In addition to these things he is credited with immense parliamentary skill.

He began his advocacy of Home Rule with an extraordinary prestige. The difficulties were felt to be gigantic, dangerous pitfalls to be everywhere around; but men had faith in the star of Gladstone, and he had faith in it himself also. His nerve never fails. Physically he is one of the very bravest of men, for he has never been known to show, under any circumstances, the least sign of physical fear. Whatever might take place in the coming contest, one thing was certain: Mr. Gladstone having once put

his hand to the plow would not turn back until he had guided it to its ultimate destination. . . .

The 8th of April was fixed as the day for Mr. Gladstone to unfold his new Irish policy. Never in the whole course of his great career had he an audience more splendid. Every seat in every gallery was crowded. The competition for places in the House itself had led to scenes unprecedented in the history of that assembly. The Irish members were of course more anxious than any others to secure a good position. The English members were not quite so early as the Irish, but they were not far behind; and long before noon there was not a seat left for any newcomer. Mr. Gladstone's speech began by showing the state of social order in Ireland.

Then he asked the question whether Coercion had succeeded in keeping down crime. He pointed out that exceptional legislation which introduces exceptional provisions into the law ought itself to be in its own nature essentially and absolutely exceptional, and it has become not exceptional but habitual. Then he proceeded to give a reason why Coercion had failed. Having proved that Coercion was no longer applicable to the case of Ireland he went on to ask whether there was no alternative. He went on to say that he did not think the people of England and Scotland would again resort to such ferocious Coercion as he had described, until it had exhausted every other alternative. He then showed that England and Scotland have each a much nearer approach to autonomy under Parliament than Ireland has. He next discussed the possibility of reconciling local self-government with imperial unity, and after that treated, in a masterly way, the nature of the present union of the kingdoms under one Parliament. He discussed in a summary way several of the solutions which had been proposed for the difficulties which the case involved, showing their insufficiency. He then announced his own plan of giving Ireland a local administration and a local Parliament for home affairs, and at the same time gave reasons for rejecting the idea of giving Irish representatives seats in the Houses of the British Parliament, the Irish members to have a vote on imperial affairs. He gave it as his opinion that the fiscal unity of the empire should be maintained, except as

regards moneys raised by local taxation for local purposes.

He then showed that Ireland needed administrative as well as legislative independence. He announced the plan of reserving certain subjects with which the Irish legislature should have no power to deal, such as the succession, regencies, prerogatives, and other matters pertaining to the Crown; the army and navy; foreign and colonial relations; certain already established and chartered rights; and the establishment or endowment of any particular religion; the laws of coinage, trade and navigation —these subjects being reserved for imperial legislation.

He then proposed a plan on which the Irish legislature might be organized; suggested the powers and prerogatives of the Viceroy and of his Privy Council; and announced a plan by which the financial relations of Ireland to the rest of the Empire might be established. He next criticised as wasteful the present expenditure of public money in Ireland, and discussed the Irish exchequer and the future of Irish credit. In discussing the financial part of his scheme for Home Rule, Mr. Gladstone made some very suggestive remarks, and concluded the whole matter by saying:

“I ask you to show to Europe and to America that we too can face political problems which America twenty years ago faced, and which many countries in Europe have been called upon to face and have not feared to deal with. I ask that in our own case we should practice with firm and fearless hand what we have so often preached—the doctrine which we have so often inculcated upon others—namely, that the concession of local self-government is not the way to sap or impair, but the way to strengthen and consolidate, unity. I ask that we should learn to rely less upon merely written stipulations, more upon those better stipulations which are written on the heart and mind of man.

“I ask that we should apply to Ireland that happy experience which we have gained in England and in Scotland, where the course of generations has now taught us, not as a dream or a theory but as practice and as life, that the best and surest foundation we can find to build upon is the foundation afforded by the affections, the convic-

tions, and the will of the nation ; and it is thus, by the decree of the Almighty, that we may be enabled to secure at once the social peace, the fame, the power, and the permanence of the Empire."

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

From 'Lord Beaconsfield: A Biography.'

Here I leave him for the present. Such then as I have described—in language of severity, I admit, but in the language of strict truth—is the man to whom England intrusts her destinies. It appears to me that I have proved that if ever there were a man unworthy of that lofty position it is Lord Beaconsfield. It appears to me that I have proved beyond a possibility of doubt in any reasonable mind, that throughout his whole career his sole absorbing thought has been himself, and that to carry out his own advancement he has sacrificed every principle which men hold dear.

I have proved, I think, that all through his life he has been fulfilling the candid utterances of his boyhood, and has been playing with every feeling, with every public man, with every party, with every interest of England, with the recklessness of the foreigner to whom all these things were but as worthless cards in the great game of ambition he was playing. I do not judge this man from the standpoint of the Pharisee. I know that life is thorny and man is vain ; that the politician is subject to even yet stronger temptations than most other men, and that before these temptations even the purest of mind and the most honest of purpose have frequently fallen.

If, therefore, in the course of Lord Beaconsfield's life I could point to nothing worse than occasional though great errors and misdeeds, I should be ready to pass a more favorable verdict upon him. Some of the most splendid figures in political history are besmirched all over. When I bow down before the mighty genius and the great services of Mirabeau, the pale ghost of Sophie Le Monnier

rises up to denounce him. There comes back to me the memory of the dirty gold received probably for dirty services in the garden of the Tuileries; there comes back his hundred other crimes; but I recall at the same time one thing in the man that, if it cannot destroy, at least chastens our indignation. The great French Tribune, amid the mire of his follies, his excesses, and his crimes, had at least some genuineness in him. He was, with all his faults, capable of sincere conviction, and when animated by that conviction he was as pure, as sincere, and as high of purpose as even the man who had passed from the cradle to the grave without one great sin.

But in Lord Beaconsfield I find no such redeeming feature. That whole character is complete in its selfishness, that whole career is uniform in its dishonesty. Throughout his whole life I do not find even on a single occasion a generous emotion, one self-sacrificing act, a moment of sincere conviction—except that of the almighty perfection of himself. I find him uniform in all his dealings with his fellow-man, and behind every word he utters I can only see the ever-vigilant custodian of his own interests. And it is this perfect uniformity in his character and career that most estranges me. We know that too often in the course of a man's life his original nature is warped. Disappointment, suffering, unresisted temptations, harden many a heart that was once soft, lower many a nature that was once high. But even in their degradation these men carry the relics of their better past. As the completest wreck recalls most vividly the stately ship, the wildest ruin the lofty mansion, the very recklessness of such men's vice is the most eloquent testimony to the elevation of their early strivings.

But Lord Beaconsfield is the same from the beginning; as he is in old age, as he was in middle age, so he was in youth. His maturity without virtues is the natural sequel to his youth without generous illusions. There is throughout the same selfishness—calm, patient, unhaunting, unresting. Such a man the myriads of this mighty Empire accept as chief ruler; for such a man millions of pure hearts beat with genuine emotion; to such a man it is given to sway by his single will your fortunes and mine,

and even those of the countless generations yet to come. Which shall a near posterity most wonder at—the audacity of the impostor, or the blindness of the dupe?—the immensity of the worship, or the pettiness of the idol?

“ Such is the world. Understand it, despise it, love it; cheerfully hold on thy way through it with thy eyes on higher loadstars.”

EUGENE O'CURRY.

(1796—1862.)

EUGENE O'CURRY, the great native scholar who, as Mr. Douglas Hyde says, “possessed a unique and unrivaled knowledge of Irish literature in all its forms,” was born in Dunaha, County Clare, in the year 1796. His father was thoroughly acquainted with the Irish language, and had a wonderful knowledge of the traditions and antiquities of his country. He possessed, besides, a number of Irish manuscripts. He taught his son Eugene the Irish language, and stored his young mind with the legends and stories of his native country.

On account of this accomplishment, and through an accidental acquaintance with George Smith, the enterprising publisher of ‘The Annals of the Four Masters,’ he was chosen in 1834, in conjunction with O’Donovan, and under the direction of Dr. George Petrie, to make extracts from Irish manuscripts. His labors were unremitting, and when Government in a fit of economy put a stop to the work, over four hundred quarto volumes had been collected, relating to laws, language, customs, antiquities, etc., of ancient Ireland, a considerable portion of the research and transcription having been accomplished by O’Curry. (See the account of the life and labors of O’Donovan later on in this library.) While thus engaged, he was one day visited by the poet Moore, in connection with which visit is told an anecdote that points its own moral.

“The first volume of Moore’s ‘History,’ ” writes O’Curry, “was published in the year 1835, and in the year 1839, during one of his visits to the land of his birth, he, in company with his old and attached friend, Dr. Petrie, favored me with quite an unexpected visit at the Royal Irish Academy, then in Grafton Street. I was at that time employed on the Ordnance Survey of Ireland, and at the time of his visit happened to have before me on my desk the ‘Books of Ballymote’ and ‘Lecain,’ and ‘Leabhar Breac,’ ‘The Annals of the Four Masters,’ and many other ancient books for historical research and reference.

“I had never before seen Moore, and, after a brief introduction and explanation of the nature of my occupation by Dr. Petrie, and seeing the formidable array of so many dark and time-worn volumes by which I was surrounded, he looked a little disconcerted, but after a while plucked up courage to open the ‘Book of Ballymote’ and ask what it was. Dr. Petrie and myself then entered into a short explanation of the history and character of the books then present, as well as of ancient Gaedhlic documents in general. Moore listened with great attention, alternately scanning the books and myself, and then asked me, in a serious tone, if I understood them, and how I had learned to do so. Having satisfied him upon these points, he turned to Dr. Petrie and said: ‘Petrie, these huge tomes could not have been written by fools or for any foolish purpose. I never

knew anything about them before, and I had no right to have undertaken the ‘History of Ireland.’”

We next find O’Curry in the Royal Irish Academy, copying various Irish manuscripts and making catalogues in company with Dr. Todd, for use by the Irish Archeological Society. The Irish manuscripts in the British Museum were also placed in order and catalogued by him. He was appointed professor of Irish history and archeology to the Catholic University on the establishment of that institution. In his later days he transcribed and translated the Irish laws, in conjunction with his learned colleague O’Donovan, for the Brehon Law Commissioners, for which it seems he received a very poor remuneration.

His ‘Lectures on the Manuscript Materials of Ancient Irish History’ was published in 1861. It gave an account of the lost books of the earlier period of Irish history, namely, ‘The Yellow Book of Slane,’ ‘The Psalters of Tara and Cashel,’ ‘The Books of Cluainic-Nois,’ ‘The Speckled Book of St. Buithe’s Monastery,’ ‘The Book of Clonfert,’ ‘The Black Book of St. Molaga.’ Although this work contained perhaps profounder knowledge and deeper research in Irish literature than any up to that time published, O’Curry says of it, in his simple, modest way : “I may claim for it at least the poor merit of being the *first* effort ever made to bring within the view of the student of Irish history and archeology an honest, if not a complete, analysis of all the materials of that yet unwritten story, which lies accessible, indeed, in our native language, but the great body of which—the flesh and blood of all the true history of Ireland—remains to this day unexamined and unknown to the world.”

He also translated the oldest part of the ‘Annals of the Four Masters.’ He continued laboring energetically both as a lecturer and as a writer, almost until his death, which took place in Dublin, July 30, 1862. Dr. W. K. Sullivan published in 1873 three volumes of his scattered writings under the title ‘Lectures on the Social Life, Manners, and Civilization of the People of Ancient Erinn.’

DESCRIPTION OF THE SEA.

From ‘The Battle of Magh Leana.’

The dark, impetuous, proud, ardent waters, became as white-streaked, fierce-rolling, languid-fatigued Leibhionna¹ upon which to cast the white-flanked, slippery-thick, straight-swimming salmon, among the dark-prowling, foamy-tracked herds (of sea monsters) from off the brown oars; and upon that fleet sweeping with sharp rapidity, from the sides and borders of the territories, and from the shelter of the lands; and from the calm quiet of the shores,

¹ *Leibhionna*. The word Leibheann is found to mean a stage, platform, or deck in all ancient Irish manuscripts.

they could see nothing of the globe on their border near them, but the high, proud, tempestuous waves of the abyss, and the rough, roaring shore, shaking and quivering; and the very quick, swift, motion of the great wind coming upon them; and long, swelling, gross-springing, great billows, rising from the swelling sides of the (sea) valleys; and the savage, dangerous shower-crested sea, maintaining its strength against the rapid course of the vessel over the expanse, till at last it became exhausted, subdued, dripping and misty, from the conflict of the waves and the fierce winds. The laboring crews derived increased spirits from the bounding of the swift ships over the wide expanse, and the wind happening to come from the rere, directly fair for the brave men, they arose manfully and vigorously, with their work, and lashed the tough new masts to the brown, smooth, ample, commodious bulwarks, without weakness, without spraining; without stitching, without overstraining.

These ardent, expert crews put their hands to the long linens (sails) without shrinking, without mistake, from *Eibil*¹ to *Acht-uaim*; and the swift-going, long, spacious, ships passed from the hand-force of the warriors and over the deep, wet, murmuring pools of the sea, and past the winding, bending, fierce-showery points of the harbors, and over the high-tormented, ever-great mountains of the brine; and over the heavy listless walls of the great waves; and past the dark, misty-dripping hollows of the shores; and past the saucy, thick-flanked, speeding white-crested currents of the streams, and over the spring-tide, contentious, furious, wet, overwhelming torrents of the cold ocean. Until the sea became rocking, like a soft, fragrant, proud-bearing plain, swelling and heaving to the force of the anger and fury of the cold winds; the upper elements quickly perceived the anger and fury of the sea growing and increasing. Woe, indeed, was it to have stood between these two powers, the sea and the great wind, when mutually attacking each other, and contending at the sides of strong ships and stout-built vessels and beautiful Scuds; so that the sea was as showery-tempestuous, growl-

¹ *Eibil*. The Editor has never before met this word; but from its being placed in opposition to *Acht-uaim* (properly *Ucht-fhuaim*), which means the breast or front of the sails, it must signify clew.

ing, wet, fierce, loud, clamorous, dangerous, stages after them, whilst the excitement of the murmuring, dark-deeded wind continued on the face and on the sluices of the ocean from its bottom to its surface.

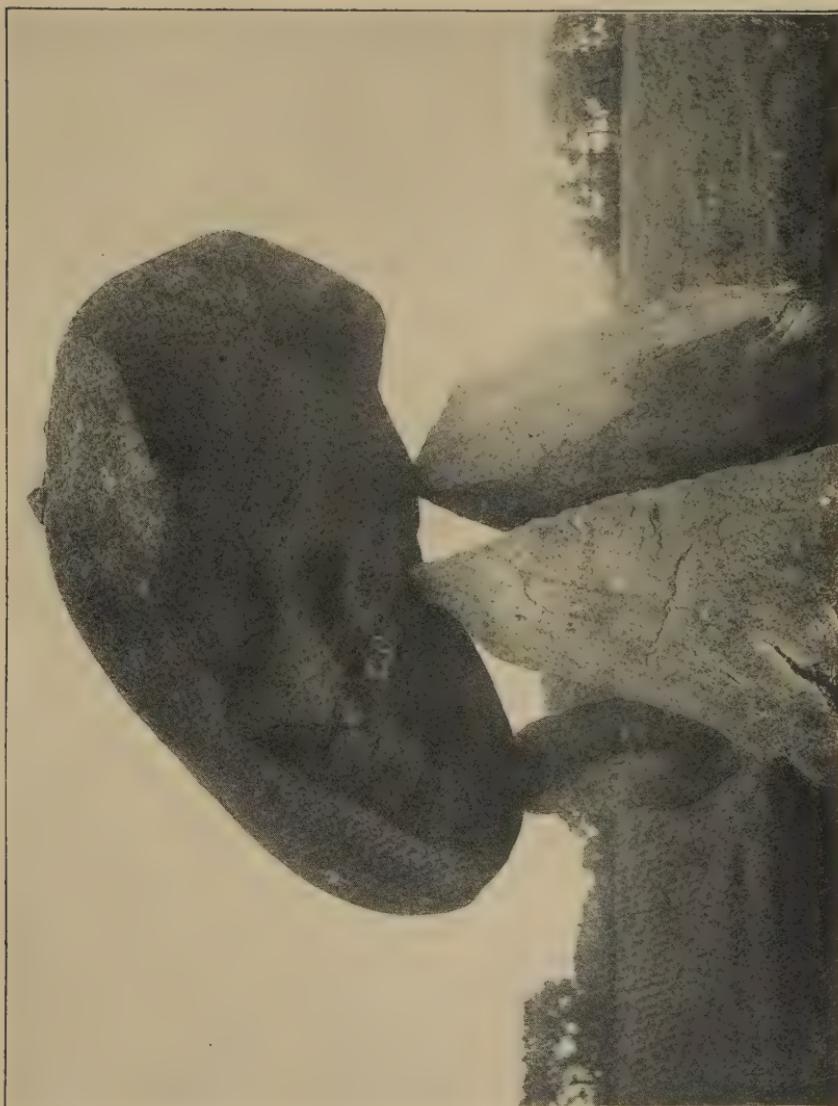
And tremulous, listless, long-disjoining, quick-shattering, ship-breaking was the effect of the disturbance, and treacherous the shivering of the winds and the rolling billows upon the swift barks; for the tempest did not leave them a plank unshaken; nor a hatch unstated, nor a rope unsnapped, nor a nail unstrained, nor a bulwark unendangered, nor a bed unshattered; nor a lifting¹ uncast down; nor a mast unshivered; nor a yard untwisted; nor a sail untorn; nor a warrior unhurt; nor a soldier unterrified; excepting the ardor and sailorship of the brave men who attended so the attacks and howlings of the fierce wind. However, now, when the wind had exhausted its valor, and had not received reverence nor honor from the sea, it went forward stupid and crest-fallen, to the uppermost regions of its residence; and the sea was fatigued from its roaring and drunken murmuring, and the wild billows ceased their motions; so that spirit returned to the nobles, and strength to the hosts, and activity to the warriors, and perception to the champions.

DRUIDS AND DRUIDISM.

From 'Manners and Customs of Ancient Erinn.'

All that I have set down here is taken directly from our most ancient manuscripts, or those compiled from them; and they show clearly as the historical tradition of the country that each of the older colonies in Ireland was accompanied by its Druids; so that the suggestion of modern British writers that Druidism came first from Britain, or from Anglesey, into Erinn, is totally unfounded. I now proceed to select from the long list of Druidic references found in our old books, such as may

¹ *Lifting.* "Lifting, the higher part of the stem of a vessel, marked by the seat of the king or admiral, whence commands and orders were given to the rest of the fleet."—Veralius notæ in Historiam Gothrici et Rolfi, p. 94. Upsal. 1664.



serve to characterize the profession, so far, at least, as the limits of these lectures will allow. Very many other references there are, no doubt, which ought all to be gathered, all to be arranged and compared, if the subject of Irish Druidism, or indeed, of Druidism at all, is to be completely investigated. . . . I only propose to myself to give a few specimens of what was called Druidism by way of example: and I shall commence by citing from the earliest authority. The ancient tract called *Dinnseanchas* (on the Etymology of the names of several remarkable places in Erinn) gives the following singular legendary account of the origin of the names of *Midhe* (now Meath), and of *Uisnech*, in Meath.

Midhe, the son of *Brath*, son of *Detha* (says this legend), was the first that lighted a fire for the sons of the Milesians in Erinn, on the hill of *Uisnech* in Westmeath; and it continued to burn for seven years; and it was from this fire that every chief fire in Erinn used to be lighted. And his successor was entitled to a sack of corn and a pig from every house in Erinn, every year. The Druids of Erinn, however, said that it was an insult to them to have this fire ignited in the country; and all the Druids of Erinn came into one house to take counsel; but *Midhe* had all their tongues cut out, and he buried the tongues in the earth of *Uisnech*, and then sat over them; upon which his mother exclaimed: "It is *Uaisnech* (*i.e.* proudly) you sit up there this night;"—and hence the name of *Uisnech*, and of *Midhe* (or Meath).

This, I believe, is the first reference to a Druidical fire to be found in our old books.

The next remarkable allusion to this subject that is to be found is the account of King *Eochaidh Airemh*.

It was a century before the incarnation that *Eochaidh Airemh* was monarch of Erinn; and his queen was the celebrated *Edain*, a lady remarkable not only for her beauty, but for her learning and accomplishments. One day that *Eochaidh* was in his palace at *Teamair*, according to this ancient story, a stranger of remarkable appearance presented himself before him. "Who is this man who is not known to us, and what is his business?" said the king. "He is not a man of any distinction, but he has come to play a game at chess with you," said the stranger.

"Are you a good chess-player?" said the king. "A trial will tell," said the stranger. "Our chess-board is in the queen's apartment, and we cannot disturb her at present," said the king. "It matters not, for I have a chess-board of no inferior kind here with me," said the stranger. "What do we play for?" said the king. "Whatever the winner demands," said the stranger. (They played then a game, which was won by the stranger.) "What is your demand now?" said the king. "*Edain*, your queen," said the stranger, "but I will not demand her till the end of a year." The king was astonished and confounded; and the stranger without more words speedily disappeared.

On that night twelve months, the story goes on to tell us, the king held a great feast at *Teamair*, surrounding himself and his queen with the great nobles and choicest warriors of his realm, and placing around his palace on the outside a line of experienced and vigilant guards, with strict orders to let no stranger pass them in. And thus secured, as he thought, he awaited with anxiety the coming night, while revelry reigned all round. As the middle of the night advanced, however, the king was horrified to see the former stranger standing in the middle of the floor, apparently unperceived by any one else. Soon he advanced to the queen; and addressed her by the name of *Bé Finn*, (*fair woman*), in a poem of seven stanzas. . . . At the conclusion of this poem, the stranger put his arm around the queen's body raised her from her royal chair, and walked out with her, unobserved by any one but the king, who felt so overcome by some supernatural influence, that he was unable to offer any opposition, or even to apprise the company of what was going on. When the monarch recovered himself, he knew at once that it was some of the invisible beings who inhabited the hills and lakes of *Erinn* that played one of their accustomed tricks upon him. When daylight came accordingly, he ordered his chief Druid, *Dallan*, to his presence, and he commanded him to go forth immediately, and never to return until he had discovered the fate of the queen.

The Druid set out, and traversed the country for a whole year, without any success, notwithstanding that he had drawn upon all the ordinary resources of his art. Vexed and disappointed, at the close of the year he reached the

mountain (on the borders of the present counties of Meath and Longford) subsequently named after him *Sliabh Dallain*. Here he cut four wands of yew, and wrote or cut an *Ogam*; and it was revealed to him “through his keys of science and his *ogam*,” that the queen *Edain* was concealed in the palace of the fairy chief, *Midir*, in the hill of *Bri Leith* (a hill lying to the west of Ardagh, in the present county of Longford). The Druid joyfully returned to Tara with the intelligence; and the monarch *Eochaidh* mustered a large force, marched to the fairy mansion of *Bri Leith*, and had the hill dug up until the diggers approached the sacred precincts of the subterranean dwelling; whereupon the wily fairy sent out to the hillside fifty beautiful women, all of the same age, same size, same appearance in form, face, and dress, and all of them so closely resembling the abducted lady *Edain*, that the monarch *Eochaidh* himself, her husband, failed to identify her among them, until at length she made herself known to him by unmistakable tokens,—upon which he returned with her to Tara.

This tale exhibits two curious and characteristic features of Irish Druidism; the first, that the Irish Druid's wand of divination was formed from the yew, and not from the oak, as in other countries; the second, that the Irish Druid called in the aid of actual characters, letters, or symbols,—those, namely, the forms of which have come down to our own times cut in the imperishable monuments of stone, so well known as *Ogam* stones (many of which may be seen in the National Museum of the Royal Irish Academy).

The antiquity of this story of *Eochaidh Airemh* is unquestionable. There is a fragment of it in *Leabhar na-h-Uidhré*, in the Royal Academy, a manuscript which was actually written before the year 1106; and it is there quoted from the book of *Dromsnechta*, which was undoubtedly written before or about the year 430.

THE OLD BOOKS OF ERINN.

From 'Lectures on Manuscript Materials of Irish History.'

Not only were the old Irish nobility, gentry, and people in general, lovers of their native language and literature, and patrons of literary men, but even the great Anglo-Norman nobles themselves who effected a permanent settlement among us appear from the first to have adopted what doubtless must have seemed to them the better manners, customs, language, and literature of the natives; and not only did they munificently patronize their professors, but became themselves proficients in these studies; so that the Geraldines, the Butlers, the Burkes, the Keatings, and others, thought, spoke, and wrote in the Gaedhlic, and stored their libraries with choice and expensive volumes in that language; and they were reproached by their own compatriots with having become "ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores"—"more Irish than the Irish themselves." So great indeed was the value in those days set on literary and historical documents by chiefs and princes, that it has more than once happened that a much-prized MS. was the stipulated ransom of a captive noble, and became the object of a tedious warfare; and this state of things continued to exist for several centuries, even after the whole framework of Irish society was shaken to pieces by the successive invasions of the Danes, the Norsemen, and the Anglo-Normans, followed by the Elizabethan, Cromwellian, and Williamite wars and confiscations, and accompanied by the ever-increasing dissensions of the native princes among themselves, disunited as they were ever after the fall of the supreme monarchy at the close of the twelfth century.

With the dispersion of the native chiefs, not a few of the great books that had escaped the wreck of time were altogether lost to us; many followed the exiled fortunes of their owners; and not a few were placed in inaccessible security at home. Indeed it may be said that after the termination of the great wars of the seventeenth century, so few and inaccessible were the examples of the old Gaedhlic literature, that it was almost impossible to acquire a perfect knowledge of the language in its purity.

With such various causes, active and long-continued, in

operation to effect its destruction, there is reason for wonder that we should still be in possession of any fragments of the ancient literature of our country, however extensive it may once have been. And that it was extensive, and comprehended a wide range of subjects—justifying the expressions of the old writers who spoke of “the hosts of the books of Erinn”—may be judged from those which have survived the destructive ravages of invasion, the accidents of time, and the other causes just enumerated. When we come to inquire concerning the fragments which exist in England and elsewhere, they will be found to be still of very large extent; and if we judge the value and proportions of the original literature of our Gaedhlic ancestors, as we may fairly do, by what remains of it, we may be justly excused the indulgence of no small feeling of national pride. . . .

The collection in Trinity College consists of over 140 volumes, several of them on vellum, dating from the early part of the twelfth down to the middle of the last century. There are also in this fine collection beautiful copies of the Gospels, known as the Books of Kells and Durrow, and Dimma's Book, attributable to the sixth and seventh centuries; the Saltair of St. Ricemarch, Bishop of St. David's in the eleventh century, containing also an exquisite copy of the Roman Martyrology; and a very ancient ante-Hieronymian version of the Gospels, the history of which is unknown, but which is evidently an Irish MS. of not later than the ninth century; also the Evangelistarium of St. Moling, Bishop of Ferns in the seventh century, with an ancient box; and the fragment of another copy of the Gospels, of the same period, evidently Irish. In the same library will be found, too, the chief body of our more ancient laws and annals: all, with the exception of two tracts, written on vellum; and, in addition to these invaluable volumes, many historical and family poems of great antiquity, illustrative of the battles, the personal achievements, and the social habits of the warriors, chiefs, and other distinguished personages of our early history. There is also a large number of ancient historical and romantic tales, in which all the incidents of war, or love, and of social life in general, are portrayed, often with considerable power of description and great brilliancy of language:

and there are besides several sacred tracts and poems, amongst the most remarkable of which is the *Liber Hymnorum*, believed to be more than a thousand years old. The Trinity College collection is also rich in Lives of Irish Saints, and in ancient forms of prayer; and it contains, in addition to all these, many curious treatises on medicine, beautifully written on vellum. Lastly, amongst these ancient MSS. are preserved numerous Ossianic poems relating to the Fenian heroes, some of them of very great antiquity.

The next great collection is that of the Royal Irish Academy. . . . The most valuable of these are original Gaedhlic compositions, but there is also a large amount of translations from the Latin, Greek, and other languages. A great part of these translations is, indeed, of a religious character, but there are others from various Latin authors of the greatest possible importance to the Gaedhlic student of the present day, as they enable him by reference to the originals to determine the value of many now obsolete or obscure Gaedhlic words and phrases.

Among these later translations into Irish we find an extensive range of subjects in ancient mythology, poetry, and history, and the classical literature of the Greeks and Romans, as well as many copious illustrations of the most remarkable events of the middle ages. So that any one well read in the comparatively few existing fragments of our Gaedhlic literature, and whose education had been confined solely to this source, would find that there were but very few, indeed, of the great events in the history of the world, the knowledge of which is usually attained through the classic languages or those of the middle ages, with which he was not acquainted. I may mention by way of illustration, the Irish versions of the Argonautic Expedition, the Destruction of Troy, the Life of Alexander the Great, the Destruction of Jerusalem, the Wars of Charlemagne, including the History of Roland the Brave, the History of the Lombards, the almost contemporary translation into Gaedhlic of the Travels of Marco Polo, etc., etc.

Passing over some collections of MSS. in private hands, at home, I may next notice that of the British Museum in London, which is very considerable, and contains much val-

uable matter; that of the Bodleian Library at Oxford, which, though consisting of but about sixteen volumes, is enriched by some most precious books, among which is the copy already alluded to of the remains of the *Saltair of Cashel*, made in the year 1454; and some two or three works of an older date. Next comes the Stowe Collection, now in the possession of Lord Ashburnham, and which is tolerably well described in the Stowe Catalogue by the late Rev. Charles O'Conor. There are also in England some other collections in the hands of private individuals, as that of Mr. Joseph Monck Mason in the neighborhood of London, and that of Sir Thomas Phillips in Worcestershire. The Advocates' Library in Edinburgh contains a few important volumes, some of which are shortly described in the Highland Society's Report on MacPherson's Poems of Oisin, published in 1794.

And passing over to the Continent, in the National or Imperial Library of Paris (which, however, has not yet been thoroughly examined), there will be found a few Gaedhlíc volumes; and in Belgium (between which and Ireland such intimate relations existed in past times)—and particularly in the Burgundian Library at Brussels—there is a very important collection, consisting of a part of the treasures formerly in the possession of the Franciscan College of Louvain, for which our justly celebrated friar, Michael O'Clery, collected, by transcript and otherwise, all that he could bring together at home of matters relating to the ancient ecclesiastical history of his country.

The Louvain Collection, formed chiefly, if not wholly, by Fathers Hugh Ward, John Colgan, and Michael O'Clery, between the years 1620 and 1640, appears to have been widely scattered at the French Revolution. For there are in the College of St. Isidore, in Rome, about twenty volumes of Gaedhlíc MSS., which we know at one time to have formed part of the Louvain Collection. Among these manuscripts now at Rome are some of the most valuable materials for the study of our language and history—the chief of which is an ancient copy of the *Felire Aengusa*, the Martyrology or Festology of Aengus *Céile Dé* (pron. “Kéli Dé”) incorrectly called Aengus the Culdee, who composed the original of this extraordinary work, partly at *Tamhlacht*, now Tallaght, in the county of Dublin, and

partly at *Cluain Eidhnech* in the present Queen's County, in the year 798. The collection contains, besides, the Festology of Cathal M'Guire, a work only known by name to the Irish scholars of the present day; and it includes the autograph of the first volume of the *Annals of the Four Masters*. There is also a copy or fragment of the Liber Hymnorum already spoken of, and which is a work of great importance to the ecclesiastical history of Ireland; and besides these the collection contains several important pieces relating to Irish history of which no copies are known to exist elsewhere.

MRS. KEVIN IZOD O'DOHERTY (EVA MARY KELLY).

(1825 —)

EVA MARY KELLY (Mrs. Kevin Izod O'Doherty) was born at Headfort, County Galway, about 1825. During the early years of *The Nation* she contributed most of her poems over the name of "Eva" to that and to other Irish journals. Mr. A. M. Sullivan has, in his 'New Ireland,' told in a most interesting manner the romance of her life. "Eva Mary Kelly," he writes, "could have been little more than a girl when the contributions bearing her pseudonym began to attract attention. . . . Kevin O'Doherty was at this time a young medical student in Dublin. From admiring 'Eva's' poetry he took to admiring—that is, loving—herself. The outbreak of 1848, however, brought a rude interruption to Kevin's suit. He was writing unmistakably seditious prose, while 'Eva' was assailing the constituted authorities in rebel verse."

"Kevin was arrested and brought to trial. Twice the jury disagreed. The day before his third arraignment he was offered a virtual pardon—a merely nominal sentence—if he would plead guilty. He sent for Eva and told her of the proposition. 'It may seem as if I did not feel the certainty of losing you, perhaps for ever,' said he, 'but I don't like this idea of pleading guilty. Say, what shall I do?' 'Do?' answered the poetess; 'why, be a man and face the worst. I'll wait for you, however long the sentence may be.'

"Next day fortune deserted Kevin. The jury found him guilty. The judge assigned him ten years' transportation. 'Eva' was allowed to see him once more in the cell to say adieu. She whispered in his ear, 'Be you faithful. *I'll wait.*' And she did. Years flew by, and the young exile was at length allowed once more to tread Irish soil. Two days after he landed at Kingstown 'Eva' was his bride." After her marriage she accompanied her husband to Australia, where he became a successful physician and politician. Her poems were published in San Francisco in 1877.

TIPPERARY.

Were you ever in sweet Tipperary, where the fields are so sunny
and green,
And the heath-brown Slieve-bloom and the Galtees look down
with so proud a mien?
'T is there you would see more beauty than is on all Irish
ground—
God bless you; my sweet Tipperary, for where could your
match be found?

They say that your hand is fearful, that darkness is in your eye:
But I'll not let them dare to talk so black and bitter a lie.

Oh! no, *macushla storin!* bright, bright, and warm are you,
With hearts as bold as the men of old, to yourselves and your
country true.

And when there is gloom upon you, bid them think who has
brought it there—
Sure, a frown or a word of hatred was not made for your face
so fair;
You've a hand for the grasp of friendship—another to make
them quake,
And they're welcome to whichever it pleases them most to
take.

Shall our homes, like the huts of Connaught, be crumbled be-
fore our eyes?
Shall we fly, like a flock of wild geese, from all that we love
and prize?
No! by those who were here before us, no churl shall our tyrant
be;
Our land it is theirs by plunder, but, by Brigid, ourselves are
free.

No! we do not forget the greatness did once to sweet Eire
belong;
No treason or craven spirit was ever our race among;
And no frown or no word of hatred we give—but to pay them
back;
In evil we only follow our enemies' darksome track.

Oh! come for a while among us, and give us the friendly hand,
And you'll see that old Tipperary is a loving and gladsome
land;
From Upper to Lower Ormond, bright welcomes and smiles
will spring—
On the plains of Tipperary the stranger is like a king.

MURMURS OF LOVE.

From the Irish.

The stars are watching, the winds are playing;
They see me kneeling, they see me praying;
They hear me still, through the long night saying
Asthore mahcree, I love you, I love you!

And oh! with no love that is light or cheerful,
But deepening on in its shadow fearful;
Without a joy that is aught but tearful,
'T is thus I love you, I love you.

Whispering still, with those whispers broken,
Speaking on, what can ne'er be spoken,
Were all the voices of earth awoken—
Oh! how I love you, I love you!

With all my heart's most passionate throbbing,
With wild emotion, and weary sobbing,
Love and light from all others robbing—
So well I love you, I love you!

With the low faint murmurs of deep adoring,
And voiceless blessings for ever pouring,
And sighs that fall with a sad imploring,
'T is thus I love you, I love you.

With the burning beating, the inward hushing,
Ever and ever in music gushing,
Like mystic tones from the sea-shell rushing,
Oh, thus I love you, I love you.

They pass me dancing, they pass me singing,
While night and day o'er the earth are winging;
But I sit here, to my trance still clinging—
For oh! I love you, I love you!

JOHN FRANCIS O'DONNELL

(1837—1874.)

JOHN FRANCIS O'DONNELL was born in Limerick in 1837. At fourteen he began to write verses in *The Kilkenny Journal*. After working on the provincial Irish press—having been among other things sub-editor of the *Tipperary Examiner*—he drifted to London; and, in 1860, we find him editing an Irish weekly called *The Universal News*. In 1861 he returned for a short time to Dublin to fill a vacancy in *The Nation*. The next year he again returned to London. He had a very versatile pen, writing with great energy and speed, and his work is not therefore of uniform excellence, but he sometimes succeeds in uniting the impetuosity and spirit of an impromptu with a beautiful technique. Among Irish journals he was a frequent contributor to *The Nation* and to *The Irish People* during its short existence. He also wrote for *The Lamp*; a novel entitled ‘Agents and Evictions’ originally appeared in that journal, and a lengthy poem entitled ‘The Christian Martyr.’ He wrote for *The Boston Pilot* and *Dublin Review*; and for a while he was editor of *The Tablet*.

Dickens was a helpful admirer of the poet, and a large number of his poems were published in *Chambers' Journal*. In 1871 he published ‘Memories of the Irish Franciscans,’ a volume of verse. In 1873 he obtained an appointment in the office of the Agent-General for New Zealand, which he held for but a short time, as he died in the May of 1874. His poems were collected in 1891 by the piety of the Southwark Irish Literary Club, with an introduction by Richard Dowling.

PADDY FRET, THE PRIEST'S BOY.

“Sorra a one of me'll get married,” remarked Paddy Fret, as he was furbishing up the priest's stirrups one beautiful Saturday morning, in the little kitchen at the rear of the chapel-house. “Sure, if I don't, you will; and there 'll be a great palin' of bells at the weddin'. We 'll all turn out to see you—the whole of the foolish vargins rowled into wan.”

Mrs. Galvin, who was at the moment occupied in turning the white side of a slab of toast to the fire, turned round to her tormentor, no small degree of acerbity wrinkling up her face.

“Mind your work and keep a civil tongue in your impty head,” she exclaimed petulantly. “There was many a

fine lump of a boy would marry me in my time, if I only took the throuble to wink a *comether* at him. There was min in them times, not *sprahauns*,¹ like you."

" You 're burnin' the toast, an' goin' to make snuff of Father Maher's break'ast," interrupted Paddy. " At the rate you 're goin' on, you 'll bile the eggs that hard that you 'll kill his reverence, and be thried for murdher. And upon my *soukins*, the hangman will have a nate job with you."

" You 'd slip thro' the rope, you flax-hank," was the answer. " Wait till I put my two eyes on Katty Tyrrell, an', troth, I 'll put your nose out o' joint, or my name isn't Mary Galvin. You goin' coortin' ! The Lord save and guide us ! As if any wan would dhrame of taking a switch for a husband—a crathur like you, only fit to beat an ould coat with !"

" Don't lose your timper, Mrs. Galvin," said Paddy, whose inextinguishable love of fun gleamed out of his black eyes, and flashed from his dazzlingly white and regular teeth. " God is good ; all the ould fools isn't dead yet, and there 's a chance of your not dying without some unforchinate gandher saying the Rosary in thanks for his redimption."

Mrs. Galvin made no reply. She placed the toast in the rack in silence ; but that silence was ominous. Next, she removed the teapot, cozy and all, from the fireside, and placed all on a tray, which she bore off with a sort of conscious yet sullen dignity, to the pretty parlor, where Father Maher, after his hard mountain ride, waited breakfast.

" I 'll never spake to Paddy Fret again, your reverence," she said, when everything had been arranged, and it was her turn to quit the room.

The priest, like the majority of his Irish brethren—God bless them!—had a ready appreciation of a joke. He paused in the task of shelling an egg, and inquired with all possible gravity, " What is the matter now, Mrs. Galvin ? "

" Sure, your reverence, my heart is bruk with the goin's on of Paddy Fret. From mornin' till night he 's never done makin' faces at me, an' sayin' as how no wan in Croagh would think of throwin' a stick at me. Ah ! then, I can tell you, Father Michael, I squeez the heart 's blood out of many

¹ *Sprahaun*, evidently *sprissaun*, a diminutive, expressing contempt.

as fine a man, in my time, as iver bid the devil good night, savin' your riverence."

" You are in the autumn of your beauty yet, Mary," said the priest, " handsome is that handsome does, you know."

" Thank you kindly, Father Maher. But that boy 'll be the death o' me. And then," putting her sharp knuckles on the table's edge, and bending over to her master, in deep confidence, " I know for sartin that he 's runnin' afther half the girls in the parish."

Father Maher looked grave at this disclosure.

" Of course they keep running away from him—don't they, Mary? Why, we 've got an Adonis in the house."

" The Lord forbid I 'd say that of him, sir," remarked Mrs. Galvin, whose acquaintance with Hellenic myths was rather hazy. " Bad as he is, he hasn't come to that yet."

" I am glad to hear you say as much," said the priest, as he poured out a cup of tea, and proceeded to butter the toast. " Never fear, Mary, I 'll have an eye on that fellow."

The door closed, shutting out the housekeeper, and Father Maher's face relaxed into a broad smile. He rested the local paper against the toast-rack, and laughed cautiously from time to time, as he ran down its columns of barren contents. Neither Paddy nor Mrs. Galvin had the faintest idea of the amusement their daily quarrels afforded him, or of the gusto with which he used to describe them at the dinner-tables to which he was occasionally invited.

Having burnished the irons and cleansed the leathers until they shone again, Paddy Fret mounted to his bedroom, over the stable, and proceeded to array himself with unusual care. His toilet completed, he surveyed himself in the cracked triangle of looking-glass imbedded in the mortar of the wall, and the result of the scrutiny satisfied him that there was not a gayer or handsomer young fellow in the whole parish of Croagh. So, in love with himself and part of the world, he stole cautiously down the rickety step-ladder, and gliding like a snake between the over-bowering laurels which flanked the chapel-house, emerged on the high road.

" I 'm afeerd, Paddy, that my father will never listen to a good word for you," said pretty Katty Tyrrell, as the priest's boy took a stool beside her before the blazing peat

fire, burning on the stoveless hearth. "He's a grave man, wanst he takes a notion into his head."

"All ould min has got notions," said Paddy, "but they dhrap off with their hairs. Lave him to me, and if I don't convart him, call me a souper. Sure, if he wants a son-in-law to be a comfort in his ould age he coudn't meet with a finer boy than meself."

"Mrs. Galvin says," continued Katty, "that it would be a morschial sin to throw me and my two hundherd pounds away on the likes o' you. 'A good-for-nothin' *bosthoon*',¹ says she, 'that I wouldn't graize the wheel of a barrow with.'"

"She wouldn't graize a great many wheels, at any rate," replied Paddy. "The truth is, Katty dear, the poor woman is out of her sivin sinses, and all for the want of a gintleman to make a lady of her, as I'm goin' to make wan o' you."

The splendor of the promise bewildered Miss Tyrrell. She could only rest her elbows on her knees, hide her face in her hands, and cry, "Oh, Paddy!"

"Yes, me jewel," continued the subtle suitor, "I'm poor to-day, perhaps, but there's noble blood coursin' thro' my veins. Go up to the top of Knock-meil-Down some fine mornin', and look down all around you. There isn't a square fut o' grass in all you see that didn't wanst belong to my ancisthors. In the time of Cahul Mohr wan o' my grandfathers had tin thousand min and a hundhred thousand sheep at his command, not to spake of ships at say and forthresses and palaces on land."

"Arrah, how did you get robbed, Paddy?" said Katty.

"Well, you see, my dear, they were a hard-dhrinkin' lot at the time I'm spakin' of. The landed property wint into the Incumbered Estates Coort, and was soold for a song; the forthresses were changed into Martello towers, and the army took shippin' for France, but they were wracked somewhere in the South Says, where they all swam ashore and turned New Zealandhers."

Katty was profoundly interested by this historical sketch of the Fret family, which Paddy rolled out without hitch or pause—indispensable elements of veracity in a spoken narrative. She allowed her lover to hold her hand, and fancied she was a princess.

¹ *Bosthoon*, blockhead.

As they sat in this delightful abstraction—the ecstasy known to the moderns as “spooning”—they were startled by the sound of wheels in the farmyard, and Katty, with one swift glance at the window, exclaimed in the wildest anguish, “Oh, Paddy, Paddy, what ’ll become o’ me? Here’s my father and mother come back from market already.”

“Take it aisly, darlint,” replied Mr. Fret. “Can’t I hide in the bedroom beyant?”

“Not for all the world!” said Katty, in terror. “Oh, dear! oh, dear!”

“Thin stick me in the pot and put the lid over me,” was Mr. Fret’s next happy suggestion.

Katty glanced in agony round the kitchen, and suddenly a great hope filled her to the lips. Over the fireplace was a rude platform—common to Irish farmhouses—on which saddles, harness, empty sacks, old ropes, boots, and sometimes wool, were stored away indiscriminately.

“Up there—up with you,” she cried, placing a chair for him to ascend.

Paddy lost no time in mounting, and having stretched himself at full length, his terrified sweetheart piled the litter over him until he was completely hidden from view.

The hiding was scarce effected when Andy Tyrrell, old Mrs. Tyrell, and Mrs. Galvin made their appearance. They each drew stools round the fire, in order to enjoy the blaze, which was most welcome after their inclement ride.

“Are you yit mopin’ over that blackguard, Paddy Fret, *ma colleen?*” asked the priest’s housekeeper. “ ‘T is a bad bargain you ’d make o’ the same *daltheen*,¹ honey.”

Katty, profoundly concerned in the mending of a stocking, pretended not to hear the inquiry.

“She’s gettin’ sense, Mary,” said Mrs. Tyrrell. “Boys ’ll be boys, and girls ’ll be girls, till the geese crows like cocks.”

“I tould the vagabone at the last fair,” remarked the old man, “that if ever I caught him within an ass’s roar o’ this doore, I ’d put him into the thrashin’ machine, and make chaff of his ugly bones. Bad luck to his impudence, the *aulaun*,² to come lookin’ afther my daughter.”

A bottle of whisky was now produced, and Katty busied

¹ *Daltheen*, puppy. ² *Aulaun*, lout.

herself in providing glasses for the party. Mrs. Galvin at first declined to "touch a dhrop, it bein' too airly," but once persuaded to hallow the seductive fluid with her chaste lips, it was wonderful how soon she got reconciled to potation after potation, till her inquisitive eyes began to twinkle oddly in the firelight.

"What the divil is the matther with the creel?" (the platform above alluded to) asked old Tyrrell. "'T is groanin' as if it had the lumbago."

"The wind, my dear man, 't is the wind," replied Mrs. Galvin.

"Faith, I think 't is enchanted it is," observed the lady of the house. "Look how it keeps rockin' and shakin', as if there was a throubled sowl in it."

"The wind, ma'am—'t is I know what it is, *alanna*, to my cost," said the housekeeper; "'t is only the wind."

Katty's heart went pit-a-pat during this conference. She knew that the "creel" was not the firmest of structures, and she shivered at the bare idea of Paddy making a turn which might send it to pieces.

Again the whisky went round, mollifying the hard lines of Mrs. Galvin's unromantic countenance. Old Tyrrell, meanwhile, kept a steady eye on the "creel," which had relapsed by this time into its normal immobility.

"Have a dhrop, Katty," he said handing his daughter his glass.

The girl, who knew the consequence of disobeying his slightest command, touched the rim of the vessel with her lips, and returned it with a grateful "Thank you, father." At the same time on lifting her eyes to the "creel" she saw Paddy's face peering out at her, and was honored with one of the finest winks that gentleman was capable of.

"Well, here's long life to all of us, and may we be no worse off this day twelvemonth," said the old man, as he replenished the ladies' glasses, and then set about draining his own. "Give me your hand, Mrs. Galvin. There isn't a finer nor a better woman in—"

The sentence was never finished, for whilst he was speaking the "creel" gave way, and Paddy Fret, followed by the miscellaneous lumber which had concealed him, tumbled into the middle of the astonished party. The wo-

men shrieked and ran, whilst poor Katty, overcome by the terror of the situation, fainted into a chair.

Paddy rose to his feet, unabashed and confident. "Wasn't that a grand fright I gave ye all?" he asked, with superb indifference.

Tyrrell, pale as death, and trembling in every limb, went to a corner, took up a gun, and pointed the muzzle at the intruder's head. "Swear," he hoarsely exclaimed, "you'll make an honest woman of my daughter before another week, or I'll blow the roof off your skull."

"I'll spare you all the throuble," said Paddy. "Send for Father Maher and I'll marry her this minit, if you like. Will you have Paddy Fret for your husband, Katty?" he asked, taking the hands of the now conscious girl.

The whisky was finished, and on the following Sunday Father Maher united Paddy Fret and Katty Tyrrell, in the little chapel of Croagh. Mrs. Galvin danced bravely at the wedding, and was heard, more than once, to whisper that "only for her 't would never be a match."

TOMBS IN THE CHURCH OF MONTORIO, ON THE JANICULUM.

[Heic jacent O'Nealivs, Baro de Dvngannon, Magni Hugonis Filivs, et O'Donnel, Comes De Tyrconnel, qvi contra hœreticos in Hybernia multos annos certervnt.—MDCVIII.]

All natural things in balance lie,
Adjustment fair of earth and sky,
And their belongings. Thunders bring
The red life from the heart of spring;
Thence summer, and the golden wane
That comes with harvest, when each field,
Crimsoned with weeds, like fiery rain,
Flames like a newly forgèd shield.
All things come true, in some dim sense,
Held good by absolute Providence.
Inquire not: Here you sleep at last—
Sleeping, it may be face to face,
Right glorious leaders of our race,
Of faith profound, of purpose vast.

Around, above, this glittering dome,
 Soars the majestic bulk of Rome;
 This marble pave, this double cell
 Enshrines you, and contents you well.
 Better it were the twain should lie
 On some wild bluff of Donegal,
 The sea below in mutiny,
 The terrible Heaven over all.
 God wills and willed it shall not be.
 Here is no rave of wind or sea.
 Peace! incense, and the vesper psalm;
 The sob, the penitential groan;
 The lurid light, the dripping stone—
 The earth's eternity of calm.

Sleep on, stern souls, 't were wrong to shake
 Your ashes—bid the dead awake,
 To bitter welcome. Ireland lies
 Under the heels of enemies.
 So has she lain since that curst day
 That saw your good ship fly the Land;
 Since Ulster's proud and strong array
 Dwindled to fragments, band by band.
 And you two wept in leaving her
 (Chased through the seas by Chichester),
 Still buoyed with hope to find abroad
 Aid to prostrate our ancient foe,
 And to lay wall and rampart low,
 And hear the saints in Heaven applaud.

It came not, and in regal Rome
 Died the O'Donnell, sick for home,
 Not all the pomp the city boasts
 Consoled him for his native coasts.
 Here Art's sublimed; but Nature there
 His heart, his passions satisfied;
 The forest depth, the delicate air
 Were with his inmost soul allied.
 So hoping, doubting went the days,
 And tired at heart of time's delays,
 He closed his eyes in Christ our Lord.
 No truer man had nobler birth,
 No braver soldier trod the earth,
 With pitying or destroying sword.

And thou, O'Neill, Lord of Revolt,
 Battle's impetuous thunderbolt,
 Cliff-flinger, at whose name of might
 The bronzed cheeks of the Pale turned white,
 Dost thou lie here? And Ireland bleeds
 Her virgin life through every pore!
 Great chief in unexampled deeds,
 We need thy smiting arm once more.
 Rest, rest! the glory of thy life
 Shines like tradition on the strife
 Which Ireland wages hour by hour,
 Patient, yet daring for the best,
 And growing up, as worlds attest,
 To freedom, majesty, and power.

A SPINNING SONG.

My love to fight the Saxon goes,
 And bravely shines his sword of steel;
 A heron's feather decks his brows,
 And a spur on either heel;
 His steed is blacker than the sloe,
 And fleetier than the falling star;
 Amid the surging ranks he 'll go
 And shout for joy of war.

Tinkle, twinkle, pretty spindle; let the white wool drift and dwindle.

Oh! we weave a damask doublet for my lover's coat of steel.
 Hark! the timid, turning treadle crooning soft, old-fashioned ditties
 To the low, slow murmur of the brown round wheel.

My love is pledged to Ireland's fight;
 My love would die for Ireland's weal,
 To win her back her ancient right,
 And make her foemen reel.
 Oh! close I 'll clasp him to my breast
 When homeward from the war he comes;
 The fires shall light the mountain's crest,
 The valley peal with drums.

Twinkle twinkle, pretty spindle; let the white wool drift and dwindle.

Oh! we weave a damask doublet for my lover's coat of steel.
Hark! the timid, turning treadle crooning soft, old-fashioned ditties
To the low, slow murmur of the brown round wheel.

GUESSES.

I know a maiden; she is dark and fair,
With curved brows and eyes of hazel hue,
And mouth, a marvel, delicately rare,
Rich with expression, ever quaint yet new.
O happy fancy! there she, leaning, sits,
One little palm against her temples pressed,
And all her tresses winking like brown elves;
The yellow fretted laurels toss in fits,
The great laburnums droop in swoons of rest,
The blowing woodbines murmur to themselves.

What does she think of, as the daylight floats
Along the mignonnetted window-sills,
And flame-like, overhead, with ruffled throats,
The bright canaries twit their seeded bills?
What does she think of? Of the jasmine flower
That, like an odorous snowflake, opens slow,
Or of the linnet on the topmost briar,
Or of the cloud that, fringed with summer shower,
Floats up the river spaces, blue and low,
And marged with lilies like a bank of fire?

Ah, sweet conception! enviable guest,
Lodged in the pleasant palace of her brain,
Summoned a minute, at her rich behest,
To wander fugitive the world again,
What does she think of? Of the dusty bridge,
Spanning the mallow shadows in the heat,
And porching in its hollow the cool wind;
Or of the poplar on the naked ridge:
Or of the bee that, clogged with nectared feet,
Hums in the gorgeous tulip-bell confined?

At times, her gentle brows are archly knit
With tangled subtleties of gracious thought;

At times, the dimples round her mouth are lit
 By rosy twilights from some image caught.
 What does she think of? Of the open book
 Whose penciled leaves are fluttering on her knee;
 Or of the broken fountain in the grass;
 Or of the dumb and immemorial rook,
 Perched like a wingèd darkness on the tree,
 And watching the great clouds in silence pass?

I know not; myriad are the phantasies,
 That trouble the still dreams of maidenhood,
 And wonderful the radiant entities
 Shaped in the passion of her brain and blood.
 O Fancy! through the realm of guesses fly,
 Unlock the rich abstraction of her heart
 (Her soul is second in the mystery):
 Trail thy gold meshes thro' the summer sky;
 Question her tender breathings as they part,
 Tell me, Revealer, that she thinks of me.

WHERE?

A minute gone. She lingered here, and then
 Passed, with face backward turned, through yonder door;
 The free fold of her garments' damask grain
 Fashioned a hieroglyph upon the floor,
 Then straightened, as it reached the corridor.

Down the long passages, I heard her feet
 Moving—a crepitating music slow—
 And next her voice, an echo exquisite,
 But modulated in its tender flow—
 A harp through which the evening breezes blow.

Upon the table, there were books and flowers,
 And Indian trifles; a Mahratta blade
 Whose ivory hilt sustained a cirque of towers,
 Wedded by the inexplicable braid
 On Vishnu's shrine at harvest full moon laid.

The curtains shook; a scarlet glamour crossed
 The stained wood and the white walls of the room—
 Wavered, retreated, trembled, and was lost
 Between the statue's plinth, the console's gloom,
 And yon tall urn of yellow blossomed broom.

I see her face look backward at me yet,
Just as she glided by the cypress chair;
Her happy eyes with happy tears are wet,
And, over bust and shoulders cool and fair,
Stream the black coils of her abundant hair.

In what far past—in what abyss of time,
Have I beheld that self-same look before?
There was no difference of hour or clime:
A garment made a figure on a floor,
Which straightened sweeping towards a corridor.

Rare trifles were around me, curtains blew,
And worked their restless phantasms on a ceil;
A sidelong bird across a casement flew,
Upon the table glittered graven steel,
And a low voice thrilled me with soft appeal.

All things were there, as all things are, to-day,
But where? I half remember, as a dream,
Such accidents, in epochs, long grown gray—
Such glory, but with ever-narrowing beam,
From which I'm severed by some shoreless stream.

Have I forgotten—is this flash of light,
Which makes the brain and pulse together start,
Some ray reflected from the infinite
Worlds, where I mayhap have left a heart—
The Infinite of which I am a part?

Who shall unriddle it? Return, sweet wife,
And with thy presence sanctify this pain;
Cling to my side, O faithful help of life!
Lest, in the hour when night is on the wane,
The destinies divide us two again.

DAVID J. O'DONOGHUE.

(1866 ——)

DAVID J. O'DONOGHUE, biographer and editor, was born July 22, 1866, and was educated at a Catholic School. He began to write for the newspapers in 1886, and has written largely for Dublin journals, particularly *Freeman's Journal*, *The Weekly Freeman*, *The National Press*, and *The Evening Telegraph*. He writes chiefly on Irish literary, artistic, and musical subjects. He is one of the founders of the Irish Literary Society, London; Vice-President of the National Literary Society, Dublin; member of the Committee of the Feis Ceoil (annual Irish Musical Festival).

His publications are : 'Ireland in London' (with F. A. Fahy), 1887; 'The Poets of Ireland,' a Biographical Dictionary, 1891-93; revised edition begun 1901; 'The Irish Humorists,' 1892; 'Minor Irish Poets,' 1893; 'Humor of Ireland,' 1894; 'Introduction to Reliques of Barney Maglone,' 1894; 'Irish Poetry of the Nineteenth Century,' 1894; 'List of 1300 Irish Artists,' 1894; 'Fardorougha the Miser (Introduction to),' 1895; 'Writings of James Fintan Lalor,' 1895; 'Life of William Carleton,' 2 vols., 1896; edited 'Works of Samuel Lover,' 6 vols., 1898-1899; also 'The Black Prophet,' by Carleton, 1898; 'Biographical Catalogue of Collections of Irish Music,' 1899; 'Richard Pockrich, an Irish Musical Genius,' 1899; 'Life of Robert Emmet,' 1902. He is also the author of numerous articles in the 'Dictionary of National Biography' and a contributor to 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry, in the English Tongue,' 1900.

AN IRISH MUSICAL GENIUS.

Readers of Goldsmith will remember the passage in the ninth chapter of 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' where the ladies from London with all their accomplishments threw the country-bred ladies entirely into the shade. "They would talk," says Goldsmith, "of nothing but high life and high-lived company, with other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses." In this last phrase, which is intended to be antithetical, Goldsmith expressed some contempt for an invention, which for several years previously had excited much comment and a good deal of amusement among the higher classes of English and Irish society. 'The Vicar of Wakefield' was written in 1761, when Richard Pockrich, the inventor of the instrument referred to, had been dead two years. Goldsmith had certainly heard a good deal of this remarkable man, a countryman of his own, and

had not improbably listened to his performances upon the glasses. That he expressed at least a shade of contempt for this invention in his now proverbial phrase is clear. He had not an excessive admiration of Shakespeare, as we know, but he delicately suggests the immense distance which separates the mind of the author of 'Hamlet' and that to which we owe the musical glasses—and implies, in short, that this last was one of the lowest conceivable examples of the exercise of ingenuity. But we may employ in Pockrich's defense the words (or their sense) which John O'Keeffe, the amiable dramatist, is said to have used when he heard that Scott, in 'St. Ronan's Well,' had put into the mouth of one of his characters what he considered to be a contemptuous phrase, "from Shakespeare to O'Keeffe." "From the top to the bottom of the ladder!" remarked O'Keeffe. "Well, he might have placed me a few rungs up!"

Pockrich was by no means a contemptible person. He was one of the many notable Irishmen of his day. His ingenuity was amazing, and was employed in a hundred different schemes and inventions, some of which, though scouted as chimerical by his rather unprogressive age, were eminently worthy of consideration, and are well within the region of the practical. The invention of the musical glasses has proved to be his most famous idea—it is the only one of his many suggestions which his contemporaries did not laugh out of court—but it is not by any means his highest claim to remembrance. The writers of his day recognized and appreciated "the concourse of sweet sounds" produced by Pockrich from ordinary drinking glasses, and lest modern readers should feel inclined to smile at the praise bestowed upon this ingenious contrivance, it need only be mentioned that some of the greatest minds of the time were enraptured with what is now regarded as a mere toy.

There are various contemporary references to the musical glasses which have more than common interest. The letters, especially, of notable people of the period often allude to them. In one of his admirable letters to Mason, Gray the poet says, under date Dec. 8, 1761: "Here is Mr. Delaval and a charming set of glasses that sing like nightingales, and we have concerts every other night." Horace

Walpole also mentions them in a letter: "The operas flourish more than in any latter years; the composer is Gluck, a German; he is to have a benefit, at which he is to play a set of drinking glasses, which he modulates with water. I think I have heard you speak of having seen some such thing." And finally, in an advertisement in the *St. James' Chronicle* of Dec. 3, 1761, there is the following paragraph: "At Mr. Sheridan's lecture on elocution, Miss Lloyd succeeds Miss Ford in performing on the musical-glasses for the amusement of genteel company." Benjamin Franklin made a small improvement upon Pockrich's invention and called it by the Italian name of "Armonica" (a word which has been Englished by the addition of the letter H). This is not, of course, the small toy generally known by that name. Brockhill Newburgh, an Irish contemporary, refers to it as the instrument "with which the celebrated Miss Davies not long since so agreeably entertained the town," and adds, "it is no more than an improvement upon Mr. Pockrich's glasses, and it is to this gentleman's original invention we are indebted for one of the most pleasing instruments within the compass of sound." Gluck, the eminent composer, gave public performances in England and abroad upon Pockrich's glasses, and Beethoven, Mozart, and other great musicians wrote music for the improved form devised by Franklin. The latter in a letter, to Beccaria in 1762, refers to Pockrich thus—"You have doubtless heard the sweet tone that is drawn from a drinking glass by passing a wet finger round its brim. One Mr. Puckeridge (*sic*), a gentleman from Ireland, was the first who thought of playing tunes formed of such tones. He collected a number of glasses of different sizes, fixed them near each other on a table, and tuned them by putting into them water more or less, as each note required. The tones were brought out by passing his fingers round the brim." Franklin goes on to inform Beccaria that Dr. Delaval, F.R.S., had attempted an improvement upon Pockrich's invention by greater care in choosing his glasses, and he proceeds to explain his own amended form, the "Armonica," of which he gives a drawing. His idea was simply to fix upon a stand a succession of globes of varying sizes, which were also to be played upon by wet fingers.

It is curious that though Pockrich's musical glasses became the talk of the country, so little was known of himself personally that one would imagine he had never done anything else but perform upon his delightful instrument. Yet he was a man of real parts, with a passion for projects and new plans for the benefit of Ireland and humanity. As we shall show, some of his ideas, though ridiculed by his countrymen, are not at all despicable in the light of present knowledge. He was indeed far in advance of his age. But only two biographical dictionaries, of the hundreds published, notice his name, and both of the notices, necessarily meager, are by the present writer.¹

Perhaps a fuller sketch of Pockrich and of some of his ideas will not be unwelcome to Irishmen. But to conclude the reference to the musical glasses. John Carteret Pilkington (a worthless son of doubtful parents) gives in his 'Memoirs'—a book so scarce as not to be in any of the Dublin libraries—an interesting account of Pockrich, who had engaged him to sing at his performances through Ireland and England. We learn that the inventor was, when Pilkington knew him, "a tall, middle-aged gentleman, with a bag wig and a sword on," and that he was able to earn £6 a day—then a very large sum—by his entertainments. The memoirs also describe him as "a perfect master of music," who "had performed most of Handel's finest compositions," and his skill in music is thus testified to:—

"He pulled from his sleeve sixteen large pins and from his pocket a small hammer; with this he drove the pins into a deal table, all ranged one above the other, and some almost in as far as the head; he then took from his side pocket two pieces of brass wire, and demanded what tune I would have. I told him 'The Back Joke.' 'Then lay your ears to the table,' says he, 'hear and admire.' I did so, and to my infinite amazement he played it with all its variations, so as to sound almost like a dulcimer. Encouraged by the applause I gave to this uneommon instrument, he took a parcel of drinking glasses and tuned them by putting different quantities of water in each; upon these

¹ A couple of dozen lines in 'The Poets of Ireland,' by D. J. O'Donoghue, and the fuller notice by the same writer in 'The Dictionary of National Biography.'

he played a number of the newest tunes in the most elegant taste, giving me delight and satisfaction."

Another contemporary, a poet, and a sometime friend of Pockrich named Brockhill Newburgh, already mentioned, who hailed from County Cavan, and was a gentleman of wealth and position, wrote many poems, among them one upon his countryman, whom he calls "Captain," with the intention of ridiculing his projects. This poem, called 'The Projector,' was to be the *avant courier* of "an heroick poem in twenty-four books," to be published by subscription and to be entitled 'The Pockriad,' which would tell exhaustively the inspiring life and adventures of the restless inventor of new plans for the improvement of everybody and everything. This threatened epic, however, did not appear. But the notes to 'The Projector' (which the author says was his first poetical attempt, and was written somewhere about 1745) tell us of some of Pockrich's schemes. Newburgh exempts the musical glasses from ridicule, alluding to them as follows:—"Mr. Pockrich's skill in musick has been made known by his no less surprising than agreeable performance on drinking glasses, an invention entirely his own. And I cannot but wish that drinking glasses, instead of being (as too frequently) the instruments of sottishness and debauchery, were oftener applied to so innocent and entertaining a purpose." He adds an anecdote concerning the power of music which will serve a future commentator upon Congreve's famous line:—

" Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

(It should be premised that Pockrich's inventions often led him into debt:)

" It has been already mentioned that Mr. Pockrich, by an invention entirely his own, has converted drinking glasses into one of the most pleasing instruments that happy chance or invention has yet discovered. To judge of the surprising effects of Mr. Pockrich's performance on this instrument, let the reader be acquainted with the following story, which may be depended upon as fact. . . . Mr. Pockrich, in his brewery near Islandbridge, happening to be one day seized by bailiffs, thus addressed them—' Gentlemen, I am your prisoner, but before I do myself the honor

to attend you, give me leave as an humble performer in music, to entertain you with a tune. ‘Sir,’ exclaimed one of the bailiffs, ‘we came here to execute our warrant, not to hear tunes.’ ‘Gentlemen,’ says the Captain, ‘I submit to your authority; but in the *interim*, while you are only taking a dram—Here, Jack’ (calling to his servant) ‘bring a bottle of the Rosa Solis I lately distilled; I say, gentlemen, before you take a dram, I shall dispatch my tune.’ In the meanwhile he flourishes a prelude on the glasses, and afterwards displays his skill through all the pleasing turns and variations of ‘The Black Joke.’ The monsters, charmed with the magic of his sounds, for some time stand and gaze. At length, recovering their trance (they) thus accost the Captain—‘Sir upon your parole of honor to keep the secret, we give you your liberty. ’T is well playing upon the glasses is not more common; if it were, I believe our trade would find little employment.’”

Pockrich published a collection of poems which are often amusing enough but rarely quotable, and that he was an accomplished musician is clear. Newburgh informs us that he would have obtained the post of chapel master at Armagh Cathedral, which he had applied for, but that Archbishop Boulter died before the appointment could be made out. He also speaks with praise of Pockrich’s musical compositions, and says that he had fully intended to take out his degree of doctor of music at Trinity College, Dublin, and to give a public performance of the pieces he had composed for the examination, but was prevented.

One more reference to the musical glasses, before dealing with Pockrich’s other projects, may be permitted. The Rev. Dr. Thomas Campbell, LL.D., in his very interesting and very patriotic book, published towards the close of the last century, and called ‘A Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland,’ gives a short list of eminent natives of Ireland, and especially praises Pockrich, whom he calls Poeckridge, for his cleverness. His name, he says, “ought not to be lost to the lovers of harmony, as he has enriched the art by his invention of the musical glasses, now improved into the Harmonica, an instrument, if not of the greatest force, yet certainly of the sweetest tones in the compass of harmony.” Those who have heard the musical glasses skillfully played will readily admit their extraor-

dinary sweetness of tone—such as have not listened to them can hardly imagine their fairy music. The present writer has often heard them played in London to delighted crowds—not one person in which probably had the least idea that an Irishman had procured them the pleasure. But, as already stated, Pockrich was emphatically not a man of one idea. His brain teemed with projects. The private fortune left him by his father, which was considerable—nearly £4,000 (\$20,000), a year, according to Pilkington, only £1,000 (\$5,000), if we are to believe Newburgh—was lavishly spent in carrying out his schemes. He practically reduced himself to poverty by the projects upon which he embarked. Like *L'Etourdi*, of Molière, he was often obliged, while dazzling his friends with talk of millions of money, to borrow the merest trifle.

The leading facts of his life may be told in a few words. He was born in the county of Monaghan in or about 1690. Although obviously of English descent on the paternal side, his family had long been settled in the North—at Derrylusk, County Monaghan, where they held extensive property. The family, which originally came from Surrey, became extinct about 1820. Pockrich's father raised and commanded an independent company during the Williamite wars, fought through “the late happy revolution,” and was dangerously wounded at the siege of Athlone. In 1715 Richard Pockrich, his son, who had settled in Dublin, established a brewery and distillery at Islandbridge, but failed to make it pay. It is alluded to by Newburgh in the lines:—

“In brewer's grains you gold can find—
To all such treasure I am blind.”

When, later in life, he competed for the Royal Dublin Society's premium for the best barrel of ale, and failed to obtain it, his contemporaries suggested that he consoled himself by philosophically and courageously drinking his own brew. One of his pet projects was to reclaim the bogs of Ireland, to drain them thoroughly and cultivate the land, and to plant vineyards on such parts as seemed suitable. He strongly advocated the culture of the vine in Ireland, and was laughed at for his pains. Yet an Italian visitor to Ireland not long since informed the Press that some parts of Ireland are eminently suitable for vine

culture. Pockrich wrote pamphlets in support of his theories, and tried to interest Parliament and the public in them without success. He spent a large sum of money in raising geese on several thousand acres of barren mountainous land in the heart of Wicklow, and declared that if properly encouraged he could supply the whole of the markets of Ireland, Great Britain, and France. Newburgh dismisses his project of reclaiming the bogs in these lines:—

“ You think Peru lies in a bog,
I nought see there but heath and fog.

Let sons of Ease enjoy the shade,
The heaven their indolence has made—
Thy cares ne'er droop ; o'er public good
Thy hopes, thy fears, thy schemes still brood ;
Methinks, thy labors to beguile,
The barren plains of Allen smile ;
Where shook the trembling bog, behold
The verdant lawns new scenes unfold ;
Or where the wandering shepherd strayed
Expands the gay enameled mead.

These spongy fens, now firm, produce
The grain or grape's enlivening juice.”

There can be little doubt that Pockrich had some extravagant beliefs, for he was something of an astrologer, and talked of building an observatory on one of the Wicklow hills for astrological purposes. To these several ideas of his Newburgh devotes the following lines:—

“ From humbler sounds that soothe our ears,
You seek the music of the spheres ;
When, far from ken of human sight,
You seek some mountain's airy height,
Wrapt in the clouds, you there survey
A boundless tract of land and sea—
Or with a leveled tube from far
Descry a bog in every star,
Or else, to human cares descending,
You read those fates you still are mending.

His numerous flocks the Bard next sees—
Not flocks of sheep, but flocks of geese :
As geese by cackling saved a state,¹

¹The cackling of the Roman geese, which alarmed the citizens when the Capitol was attacked.

So grazing geese may mend thy fate.
 See ! the vast mountains and the rocks
 Now covered o'er with cackling flocks ;
 Nor less in number than those bands
 That once o'erspread the Grecian sands.”¹

He had excellent musical ideas, however, and saw, long before any one else, the potentialities of the drum. He planned an orchestra of drums, twenty in number, varying in size and tone, from the smallest trebles to the bass tones, which were to be placed in a circle, and to be played by one person, who was to stand in the center and strike the drums as required. Newburgh mentions the project in the lines:—

“ In thunder next you strike mine ear,
 When from the drum’s tumultuous sound,
 You deal your martial thumps around.
 In softer strains my ears delight,
 Nor choose a drum but when I fight.”

After spending both money and time upon the invention, he turned to another project—this time a humanitarian one. He proposed to build unsinkable ships of metal for the maritime powers, and to supply each man-of-war with five hundred tin boats which, he contended, would float under any or all circumstances, and would prove invaluable in cases of shipwreck or collision. Newburgh, however, was one of the unconvinced and says:—

“ My friend, who dreads the boisterous main,
 Inglorious seeks the rural plain.”

He was equally skeptical as to the sanity of another of Pockrich’s plans, which was to provide every one with a pair of wings for flying. Our inventor firmly held that the day would come—and soon, if he obtained the necessary capital—when men and women would never dream of walking; when as Newburgh says, “ it might be as common for men to call for their wings as now for their boots,” and (in Moore’s words)—

“ When pleasure began to grow dull in the East,
 Could order their wings and be off to the West.”

¹ Alluding to Xerxes’ invasion of Greece with three million of geese, as recorded by Herodotus.

Newburgh's references to this (at the time) amazing suggestion is contained in the lines—

“ You wing your daring flight,
And range the azure fields of light ;
My dastard soul, of humbler birth,
Grovels contented here on earth.”

Pockrich's unfortunate marriage in 1745¹ with a widow, whom he had been given to understand possessed much money, but who proved, apart from a small jointure of £200 (\$1,000) a year, to be heavily in debt, was naturally made much fun of by the considerate wits of his day. The couplet—

“ From flights sublime in liquid air,
Descending, you address the Fair,”

is that which opens Newburgh's allusion to the event which proved anything but “ happy ” for Pockrich. His wife eventually ran away with Theophilus Cibber, the theatrical celebrity, but the boat which carried them to Scotland was shipwrecked, and the elopers were lost with everybody else on board. This was in 1758, just a year before Pockrich's own tragic death. In 1745 he had endeavored to get into the Irish Parliament as a Member for Monaghan, but had failed. He contested Dublin in 1749, but, the political papers and humorous ballads addressed by him to the electors notwithstanding, again failed. That he had strong opinions upon financial matters seems clear from Newburgh's lines—

“ Hear him in Senates next dispense
The nerves and force of eloquence !
Or, god-like, raise the uplifted thunder
'Gainst pensioned knaves who nations plunder.”

Pockrich believed fully in prophecy and in all kinds of charms, and was induced to put himself forward as a candidate for parliamentary honors by the following “ facts,” which, says Newburgh, were “ not more frequently than solemnly related by Mr. Pockrich himself. He tells us, sitting one morning in an apartment in his brewery near Islandbridge, the doors of his house at that time being bolted and double-locked, he observed a very old woman

¹ I have recovered the record of his marriage, 23d April, 1745, with Margaret, widow of Francis White, Esq.

talking to his servant, the contents of which conversation were as follows:—The old woman inquires whether Captain Pockrich lived there. Upon being answered in the affirmative, she replies, ‘I am sorry to see a gentleman that once lived so well obliged to take up with so poor an habitation,’ the house being at that time extremely ruinous and not inhabited for some years before. ‘But, old as I am,’ added the hag, ‘I shall live to see the day when Mr. Pockrich shall enjoy the estate of his ancestors, be returned (as his father was before him) knight of the shire, and possess the first honors of his country.’ Having said so much, she suddenly disappeared, the doors of the house still continuing double-locked and bolted.

“Some little time after, Mr. Pockrich, in a house he frequented, happens to meet with a man born deaf and dumb. The seer (for which he appears to have been) fixes his eyes for some time upon Mr. Pockrich, with a more than ordinary attention. Then, with a piece of chalk, delineates upon the wainscot the outlines of a magnificent fabric. Proceeding, he draws a coach with six horses and a numerous equipage, every now and then looking upon Mr. Pockrich, then pointing to the draft, as it were thereby appropriating these marks of grandeur to the person he had in his eye.”

But the project of Pockrich which excited most comment was his plan for the transfusion of blood. He declared that he could, by connecting a sick person with a healthy one by a pipe or tube, so revive the former in improving his blood that death would be almost unknown. Hence the lines in ‘Projector’:

“Pockrich shall live to see old Death
Resign his pestilential breath.”

Whereat the wags made merry, and it is alleged that many of the rectors, vicars, and incumbents of the country became seriously alarmed about the burial fees which made so large a part of their income, and joined with the heirs apparent and others who held reversions and remainders in petitioning Parliament against the impious plan. To mollify them, as the story goes, Pockrich agreed to accept a Government measure enabling them to realize after the relative or other person upon whom they had a claim should have reached the age of 999 years, when also burial

fees would be recoverable from Methusalahs. This sop, however, was not too well received by Cerberus.

Further discussion of our inventor's projects seems unnecessary. Among them was one for turning the Archbishop of Tuam's Palace at Mount Eccles "near Dublin into a Cake-House, and for that purpose treated with his Grace, to whom he made several presents of young pigeons." He wanted to make an Irish Vauxhall of Mount Eccles, but the scheme never came to fruition. He did not hesitate to express his belief that "if he lived a few years he did not doubt to see every scheme, prediction, and prophecy of his brought to bear and fulfilled." Newburgh informs us that he was "in conversation a pleasant, jocular, and agreeable companion, and but seldom discovered any marks of an unsound mind." There is no question that Pockrich had his eccentricities—he was admittedly an old beau in dress, and endeavored, when well on in age, to pass as a young man. Just to add one more to the many proofs that there is nothing new under the sun—not even in toilette recipes, Newburgh's explanation of Pockrich's unwrinkled appearance may be quoted. It was due to the latter's recipe, which is taken from one of the notes to '*The Projector*' :—

"Take common brown paper, steep it in vinegar, then apply it to the forehead, the skin about the eyes, or any other wrinkled part ; let it lie on some time, every half hour renewing the application. The wrinkles not only disappear, but the cheeks glow with a vermeil that excels the power of paint. Mr. Pockrich has practiced his experiment for some years past with great success."

Evidently Pockrich was a man of unlimited resource. He had, among his many other peculiarities, a liking for religious disquisition. About 1745, when one Thomas Cynick, a new apostle (a native of Reading in Berkshire, and born in 1721), came to Dublin to convert the inhabitants to his own religious views, Pockrich was one of his early followers, a fact duly recorded by Newburgh :—

" Oh ! what convulsive pangs and throes
Tend the new birth of battered beaus !
From the raised tub, he hears the rant,
The new, the moving, godly cant,
The new, the pious consolation,
That faith alone works out salvation."

After a few months in Dublin, the new reformer, Cynick, disappeared, after, as Newburgh suggests, fleecing his flock.

Pockrich's death was a sad and unexpected one. In the year 1759, being then upon one of his musical tours through England, he happened to be lodging at Hamlin's Coffee House, Sweeting's Alley, near the Royal Exchange, London, when a disastrous fire—supposed to have originated in his own room, perhaps owing to some new experiment—broke out one night and destroyed several houses. The unfortunate musician was among those who perished in the flames. The *Gentleman's Magazine*, in its account of the affair, refers to him as "Mr. Pokeridge (*sic.*) who had invented a new kind of music upon glasses."

The *Lady's Magazine* for 1794 (p. 178), quoting from a 'Life of Dr. Franklin,' says:—"The tone produced by rubbing the brim of a drinking glass with a wet finger had been generally known. A Mr. Puckeridge, an Irishman, by placing on a table a number of glasses of different sizes, and tuning them by partly filling them with water, endeavored to form an instrument capable of playing tunes. He was prevented by an untimely end from bringing his invention to any degree of perfection. After his death some improvements were made upon his plan. The sweetness of the tone induced Dr. Franklin to make a variety of experiments, and he at length formed that elegant instrument, which he has called the *Armonica*."

MRS. POWER O'DONOGHUE (NANNIE LAMBERT).

MRS. POWER O'DONOGHUE is the youngest child of the late Charles Lambert, Esq., Castle Ellen, Athenry, County Galway, and wife of Dr. Power O'Donoghue, Mus.B., F.S.A., etc. She is an excellent type of the bright, humorous, liberal-minded Irishwoman, of untiring energy and great natural ability. Her professional work as a journalist was begun on the *Lady's Pictorial* in 1881, and she is one of the hardest working and most prolific journalists of the day. She is a contributor to most of the leading English, and to some American and Colonial, periodicals. Mrs. O'Donoghue has written several successful novels, and works on horsemanship for ladies, which latter are accepted as standard authorities upon the subject. She illustrates her own books, speaks several languages, is a good pianist, vocalist, and harpist, has owned and trained several famous horses, and was a regular and fearless follower of the hounds until she met with a serious accident in the hunting-field a few years ago. She is a member of the Institute of Journalists.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

What is a gentleman? Is it a thing
Decked with a scarf-pin, a chain, and a ring,
Dressed in a suit of immaculate style,
Sporting an eye-glass, a lisp, and a smile;
Talking of operas, concerts, and balls,
Evening assemblies, and afternoon calls;
Sunning himself at "homes" and bazaars,
Whistling mazurkas and smoking cigars?

What is a gentleman? Say, is it one
Boasting of conquests and deeds he has done;
One who unblushingly glories to speak,
Things which should call up a blush to his cheek;
One who whilst railing at actions unjust
Robs some young heart of its pureness and trust;
Scorns to steal money, or jewels, or wealth,
Thinks it no crime to take honor by stealth?

What is a gentleman? Is it not one
Knowing instinctively what he should shun;
Speaking no word that can injure or pain,
Spreading no scandal and deepening no stain;
One who knows how to put each at his ease,
Striving instinctively always to please;
One who can tell by a glance at your cheek
When to be silent and when he should speak?

What is a gentleman? Is it not one
Honestly eating the bread he has won,
Living in uprightness, fearing his God,
Leaving no stain on the path he has trod;
Caring not whether his coat may be old,
Prizing sincerity far above gold;
Recking not whether his hand may be hard,
Stretching it boldly to grasp its reward?

What is a gentleman? Say, is it birth
Makes a man noble or adds to his worth?
Is there a family tree to be had
Spreading enough to conceal what is bad?
Nothing to blush for and nothing to hide,
Trust in his character felt far and wide;
Be he a noble, or be he in trade,
This is the gentleman nature has made.

JOHN O'DONOVAN.

(1809—1861.)

THE names of John O'Donovan and Eugene O'Curry are inseparably and enduringly connected with the history of Celtic scholarship. We have already told something of O'Curry's life and work.

John O'Donovan was born in the county of Kilkenny on July 9, 1809. He was educated in Dublin and became a proficient scholar in Latin, Greek, and Irish.

For some years he was employed in the Historical Department of the Ordnance Survey, reducing manuscripts to order and adding to his scanty income by writing articles on antiquarian subjects for the magazines.

In 1836 he was engaged in examining and cataloguing the Irish manuscripts in Trinity College, Dublin. The principal publications of the Irish Archeological Society were edited by O'Donovan, the most important among them being 'The Battle of Magh Rath,' published in 1842; 'The Genealogies, Tribes, and Customs of Hy-Fiarach,' 1843; and 'The Tribes and Customs of Hy-Many,' 1844. In 1845 appeared his valuable 'Grammar of the Irish Language,' on which he was engaged at intervals for a number of years, Professor O'Curry and Dr. Todd assisting him in the compilation. In 1847 Mr. O'Donovan was called to the Irish bar. In the same year his 'Book of Rights' was published. This was a translation of the Irish Doomsday Book, which contained details connected with the government of Ireland in the tenth century. His greatest work, the editing and translation of 'The Annals of the Four Masters,' next occupied his attention. The first portion of the work appeared in 1848, the remainder in 1851.

Dr. Douglas Hyde in his 'Literary History of Ireland' says it is "the greatest work that any modern Irish scholar ever accomplished. In it the Irish text with accurate English translation, and an enormous quantity of notes, topographical, genealogical, and historical, are given, and the whole is contained in seven great quarto volumes—a work of which any age or country might be proud. So long as Irish history exists, 'The Annals of the Four Masters' will be read in O'Donovan's translation, and the name of O'Donovan be inseparably connected with that of the O'Clerys." In acknowledgment of his great services to literature the Royal Irish Academy awarded Mr. O'Donovan the Cunningham Medal, which was the highest honor in its gift. The honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred on him by Trinity College, Dublin, and he was elected an honorary member of the Royal Academy of Science at Berlin. In conjunction with Professor O'Curry he was now employed on a translation of the 'Seanchus Mor (Ancient Laws of Ireland).'

This was commenced in 1853 and occupied several years. Dr. Douglas Hyde tells us that "before they died—which they did, unhappily, not long after they had begun this work—O'Donovan had transcribed 2,491 pages of text, of which he had accomplished a

preliminary translation in twelve manuscript volumes, while his fellow laborer, O'Curry, had transcribed 2,906 pages more, and had accomplished a tentative translation of them which filled thirteen volumes. Four large volumes of these laws have been already published, and two more have been these very many years in preparation, but have not as yet seen the light."

His latest work was a translation of the curious topographical poems written by John O'Dubhagain and Gillana-naomh O'Huidrin, in which the chief families and territories of Ireland in the fourteenth century were enumerated. To this work were prefixed several learned treatises on ancient Irish names, male and female Christian names, English names assumed by the native Irish, and the ancient names of tribes and territories in Ireland. This valuable work was published in 1862, with an index by Dr. Reeves. 'The Martyrology of Donegal,' translated from the Irish by Dr. O'Donovan and edited by Drs. Todd and Reeves, appeared in 1864.

In November, 1861, Dr. O'Donovan was prostrated by an attack of rheumatic fever, of which he died Dec. 9 of the same year.

FINNACHTA AND THE CLERICS.

From 'The Annals of Ireland.'

It was this Finnachta¹ that remitted the Borumha² to Moling after it had been levied during the reigns of forty kings previously, namely, from Tuathal Teachtmair to Finnachta. Moling came (as an ambassador) from all Leinster to request a remission of the Borumha from Finnachta. Moling asked of Finnachta to forgive the Borumha for a day and a night. This to Moling was the same as to forgive it forever, for there is not in time but day and night.

But Finnachta thought it was one (natural) day and night. Moling came forth before him, and said: "Thou hast given a respite respecting it for ever and yesterday." Moling promised heaven to Finnachta. But Finnachta conceived that Moling had deceived him, and he said to his people, "Go," said he, "in pursuit of this holy man, who has gone away from me, and say unto him that I have not given respite for the Borumha to him but for one day and for one night, for methinks the holy man has deceived me, for there is but one day and one night in the whole world." But when Moling knew that they were coming in pursuit of him, he ran actively and hastily till he reached his house, and the people of the king did not come up with him at all.

¹ Finnachta, King of Ireland, A.D. 678, reigned seven years.

² Borumha, the tax paid by Leinster to the King of Teamhair (Tara).

Others say that Moling brought a poem with him to Finnachta . . . (and this poem is written in the book called the Borumha). However, the Borumha was forgiven to Moling from that till judgment; and though Finnachta was sorry for it, he was not able to levy it, for it was for the sake of heaven he had remitted it. *Et hoc est verius.* (And this is true.)

In the fifteenth year from the year in which Finnachta had forgiven the Borumha, Adamnan came to Finnachta after Moling, and he sent a cleric of his people to Finnachta that he might come to converse with him. Finnachta was then playing chess.

"Come to converse with Adamnan," said the cleric. "I will not till this game is finished," said Finnachta.

The cleric returned to Adamnan and told him the answer of Finnachta. "Go thou to him, and say to him that I shall sing fifty psalms during that time, and that there is a psalm among that fifty in which I shall pray the Lord that a son or grandson of his, or a man of his name, may never assume the sovereignty of Erin."

The cleric accordingly went and told that to Finnachta, but Finnachta took no notice, but played at his chess till the game was finished. "Come to converse with Adamnan, oh Finnachta," said the cleric. "I will not go," said Finnachta, "till this game is finished."

The cleric told this to Adamnan. "Say unto him," said Adamnan, "that I will sing fifty psalms, during that time, and that there is a psalm among the fifty in which I will ask and beseech the Lord to shorten his life for him."

The cleric told this to Finnachta, but Finnachta took no notice of it, but played away at his chess till the game was finished. "Come to converse with Adamnan," said the cleric. "I will not," said Finnachta, "till this game is finished."

The cleric told to Adamnan the answer of Finnachta. "Go to him," said Adamnan, "and tell him that I will sing the third fifty psalms, and that there is a psalm in that fifty in which I will beseech the Lord that he may not obtain the kingdom of heaven."

The cleric came to Finnachta and told him this. When Finnachta heard this, he suddenly put away the chess from him, and he came to Adamnan. "What has brought thee

to me now, and why didst thou not come at the other messages?"

"What induced me to come," said Finnachta, "was the threats which thou didst hold forth to me, viz., that no son or grandson of mine should ever reign, and that no man of my name should ever assume the sovereignty of Erin, or that I should have shortness of life. I deemed these light; but when thou didst promise me to take away heaven from me, I then came suddenly, because I cannot endure this."

"Is it true," said Adamnan, "that the Borumha was remitted by thee for a day and a night to Moling?" "It is true," said Finnachta. "Thou hast been deceived," said Adamnan, "for this is the same as to remit it for ever." . . . After this Finnachta placed his head in the bosom of Adamnan, and he did penance in his presence, and Adamnan forgave him for the remission of the Borumha.

HOW FINNACHTA BECAME RICH.

From 'The Annals of Ireland.'

At first this Finnachta was poor and indigent. He had a house and a wife, but he had no property but one ox and one cow. On one occasion the King of Fera-Ros happened to wander and stray in the neighborhood of Finnachta's hut. There never was before a worse night than this for storm and snow and darkness, and the king and his wife, with their numerous people, were not able to reach the house which they desired to reach, in consequence of the intensity of the cold and the darkness; and their intention was to remain under the shelter of the trees.

But Finnachta heard them express these intentions; for they were not far from his hut at the time, and he came to meet them on the way, and said to them they had better come to his hut—such as it was—than to travel on that dark, stormy, cold night. And the king and his people said, "It is true it were better," said they, "and we are glad, indeed, that thou hast told us so." They afterwards came to his house, and the size of the house was greater than its

wealth. Finnachta, moreover, struck the ox on the head, and struck the cow on the head, and the king's own people actively and quickly prepared them on spit and in caldron, and they ate thereof till they were satiated.

They slept well afterwards till the morning came. The King of Fera-Ros said to his own wife, "Knowest thou not, O woman, that this house was at first poor, and that it is now poorer, the owner having killed his only cow and his only ox for us?" "This is indeed true," said the wife, "and it behoves us now to enrich it; whatever much or little thou wilt give to the man, I will give the same amount to his wife." "Good is what thou sayest," said the king. The king then gave a large herd of cows, and many pigs and sheep, with their herdsmen, to Finnachta; and the king's wife gave the same amount to the wife of Finnachta. They also gave them fine clothes, and good horses, and whatever they stood in need of in the world.

THE BATTLE OF ALMHAIN.

From 'The Annals of Ireland.'

[The site of this battle (fought in 722) is a celebrated hill about five miles to the north of the town of Kildare, now called Allen. The cause of the battle was the tribute which King Finnachta had remitted to Moling, who was Bishop of Ferns, A.D. 691 to 697. The Leinster men had not paid it, and King Ferghal collected a great army of the men of Meath, 21,000 strong, and met the Leinster men, who were only 9,000. The strange occurrences of the battle were as follows:—]

Long indeed was this muster of forces being carried on, for each man of Leth-Chiusm, which means the north half of Ireland, to whom the order came used to say: "If Donnbo¹ come on the hosting I will."

Now Donnbo was a widow's son of the Fera-Ros,² and he never went away from his mother's house for one day or one night, and there was not one in all Ireland of fairer

¹ *Donnbo*. No account of this personage is to be found in any other authority, and this legend in the old vellum book of Nehemias Mac Egan must be from a romantic tale now unknown.

² *Fera-Ros*, a tribe inhabiting the district round the present town of Carrickmacross.

countenance, or of better figure, form, or symmetry than he; there was not in all Ireland one more pleasant or entertaining, or one in the world who could repeat more amusing and royal stories than he; he was the best to harness horses, to set spears, to plait hair, and he was a man of royal intelligence in his countenance: of whom was said—

“ Fairer than sons was Donnbo,
Sweeter his poems than all that mouths rehearse,
Pleasanter than the youths of Innis-Fail,
The brilliancy of his example took the multitude.”

His mother did not permit Donnbo to go with Ferghal, until Mael-mic-Failbhe¹ was pledged for his return alive . . . safe to his own house from the province of Leinster.

King Ferghal proceeded upon his way. Guides went before him, but the guidance they afforded him was not good, through the narrowness of each road, and the ruggedness of each pass, until they reached Cluain-Dobhail,² at Almhain. And Aedhan the Leper of Cluain-Dobhail was there before them. The hosts ill-treated him; they killed his only cow, and roasted it on spits before his face, and they unroofed his house and burned it; and the Leper said that the vengeance which God would wreak on the Ui-Neill on his account would be an eternal vengeance; and the Leper came forward to the tent of Ferghal, where the kings of Leth-Chiusm were before him. The Leper complained of the injuries done him in their presence; but the heart of none of them was moved towards him, except the heart of Cubretan,³ son of the king of Fera-Ros; and for this Cubretan had no reason to be sorry, for of all the kings who were in the tent, none escaped from the battle except Cubretan alone. Then Ferghal said to Donnbo, “ Show amusement for us, O Donnbo, for thou are the best minstrel in Ireland at pipes, and trumpets, and harps, at the poems, and legends, and royal tales of Erin, for on to-morrow morning we shall give battle to the Leinster men.”

“ No,” said Donnbo, “ I am not able to amuse thee to-night, and I am not about to exhibit any one of these feats to-night; but wherever thou shalt be to-morrow, if I be

¹ *Mael-mic-Failbhe*, tenth abbot of Hy, a successor of Columbkill.

² *Cluain-Dobhail*. This name is now forgotten.

³ *Cubretan* signifies dog or hero of Britain.

alive, I shall show amusement to thee. But let the royal clown Ua Maighleine¹ amuse thee this night."

The clown was afterwards brought to them, and he commenced narrating battles and valiant deeds. . . . On the following morning the battalions of both sides met. . . . The valorous deeds of the heroes of Leinster and Leth-Chiusm are very much spoken of. It is said that Saint Brigit was seen over the Leinster men; Colum Cille was seen over the Ui-Neill. The battle was gained by Murchadh, son of the King of Leinster. Ferghal himself was killed, and Aedh Menu (a prince of Leinster) slew Donnbo. . . . The clown was taken prisoner, and he was asked to give "a clown's shout," and he did so. Loud and melodious was that shout, so that the shout of Ua Maighleine has remained with the clowns of Erin from that day forth. . . . The clown's head was struck off. The reverberation of the clown's shout remained in the air for three days and three nights. From which comes the saying, "The shout of Ua Maighleine chasing the men in the bog."

It was at Condail² of the Kings the Leinster men were that night drinking wine and mead merrily and in high spirits after gaining the battle; and each of them was describing his prowess, and they were jolly and right merry. Then Murchadh, son of the King of Leinster, said:—

"I would give a chariot of [the value of] four cumhals, and my steed and battle dress, to the hero who would go to the field of slaughter, and would bring us a token from it."

"I will go," said Baethgalach, a hero of Munster. He puts on his dress of battle and combat, and arrived at the spot where the body of King Ferghal was, and he heard a noise in the air over his head, and he said on hearing it:

"All praise be to thee, O king of the seven heavens! Ye are amusing your lord to-night, namely, King Ferghal; though ye have all fallen here, both poets, pipers, trumpeters, and harpers, let not hatred or ability prevent you to-night from playing for Ferghal."

The young warrior then heard the most delightful and entrancing piping and music in the bunch of rushes next him, a Fenian melody sweeter than any music. The young warrior went towards it.

¹ *Ua Maighleine*. He is not mentioned in any other known annals.

² *Condail*, now Old Connell, in County Kildare, about five miles east of the Hill of Allen.

"Do not come near me," said a head to him.

"I ask who art thou?" said the young warrior.

"I am the head of Donnbo," said the head; "and I made a compact last night that I would amuse the king to-night, and do not annoy me."

"Which is the body of Ferghal here?" said the young warrior.

"Thou mayest observe it yonder," said the head.

"Shall I take thee away," said the young warrior; "thou art the dearest to me."

"Bring me," said the head; "but may the grace of God be on thy head if thou bring me to my body again."¹

"I will, indeed," said the young warrior.

And the young warrior returned with the head to Condail the same night, and he found the Leinster men drinking there on his arrival.

"Hast thou brought a token with thee?" said Murchadh.

"I have," replied the young warrior, "the head of Donnbo."

"Place it on yonder post," said Murchadh, and the whole host knew it to be the head of Donnbo, and they all said:—

"Pity that this fate awaited thee, O Donnbo! fair was thy countenance; amuse us to-night as thou didst thy lord last night."

His face was turned, and he raised a most piteous strain in their presence, so that they were all wailing and lamenting! The same warrior conveyed the head to its body, as he had promised, and he fixed it on the neck (to which it instantly adhered), and Donnbo started into life. In a word Donnbo reached the house of his mother. The three wonders² of this battle were: The coming of Donnbo home to his house alive in consequence of the pledged word of the abbot of Hy, and the shout of the clown which remained reverberating three days and three nights in the air, and nine thousand prevailing over twenty-one thousand.

¹ "If thou art minded to bring me at all, find my body and bring my head and body together."

² Three wonders are usually introduced into Irish romantic stories.

CHARLES O'FLAHERTY.

(1794—1828.)

CHARLES O'FLAHERTY, who is chiefly remembered as the author of the famous song ‘The Humors of Donnybrook Fair,’ was born in 1794, in Dublin, where his father was a pawnbroker. He was apprenticed to a bookseller ; eventually, however, he turned to journalism. He was on the staff of the Dublin *Morning Post*, and afterward edited *The Wexford Evening Post*. He died in May, 1828. He published ‘Poems,’ ‘Poems and Songs,’ and ‘Trifles in Poetry,’ in which the song referred to, often attributed to Lysaght, is to be found.

THE HUMORS OF DONNYBROOK FAIR.

Oh ! 't was Dermot O'Nowlan McFigg,
That could properly handle a twig.

He went to the Fair,
And kicked up a dust there,
In dancing the Donnybrook Jig,
With his twig.
Oh ! my blessing to Dermot McFigg !

When he came to the midst of the Fair,
He was *all in a paugh*¹ for fresh air,
For the Fair very soon
Was as full as the moon,
Such mobs upon mobs as were there,
Oh ! rare.
So more luck to sweet Donnybrook Fair.

The souls they came crowding in fast,
To dance while the leather would last,
For the Thomas Street brogue
Was there much in vogue,
And oft with a brogue the joke passed,
Quite fast,
While the Cash and the Whisky did last !

But Dermot, his mind on love bent,
In search of his sweetheart he went ;
Peeped in here and there,
As he walked thro' the Fair,

¹ *Paugh*, a fit.

And took a small taste in each tent,
 As he went.
 Och! on Whisky and Love he was bent.

And who should he spy in a jig,
 With a Meal-man so tall and so big,
 But his own darling Kate
 So gay and so neat;
 Faith, her partner he hit him a dig,
 The pig,
 He beat the meal out of his wig!

Then Dermot, with conquest elate,
 Drew a stool near his beautiful Kate;
 "Arrah! Katty," says he,
 "My own Cushlamachree,
 Sure the world for Beauty you beat,
 Complete,
 So we'll just take a dance while we wait!"

The Piper, to keep him in tune,
 Struck up a gay lilt very soon,
 Until an arch wag
 Cut a hole in his bag,
 And at once put an end to the tune
 Too soon.
 Oh! the music flew up to the moon!

To the Fiddler says Dermot McFigg,
 "If you'll please to play 'Sheela na gig,'
 We'll shake a loose toe
 While you humor the bow.
 To be sure you must warm the wig
 Of McFigg,
 While he's dancing a neat Irish jig!"

But says Katty, the darling, says she,
 "If you'll only just listen to me,
 It's myself that will show
 Billy can't be your foe,
 Tho' he fought for his Cousin, that's me,"
 Says she,
 "For sure Billy's related to me!

"For my own cousin-german, Ann Wilde,
 Stood for Biddy Mulrooney's first child,

And Biddy's step-son,
Sure he married Bess Dunn,
Who was gossip to Jenny, as mild
A child
As ever at mother's breast smiled.

"And maybe you don't know Jane Brown,
Who served goat's whey in sweet Dundrum town.
'T was her uncle's half-brother
That married my mother,
And bought me this new yellow gown,
To go down,
When the marriage was held in Miltown!"

"By the Powers, then," says Dermot, "'t is plain,
Like a son of that rascallion Cain,
My best friend I've kilt,
Tho' no blood it is spilt,
And the devil a harm did I mean,
That's plain,
But by me he'll be ne'er kilt again!"

Then the Meal-man forgave him the blow,
That laid him a-sprawling so low,
And being quite gay,
Asked them both to the play,
But Katty, being bashful, said "No,"
"No!" "No!"
Yet he treated them all to the show!

RODERIC O'FLAHERTY.

(1628—1718.)

RODERIC O'FLAHERTY was born at Park, near Galway, in the year 1628 ; his father was principal proprietor of the barony of Moycullen. In 1630 after the death of his father he was declared a king's ward—*i.e.* a ward in Chancery. Before he became of age King Charles I. had been beheaded, the Cromwellian wars had spread into Connaught, and he had retired to Sligo for shelter from the storm. There he met Dwald MacFirbis, with whom he studied the Irish language and literature.

After the Restoration he returned to Galway to find the lands of his family in the possession of one Martin, or “Nimble Dick Martin,” as he was called. After long years he succeeded in ejecting the usurper and regaining possession. Meanwhile he had made the acquaintance of John Lynch, author of ‘Cambrensis Eversus,’ who induced him to undertake his great work ‘Ogygia.’ This was completed about 1665, but it did not appear in print till 1684, when it was issued in the original Latin. It was afterward translated into English by J. Hely and published in Dublin in 1693. Sir George Mackenzie, Lord Advocate of Scotland, strove to make light of its authority, and O'Flaherty published in 1695 his ‘Ogygia Vindicæ.’ In his later years he was in miserable condition, though proud-spirited and fond of his studies. The last of the ancient race of Irish historians and chronologers, he died in 1718.

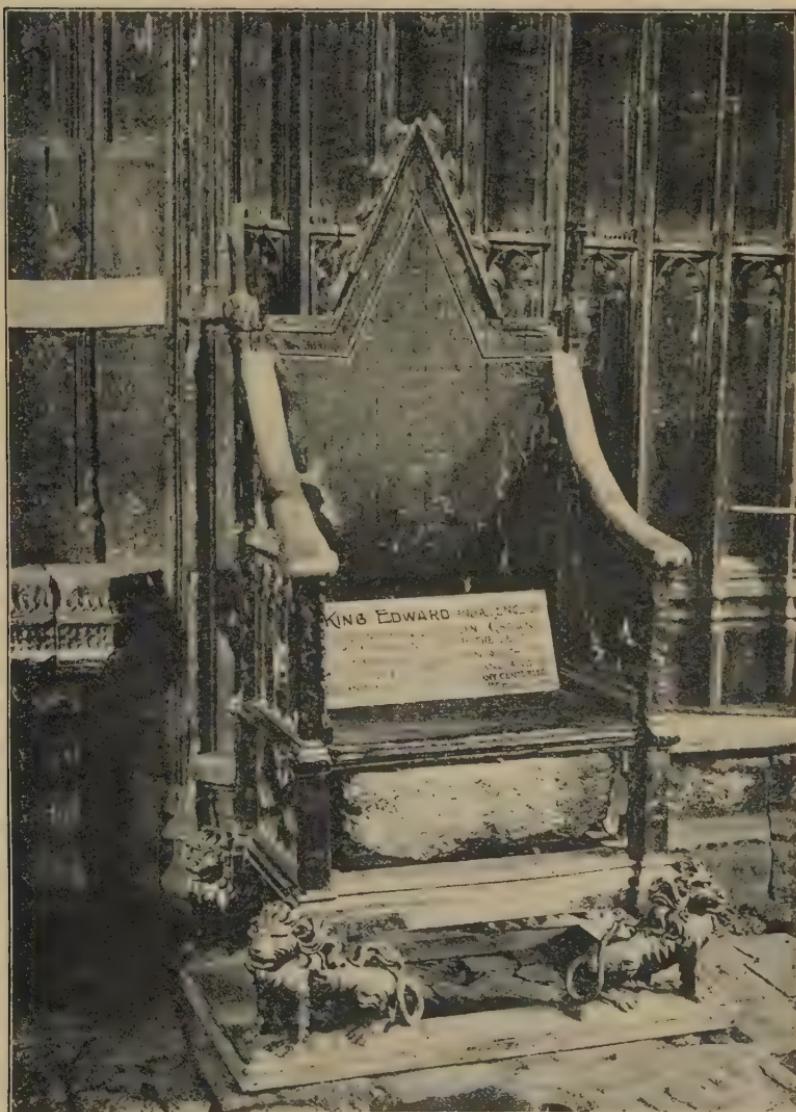
In addition to his ‘Ogygia’ and ‘Ogygia Vindicæ,’ O'Flaherty wrote ‘A Chronographical Description of West or H-Iar Connaught, Ogygia Christianæ,’ which it is feared is lost, and several smaller pieces, the very names of which have perished.

Although the writings of O'Flaherty are full of interesting and curious lore, they are so mixed up with imaginative stories, and he was so little of a discriminating antiquarian, that they cannot be accepted as having any actual historical value.

For example, it is doubtless true that when he wrote red deer were numerous in Ireland ; and it may be true that the phantom island of Hy-Brasil, marked on many old charts as near the west coast of Ireland, was in his time “often visible” ; but it is a great deal more likely that the view of “the shadowy Isle” is to be classed with “the fantastical ships in the harbor of Galway sailing against the wind,” which was doubtless a mirage, if we may judge from his own description.

His circumstantial story of “an Irish crocodile, that lived at the bottom of Lough Mask,” does not inspire the reader with confidence in his scientific accuracy, or prepare one to accept the mixture of history and legend which he calls the ‘Ogygia.’ He tells us that Ireland has been called the ancient Ogygia by Plutarch, “because,” says he, “they begin their histories from most profound memory of antiquity.”

The ‘Ogygia,’ so called because this was supposed, on the afore-





named authority, to be the ancient name of Ireland, is a most extraordinary *pasticcio*, compiled from Persian, Grecian, Roman and Mosaic history. O'Flaherty commences the Milesian history 1015 years before the Christian era, and writes a poem called a chronological poem, in which he says, "From the creation of the world my Ogygian poem shall commence." He brings the poem to a conclusion thus : "God, the author of the universe, at whose pleasure Ogygia will stand or fall, will unravel the secrets of futurity," ending his story in the reign of Charles II., in the year 1684.

THE LIA FAIL; OR, JACOB'S STONE.

From Part I. of 'Ogygia.'

There is at this day, in the royal throne at Westminster, a stone called in English Jacob's Stone, from the patriarch Jacob (I know not why so termed). On this monument the kings of Ireland formerly, in a solemn manner, took the omens of their investiture. There is an old tradition, confirmed by many ancient historians, that it was called fatal for this reason, because the princes of the blood royal, in the times of paganism, standing on it, would usually try who should reign; if it would make a noise under the person who sat on it, it was an infallible sign of his accession to the crown; but if it proved silent it precluded him from any hopes.

Since the incarnation of our blessed Lord it has produced no such oracle. Authors have made mention of a vocal stone which was in a statue of an Egyptian king, afterwards broken by Cambyses to the middle of the breast. And you can see in Eusebius of the delusive oracles of the globe that were suppressed and silenced since the birth of Christ. And by Suidas, in 'Augustus,' and Nicephorus Calistus, in his 'Ecclesiastical History,' another power is ascribed to this fatal stone, in the following distich, which Hector Boethius quotes:—

" Else fates belied, or where this stone is found,
A prince of Scotic race shall there be crowned."¹

The time that it came from Ireland into the possession of the Scots of Britain cannot be ascertained; but I may

¹ Tradition says that in the year 513 Fergus, a prince of the royal line, having obtained the Scottish throne, procured the use of this stone for his coronation at Dunstaffnage.

be allowed to conjecture it was in the reign of King Kineth (A. D. 850), who conquered and subjected to the empire of the Scots the Pictish nation, and deposited that stone in the abbey at Scone, in the country of the Picts, where he transferred the palace; and it was very proably transmitted by Aid Finlaith, the son-in-law of Kineth, who was afterwards King of Ireland, as an auspicious omen.

Edward I., king of England, marching through Scotland in 1296 with a victorious army, translated it to London. The augury of this stone was exploded and disused for the space of three hundred years until King James VI. of Scotland, the 25th of July, 1603, was anointed King of Great Britain, France and Ireland on it; and after him his son, in the year 1625; and his grandson (now reigning), the 23d of April, 1661, were crowned on it. There is no other manner of inauguration with some of the northern nations, than unanimously to constitute the kings elect, lifted upon a stone, with all possible acclamations and demonstrations of joy, as *Saxo Grammaticus* and others relate.

THE IDOLATRY OF THE IRISH.

From Part II. of 'Ogygia.'

The most celebrated of the ancient oracles with us, beside the fatal stone now in the throne at Westminster, was Cromcruach; and Clochoir (that is a golden stone) from which Clogher, a bishop's see, has taken its name, in Or-gialla, where an idol made of a golden stone used to give responses. "This stone," says Cathald Maguire, canon of Armagh, "is preserved at Clogher, at the right side of the church, which the Gentiles covered with gold, because in that they worshiped the principal idol of the northern parts called Hermann Kelstach."

The idol Cromcruach, to whom King Tigernas, with all his people, devoted his life, was the prince of all the idols of the country, and had his station, till the subversion of idolatry in Ireland by St. Patrick, in the plains of Moy-leuct, which the kings and nobility of the kingdom adored with the highest veneration, and with peculiar rites and

sacrifices; "because a foolish, ignorant, and superstitious people who worshiped him imagined he gave answers," as Jocelyn says, concerning the fall and destruction of this god.

The author of the seventh life of St. Patrick thus says in Colgan: "It was an idol embossed with gold and silver, and had ranged on either side of it twelve brazen statues of less distinction. For thus the delusive Lucifer devised it, and suggested to his blind and infatuated worshippers, that he might receive the same adorations and honor on earth which should be poured forth to the Son of God and his apostles. But this usurping miscreant, not by any means an object of compassion, was subdued by the servant of the living God; and was publicly disrobed and divested of these honors which he had contaminated by usurpation, and at length tumbled to the earth with confusion from his elevated station. For when Patrick saw at a distance the idol standing near the river Guthard, and as he was approaching, threatened to strike him with the staff of Jesus, which he had in his hand, the statue began to fall down to the right, towards the west; it had its face turned to Temoria, and had the impression of the staff in its left side, though the staff did not touch it, nor did it even leave the hand of the man of God.

"The other twelve smaller statues were swallowed up in the earth to their necks, and their heads are to be seen yet as a lasting memorial of this prodigy, just over ground. He then commanded the devil, that leaving the statue he should appear visibly to them in his own shape, and called King Laogar, his nobility and subjects, to show them what a monster they adored. In this conflict of the holy man with the father of deceit a button happened to fall out of his coat, which, when he found in heath, they took care to have the heath pulled up, in which place, to this very day, that ground is free from heath, and is seen quite bare, producing nothing in the midst of the heath:" so far from Colgan.

In commemoration of this memorable annihilation of idolatry, I believe the last Sunday in summer is, by a solemn custom, dedicated through Ireland, which they commonly call Donmach Cromduibh, that is, the Sunday of Black Crom; I suppose on account of the horrid and

deformed appearance of this horrible specter; others, with more propriety, call it St. Patrick's Sunday, in regard to this conquest over Satan. . . .

I find no vestiges of Jove, or of any other god, whom other nations worshiped, among our pagan ancestors. The names of three days of the week are called after the Moon, Mars, and Saturn, and (? but) I am of opinion that the cycles of the weeks have been introduced with the use of the Latin language, which was imported thither with the gospel. The two daughters of Laogar, king of Ireland, very great favorites with the Magi, while they lived with their foster-father, not far from Cruachan, the palace of Connaught, entered into a conversation with St. Patrick about God, according to the ideas they had imbibed of their own gods, not having mentioned one of their country deities. St. Patrick happened to be chanting his matins with three of his bishops and a great number of the clergy very early on a morning, at a fountain called Clabach, to the east of Cruachan, when the two princesses, at sunrise, came forth to wash their faces and view themselves in that fountain as in a mirror. Look back, you that are clothed in purple and pampered with the refined delicacies of luxuries quite unknown to the simplicity of ancient times, and behold the retired, unattended, but innocent walk of the royal ladies, in order to make use of this crystal fountain as a toilet to deck themselves. . . .

When the princesses saw these venerable gentlemen, clothed in white surplices, and holding books in their hands, astonished at their unusual dress and attitudes, they looked upon them to be the people Sidhe. The Irish call these Sidhe, aerial spirits or phantoms, because they are seen to come out of pleasant hills, where the common people imagine they reside. Saint Patrick, taking an opportunity of addressing the young ladies, introduced some divine topic which was concerning the existence of one God only.

When the elder sister in reply thus unembarrassed inquired: "Who is your God? and where doth he dwell? does he live in heaven, or under, or on the earth? or is his habitation in mountains, or in valleys, or in the sea, or in rivers? whether has he sons remarkable for their beauty, and are his daughters handsome and more beautiful than

the daughters of this world? are many employed about the education of his son? is he opulent, and does his kingdom abound with a plenty of wealth and riches? in what mode of worship does he delight? whether is he decked in the bloom of youth, or is he bending under the weight of years? has he a life limited to a certain period, or is he immortal?" In which interrogations there was not a word of resemblance or comparison between the pagan gods Saturn, Jupiter, Apollo, Venus, Diana, Pallas, Juno, and the unknown divinity. Nor did she allude in her discourse to that Cromeruach, the principal god of our heathen deities, or to any of their attributes.

From whence we may infer that the divinities of the Irish were local ones, that is, residing in mountains, plains, rivers, in the sea, and such places. For as the pagan system of theology taught, "as souls were divided with mortals at their birth, so fatal genii presided over them, and that the eternal cause has distributed various guardians through all nations," and that these topical genii never went to other countries.

The flamens or priests of our heathen worship were Druids, whom the Latins commonly call Magi, because they understood magic. Druis, in Irish *Draoi*, is derived from the Greek words *drys*, *dryos*, that is an oak, or from the Celtic word *deru*, which imports the same, because they solemnized their superstitious rites in oak groves, or perhaps from the vocal oak groves of which we have spoken above. . . . They were held in the greatest esteem formerly in Gaul, Britain, and Ireland. Some assert there was a college of Druids in Gaul before the year of the world 2187.

Julius Cæsar, the conqueror of Gaul, has written a long treatise on them, from whom we have extracted what follows: "The Druids superintend divine worship, they order both public and private sacrifices, they explain articles of religion, they give a decisive opinion in all controversies, they appoint rewards and penalties; to be interdicted from attending their religious duties is the severest punishment. This is the mode of excommunication: they are enrolled in the number of the impious and abandoned, all desert them and shun their company and conversation, nor is equity or justice administered to them when they want it, neither is

any honor conferred on them. There is one who is invested with unlimited authority; he is elected by the suffrages of the Druids. Sometimes they have bloody engagements concerning the sovereignty. Their order was first invented in Britain, as it is supposed, and from thence transmitted into Gaul, and now those who wish to attain a perfect knowledge of their rules and customs go thither to study. The Druids are never engaged in military affairs, neither do they pay taxes as other subjects; they do not think it lawful to commit the principles of their system to writing, and they generally use the Greek language in other matters. They advance this particularly as a tenet of their doctrine, that souls do not perish, but after their separation from bodies pass into and animate other bodies, and by this belief they imagine they are inspired with and excited to virtuous and noble actions through a contempt of death. They dispute on many things concerning the heavenly bodies and their revolutions; of the form of the earth, of the nature of things, of the attributes and power of the gods, and they instruct the youth in these matters." The island Mona, divided by a narrow sea from Britain, and quite different from that Mona which is also called Menavia and Mann, situate between the northern parts of Britain and Ireland, was the ancient seat of the Druids in Britain. Now it is commonly called Anglesey, as if the island of the English, the capital of which is Beaumorris.

The Druids strenuously opposed the gospel in Ireland, and we are told they predicted the arrival St. Patrick in Ireland to the total destruction of their sect.

JAMES RODERICK O'FLANAGAN.

(1814 ——)

JAMES RODERICK O'FLANAGAN was born in Fermoy, Sept. 1, 1814, and was educated there. After a lengthened tour on the Continent he published his first work, ‘Impressions at Home and Abroad,’ 1837. In the following year he began practicing as a barrister. In 1845 Mr. O’Flanagan began contributing a series of articles to *The Dublin University Magazine* on ‘Irish Rivers.’ For several years he was a constant writer in various leading Irish periodicals, and was editor of *The Irish National Magazine*. In 1861 ‘The History of Dundalk’ appeared, written in conjunction with the late John D’Alton. ‘The Bar Life of O’Connell,’ published in 1866, was well received by the public ; the author wrote from personal knowledge of his subject, and his narrative thus possesses a strong and living interest.

A sporting novel, ‘Brian O’Ryan,’ was his next work, followed by his most valuable contribution to Irish literature, ‘The Lives of the Lord Chancellors of Ireland’ (1870). These volumes embrace a period extending from the reign of Henry III. to the reign of Queen Victoria. Mr. O’Flanagan’s later work, ‘The Irish Bar’ (1878–9), is written in a bright, lively style, and shows no falling off either in the author’s memory or in his powers of graphic description. ‘The Munster Circuit’ (1880) was favorably reviewed in *The Times* ; he also prepared a work entitled ‘Anecdotes and Sketches of Prelates and Priests of Every Denomination.’

TRIED BY HIS PEERS.

From ‘The Irish Bar.’

In the year 1738 a wild young nobleman, Lord Santry, with other young men of good family but disreputable conduct, were drinking at a rural tavern in the village of Palmerston, a few miles from Dublin. It was a fair day, and many persons were in and out of this tavern. Lord Santry had reached that stage of inebriety when good-humor ceases and a disposition to grow quarrelsome prevails. He had taken the “cross drop,” and his companions, being indisposed to tolerate his ill-humor, dropped off one by one. Lord Santry then expended his wrath upon a man named Humphreys, and, as it was the custom for gentlemen at this time to wear rapiers, he proceeded to unsheathe his rapier; but it stuck fast in the scabbard, and, happily for Humphreys, his lordship failed in his efforts to

draw. In a violent rage at this circumstance, Lord Santry left the room, and proceeded along a passage leading to the kitchen. While here he unfortunately met a man named Laughlin Murphy, who was usually employed as pot-boy and messenger. Finding Murphy in his way, Lord Santry gave him a push, and swore that "he would kill him if he spoke a word." Murphy made some reply, on hearing which the excited peer kept to his rash oath, for tugging at his sword, he unsheathed it and plunged it into Murphy's body. The wounded man instantly exclaimed, "I'm killed!" No attempt seems to have been made to take the drunken peer into custody. He gave a four-pound piece of gold to the landlord of the tavern as recompense for the wound he inflicted on Murphy, and went away. The victim of his intemperance lingered from the 9th August to the 25th of September, 1738, when he died in Dublin, in a small lane called Hammond's Lane.

The law officers at that time were Robert Jocelyn, Attorney-General, and John Bowes, Solicitor-General. They took prompt steps to bring the offender to the bar of justice. He was arrested and indicted for murder. A true bill being found by the Grand Jury of the County of Dublin, a writ of *certiorari* was applied for and granted, removing the trial from the Court of King's Bench to the House of Lords, in order that the prisoner should be tried by his Peers.

There was a great bustle and flocking of individuals to the Parliament House on College Green on the morning of the 27th April, 1739, the day fixed for the trial of Lord Santry. Soldiers in uniform, civilians in their best attire, the battle-axe guards in their full equipments, all thronged the avenues to the Parliament House. There was a strong body of the city constables present, and, as the trial was fixed to take place at an early hour, the city was astir from daybreak. Troops lined the streets as early as seven o'clock, and at half-past seven the noble prisoner, only twenty-nine years of age, was conveyed in a coach, in the custody of the High Sheriff of Dublin, to the court wherein he was to be tried. The House of Commons, affording more space than the House of Lords, was fitted up for this solemn investigation. The Peers were not so prompt in going forth as the citizens. The Lord High

Steward was the Chancellor Lord Wyndham, and he held a levee in his mansion in St. Stephen's Green on that morning, at which the judges in their ermine, the King-of-Arms in his robes, the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, and the Sergeant-at-Arms attended. These high dignitaries escorted the Lord High Steward in his progress to preside at the trial. On this occasion, the *Black Rod* was changed for a *white* one, and the Sergeant-at-Arms bore a mace.

The chronicles of the time give a full account of the solemn procession. They tell us of the state observed—how twelve gentlemen led the way, marching bareheaded, two and two; then followed the Sergeant-at-Arms with the mace and the seal-bearer with the purse, also uncovered; then his Grace the Lord High Steward, in gorgeous robes, and his train-bearers, with Ulster King of Arms on his right, and the Usher of the Black Rod bearing the white wand of the Lord High Steward on his left. Then followed the chief and puisne judges, in scarlet and ermine. The gorgeous if cumbrous coaches, chiefly drawn by six horses, conveyed their “potent, grave, and reverend signors” to the Parliament House. They were met by four Sergeants with maces, and, on entering the High Court of Parliament, found the Peers already assembled. A chair of state, raised higher than those of other Peers, and surmounted by a rich canopy, was prepared for the Lord High Steward. Lord Wyndham bowed right and left as he proceeded to his place. The purse was laid on a small table beside him, and the Sergeant-at-Arms, with the mace, took his place near the table.

The proceedings were opened by the Clerk of the Crown of the King's Bench opening the Court, and the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery bearing the Commission from his Majesty, empowering the Lord High Steward to preside. These officials made their bows, and the Sergeant-at-Arms, having called aloud, “Oyez!” three times, the Clerk of the Crown of the King's Bench read the Commission: the Lords standing uncovered while it was reading. After an amount of bowing and reverences which it is unnecessary to relate, the Peers took their seats according to their respective rank. The indictment being read, the Clerk of the Crown asked the prisoner to plead, which he did by “Not guilty.” He was then asked how he would be tried,

to which he answered, "By God and my Peers." Then the Lord High Steward gave him in charge of the Peers, and Robert Jocelyn, the Attorney-General, stated the case for the prosecution as I have already mentioned. The defense was "that the death of Murphy was not caused by the stab, but by a disease of long standing." But the masterly speech of the Solicitor-General (Bowes) fully answered this by showing that it was solely owing to the blow inflicted by the prisoner the deceased owed his death, and the disease under which it was alleged Murphy labored would not have caused his death had not the sword of the prisoner entered Murphy's body. One of the spiritual Peers, Dr. Randle, Bishop of Derry, in a letter to a friend thus refers to the trial:—

"Poor Lord Santry was tried on Friday by his Peers. I never beheld a sight so awful and majestic and dreadfully beautiful in my life; and nothing was ever performed with such solemnity, silence, and dignity before in any country. The finest room in Europe filled with the nobility and gentry of the whole kingdom, and both sexes; the High Steward, every one of the judges, the Lords, the triers, and the noble prisoner—young and handsome, most decent in his behavior, and with a becoming fortitude in his speaking—could not but compose the most affecting scene. All were so attentive that silence was not once proclaimed. The King's Counsel did admirably, but Bowes (the Solicitor-General) had an opportunity to show himself to the highest advantage. I always thought him an admirable speaker, but never imagined him half so great a man as I do at present, though I always loved and esteemed him. He did not use one severe word against the unhappy Lord, nor omitted one severe observation that truth could dictate. I never heard, never read so perfect a piece of eloquence. Its beauty rose from true simplicity and unaffected ornament; from the strength and light of his reason, the fairness, and candor, and good nature of his heart; from the order and disposition of what he said, the elegance and fullness of his expressions, the shortness and propriety of his reflections, the music of his voice, and the gracefulness of his elocution. They were all wonderful indeed, and even those who were concerned and grieved were charmed with his most masterly performance. But

if they did well, I think the counsel for the prisoner acted detestably. They only prompted him to ask a few treacherous questions, and spake not one word in his favor, though I have the vanity almost to think I could have offered a point of law that would have bid fair to save him.

"When the twenty-three Peers returned to give their opinion, their countenances astonished the whole House; and all knew, from the horror of their eyes and the paleness of their looks, how they were agitated within before they answered the dread question, 'Guilty, upon my honor;' and he was so, most certainly, according to law; nor could they, perhaps, have brought in their dreadful verdict otherwise. The Bishop blamed the surgeon who attended the deceased. Instead of sending him to an hospital, he kept the wounded man in a miserable room, damp, and his bed a mere litter of straw, without the commonest necessaries for comfort. According to the Bishop's notion, the surgeon caused the man's death, and this probably was the point he thought could be urged, and a very fair one if it was. I remember the late George Bennett, Crown prosecutor on the Munster circuit, used sometimes to raise a laugh at a medical witness in a case of death by his interrogation, 'Well, doctor, you attended the deceased?' 'Yes.' '*And he diid accordingly.*'"

There was a strong hope of a reprieve for Lord Santry. The Bishop says, "It is the King's office and delightful prerogative to show mercy. May he do so now! What a constitution do we live under, when the blood of the meanest of the King's subjects shall be required from one of the highest. The prisoner behaves, since his condemnation, in a manner which makes people speak of him with double pity. Even the poor in the streets weep for him. His former character, it is confessed, was bad; this will make him a new man, this will purge his heart from every folly—a successful though dreadful medicine—if he survives it."

The powerful interest put forth in his case was successful. The Viceroy, Duke of Devonshire, and all the Peers who were connected with the Santry family, used their entreaties, and obtained first a reprieve, and finally a pardon.

But the pardon was not easily obtained. It is generally attributed to a threat of Lord Santry's uncle, Sir Comp-

ton Domville, proprietor of Templeogue, near Dublin. The river Dodder was then the chief supply of water for the use of the citizens, as the Vartry is now; and, when there was a refusal to spare the prisoner's life, it is said, his uncle expressed his determination to divert the stream of the Dodder from the city, unless Lord Santry's life was spared: that to avoid this calamity, the prisoner was allowed to escape, which he did, into Italy, where he died.

The next trial of a Peer took place only a few years later. It was also an indictment for murder. Nicholas, fifth Viscount Netterville, was arraigned before the Lords of Ireland for the murder of one Michael Walsh, in the county of Meath. The trial took place in 1743, when Lord Jocelyn (Lord Chancellor) presided as Lord High Steward. The counsel for the Crown were the Prime Serjeant Anthony Malone Bowes, the Attorney-General, and St. George Caulfield, Solicitor-General. As spiritual Peers were not entitled to interfere in criminal trials, leave was given them to remain away. The same ceremonies as those observed in the case of Lord Santry were used, but the case fell to the ground. Two principal witnesses had died since making their depositions, and their depositions could not be read in evidence. So when the Lord High Steward put the question, "Whether Nicholas, Lord Viscount Netterville, is guilty of the felony whereof he stands indicted, or not guilty?" each peer being called *seriatim*, beginning with the last created Baron, declared, upon his honor—standing in his place uncovered—and laying his right hand on his breast, that "Lord Netterville is not guilty."

Thereupon the Lord High Steward broke his white wand, and adjourned the House.

HARRY DEANE GRADY.

From 'The Irish Bar.'

Among the most eminent Irish Nisi Prius lawyers of the earlier portion of the present century, was Harry Deane Grady. He was a native of the county of Limerick, and was fitted by nature as well as by profession for the Bar.

In stature he was short and stout, with a face indicative of shrewd wit and caustic humor. His voice was loud, and he possessed a robust sort of phraseology which smacked more of the *fortiter in modis* than the *suaviter in re*. He had been elected one of the members for Limerick in the Irish House of Commons, and soon became one of the Government's stanch supporters. When remonstrated with on going against the wishes of his constituents who were opposed to the Union, he very resolutely declared his ideas to be strongly in favor of that project, and hinted the Government had made it worth his while to vote for that measure.

"What!" cried his indignant remonstrator, "do you mean to sell your country?"

"Thank God," cried this pure patriot, "that I have a country to sell."

He was very coarse in his expressions, and when reminded that he owed his position to his constituents, he said, "I care nothing for my constituents, I get nothing good from them. Begad, if I only shake hands with them they give me the itch."

His bullying, bustling, browbeating manner was of great use in *Nisi Prius* cases, when rough work was to be done, and no one at the Bar could perform any sort of bullying better than Harry Deane Grady. His great delight was to encounter a really intelligent, but assumedly, obtuse Irish witness, when a trial of skill would take place, the astute counsel endeavoring to extract much in favor of his client, and the witness resolved to reveal but little. Grady would give the witness his own way at first, pretend to credit his statement, nay, encourage him with such words as "exactly," "just so," and thus leading the witness to suppose he had gained the victory, and triumphed over "the counselor," but all this time Grady was ingeniously weaving a net in which to ensnare his victim, and having obtained the requisite admissions, suddenly changed his tactics, and obliged the baffled witness to admit his story was a pure invention.

Grady exercised much influence in Court, by what he termed "his jury eye." His right eye was constantly used in winking at the jury when he wished them to note some particular answer from an adverse witness. Appearing

in Court one morning in rather depressed spirits, which, for one of his usual joyous temperament was very unusual, a sympathizing friend said,—

“ Harry, are you unwell? You are not as lively as usual.”

“ How can I be, my dear fellow? ” he answered.

“ What’s the matter with you? ”

“ My *jury eye is out of order*, ” was the reply.

But Harry Deane Grady’s rough manner was not always successful. O’Connell could be rough when occasion required, but no one could be smoother, or use the blarney with more tact, when it was the fitter instrument to insure success. The following anecdote illustrates the difference between these two eminent barristers, in a very complete manner.

Shortly after joining the Munster Circuit, O’Connell was traveling with Harry Deane Grady. They shared in the expense of a chaise, and were posting from Cork to Dublin. Their route lay over the Kilworth mountains, then much frequented by highway robbers. While changing horses in Fermoy, a few miles at the south side of the Kilworth mountains, both gentlemen made the disagreeable discovery that though they had pistols, they had no powder, and their balls, therefore, were useless. While discussing the chance of getting any supply in the town—then a mere collection of huts—very unlike the bustling, prosperous, great military station it is at this moment, when the garrison is commanded by his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, where his Excellency the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, is renting Carysville, close to the town, at £800 (\$4,000) for a few months to enjoy the amusement of salmon fishing; where lords and ladies are thick as blackberries; and at present the Roman Catholic Bishop of the diocese of Cloyne and all the dignitaries of the diocese are assembled for the celebration of the High Mass for the repose of the soul of Pope Pius IX.

While Grady and O’Connell were regretting not having looked to their weapons before leaving Cork, the clatter of horses’ hoofs and the martial sound of dragoons, with their long swords, saddles, and bridles attracted their attention.

"Hallo," cried O'Connell, "we're in luck. Here is the escort of the judges, and we may be able to get a supply from them."

"That's very likely," said Grady, as the corporal and four privates came from the stable, where they had left their chargers, and tramped as troopers do tramp into the hotel.

"I'll go at once, and see what I can get," said Harry as he passed into the hall. He walked up to the corporal, and in his blunt way, said, "Soldier, will you sell me some powder?"

The corporal stood on his dignity. He eyed his interrogator very superciliously, as he replied, "I do not sell powder, sir."

"Then perhaps you'd tell me where I could get some. Or you might buy it for me!"

"I am here on duty, and, besides, I do not know this place, sir," replied the dragoon.

Grady, somewhat crestfallen, returned to his companion, who overheard what passed through the open door.

"The dragoon is a sulky fellow," he said, "he would neither sell or buy for me!"

"Harry," replied Dan O'Connell, "you offended him by calling him a soldier, when he is a corporal. I'll try my hand." O'Connell then went to the hall, and observed to the dragoon, who was looking rather ruefully at the down-pour of rain then falling,—

"This is a heavy rain, sergeant. 'Tis too bad, the judges do not get the yeomen or militia to escort them, without requiring the service of the regular troops."

"True enough, sir. It is harrassing duty such weather as this, but duty must be done."

"I hear a bad account of the road before me—these Kilworth mountains are said to harbor robbers. My pistols are useless, for, unfortunately I left Cork without procuring a supply of powder; could you procure me some and you'd oblige me?"

"I shall be most happy to let you have what I hope may suffice for you, sir," replied the corporal, opening his cartouch-box. O'Connell produced his pistols, and the bore exactly corresponded with the cartridges of the dragoon.

"Take half-a-dozen cartridges, sir," said the man, "and I'm glad to be able to oblige you."

"A glass of spirits and water will do you no harm this wet day," said O'Connell, and the dragoon drank his health, ere he resumed the saddle.

"Dan," cried Grady when O'Connell displayed his plentiful store of ammunition, "you'll do—blarney for ever."

The course Harry Deane Grady had taken in supporting the Union caused him to be much censured by several influential persons in Limerick, who were opposed to that measure. They were resolved to express their disapproval, and having convened a meeting of the Limerick electors, deputed three to wait upon the place-hunting member. They consisted of a Protestant Bishop, suspected of democratic leanings, Dr. Cheyne, an eminent physician, and General Burgoyne, who had served in China. Harry listened very patiently, while they denounced his conduct in very severe terms, accusing him of injuring his country, deserting his duty, and betraying his constituents. These very serious charges were met by Harry with a bold denial.

"I did none of these crimes, my lord and gentlemen," he said. "I was opposed to the Union at first, but as soon as it was rightly explained to me,¹ I saw it was the greatest boon this country could receive, and I am satisfied my constituents will approve of my vote when I bring the case to their full knowledge."

"No, indeed!" was the response; "they all declare you have betrayed them."

"Nonsense, gentlemen—rank nonsense," cried the indomitable place-man; "you come between me and my constituents, and induce them to condemn me, on the *ipse dixit* of a republican parson, a quack doctor, and a battered old mandarin."

As the deputation felt Harry was getting personal, they bowed and withdrew.

When it suited his purpose to abuse, he spared no one. During a trial at the Limerick Assizes, his first cousin was a witness for the party opposed to his clients, and

¹ He was appointed a Commissioner of Revenue, with £1,200 (\$6,000) a year.

Harry cross-examined him in a most unsparing and savage way. He did not rest there. When addressing the jury, in alluding to the evidence of this witness, he said, "This case is supported by evidence as disgraceful as ever came before a judge or jury; the plaintiff, not content with the most outrageous statement, supports it by placing this wretched creature on the table, for whom I can find no fitter appellation than his miserable jackall."

The gentleman thus publicly vituperated was of very haughty demeanor, and we can well imagine his feelings on being thus held up to public view by his own first cousin.

During the day, after leaving court, he saw Harry in one of the principal streets of Limerick, approaching with outstretched hand. When within a short distance,—

"My dear John," cried Harry, "I'm heartily glad to see you."

"I wonder, sir," replied his cousin coldly, "you dare address me, after the gross insult you inflicted upon me this morning." He was about passing, when the cool counsel said,—

"Oh never mind that, John; that's my trade, you know. I'll dine with you to-day."

"If you go to my house, I'll take care not to dine at home," was the reply.

"All the better," responded Harry; "in that case, I shall have Mary (his cousin's wife) all to myself."

Harry Deane Grady's daughters were very lovely, and most accomplished girls, and made brilliant marriages. Indeed, so many Peers were attracted by their fascinations to his residence at Dublin, it was called "The House of Lords." One daughter became Lady Muskerry, another Lady Masserene, another Lady Roche. He had a beautiful place near Stillorgan, and lived to an old age.

GEORGE OGLE.

(1742—1814)

GEORGE OGLE was born in Wexford, Oct. 14, 1742. His father was a scholar, a clever translator of the classics, and a poet. George represented the county of Wexford in the Irish Parliament for twenty-eight years; in 1788 he became M.P. for Dublin, and was one of those who held out against the Union. He died on Aug. 10, 1814; there is a statue to him in St. Patrick's Cathedral by John Smyth.

‘Molly Astore,’ Moore tells us in his ‘Poems of Ireland,’ was addressed to the Miss Moore whom the author afterward married. The song had an immense success, increased by the beauty of the Irish air to which it was sung—the same as Sheridan’s ‘Had I a Heart for Falsehood Framed’ and Moore’s ‘The Harp That Once Through Tara’s Halls.’

MAILLIGH MO STOIR.

As down by Banna’s banks I strayed,
One evening in May,
The little birds, in blithest notes,
Made vocal every spray;
They sung their little notes of love,
They sung them o’er and o’er,
Ah! *Grádh mo chroidhe, mo cailín og,*
*’Si Mailligh mo stoir.*¹

The daisy pied, and all the sweets
The dawn of Nature yields—
The primrose pale, and violet blue,
Lay scattered o’er the fields;
Such fragrance in the bosom lies
Of her whom I adore.
Ah! *Grádh mo chroidhe, etc.*

I laid me down upon a bank,
Bewailing my sad fate,
That doomed me thus the slave of love
And cruel Molly’s hate;
How can she break the honest heart
That wears her in its core?
Ah! *Grádh mo chroidhe, etc.*

¹ *Gramachree, ma colleen oge, Molly asthore*—“The love of my heart, my dear young girl is Molly, my treasure.”

You said you loved me, Molly dear!
 Ah! why did I believe?
 Yet who could think such tender words
 Were meant but to deceive?
 That love was all I asked on earth—
 Nay, Heaven could give no more.
 Ah! *Grádh mo chroidhe*, etc.

O had I all the flocks that graze
 On yonder yellow hill,
 Or lowed for me the numerous herds
 That yon green pasture fill—
 With her I love I 'd gladly share
 My kine and fleecy store.
 Ah! *Grádh mo chroidhe*, etc.

Two turtle-doves, above my head,
 Sat courting on a bough;
 I envied them their happiness,
 To see them bill and coo.
 Such fondness once for me was shown,
 But now, alas! 't is o'er.
 Ah! *Grádh mo chroidhe*, etc.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear!
 Thy loss I e'er shall moan;
 Whilst life remains in my poor heart,
 'T will beat for thee alone:
 Though thou art false, may Heaven on thee
 Its choicest blessings pour.
 Ah! *Grádh mo chroidhe, mo cailín og,*
 'Si Mailligh mo stoir.

THE BANKS OF BANNA.

Shepherds, I have lost my love,—
 Have you seen my Anna?
 Pride of every shady grove
 On the banks of Banna.
 I for her my home forsook,
 Near yon misty mountain,
 Left my flocks, my pipe, my crook,
 Greenwood shade, and fountain.

Never shall I see them more
 Until her returning;
 All the joys of life are o'er—
 Gladness changed to mourning.
 Whither is my charmer flown?
 Shepherds, tell me whither?
 Woe is me, perhaps she's gone
 For ever and for ever!

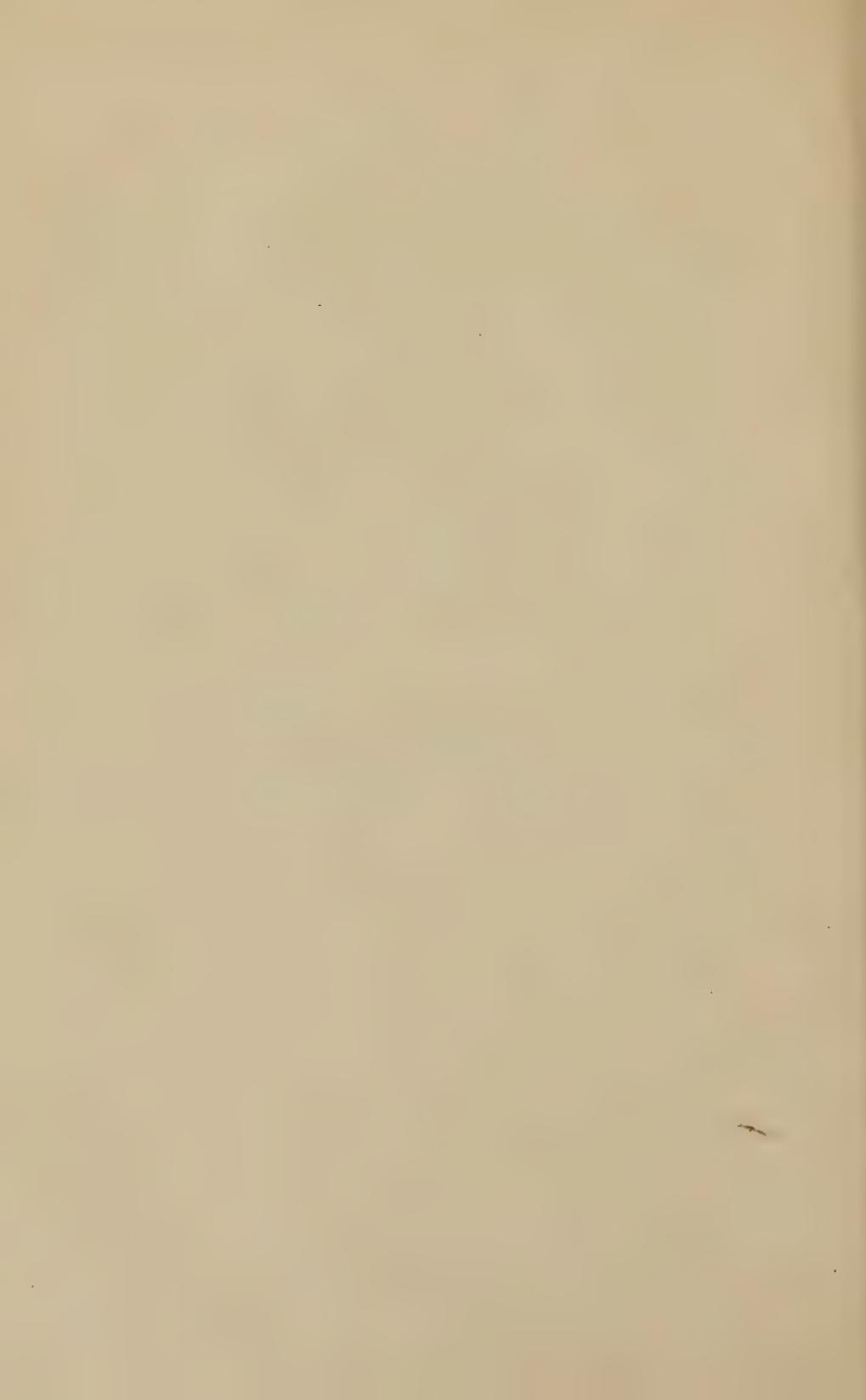
BANISH SORROW.

Banish sorrow, grief's a folly,
 Thought, unbend thy wrinkled brow;
 Hence dull care and melancholy,
 Mirth and wine invite us now.
 Bacchus empties all his treasure;
 Comus gives us mirth and song;
 Follow, follow, follow, follow,
 Follow, follow pleasure—
 Let us join the jovial throng.

Youth soon flies, 't is but a season;
 Time is ever on the wing;
 Let's the present moment seize on;
 Who knows what the next may bring?
 All our days by mirth we measure;
 Other wisdom we despise;
 Follow, follow, follow, follow,
 Follow, follow pleasure—
 To be happy's to be wise.

Why should therefore care perplex us?
 Why should we not merry be?
 While we're here, there's nought to vex us,
 Drinking sets from cares all free;
 Let's have drinking without measure;
 Let's have mirth while time we have;
 Follow, follow, follow, follow,
 Follow, follow pleasure—
 There's no drinking in the grave.





STANDISH O'GRADY.

(1846 ——)

STANDISH O'GRADY was born in 1846 at Castletown, Berehaven, and was educated at Tipperary and at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his degree in 1868. He was called to the bar and practiced law for a time, but later devoted himself to literature. He is owner and editor of the *All-Ireland Review*, a literary weekly published in Ireland. His 'History of Ireland : Mythical Period' appeared in 1878 ; 'Toryism and the Tory Democracy' (London, 1886) ; 'The Crisis in Ireland' (Dublin, 1882) ; 'History of Ireland, Heroic Period' (2 volumes, Dublin, 1878-1880) ; perhaps his greatest work, now long out of print, a book which W. B. Yeats has stated "started us all ; it started others too. Burne-Jones said to somebody, I forget who now, that it made an epoch in his life ; and I remember hearing William Morris praise it also"—'Philosophical and Critical History of Ireland,' Volume I., all published (London, 1881) ; 'Cuculain,' a prose epic (London, 1882) ; 'Finn and his Companions' (London, 1892) ; 'Ulrick the Ready' (London, 1896) ; 'Red Hugh's Captivity' (London, 1889) ; 'The Bog of Stars' (London and Dublin, 1895) ; 'The Story of Ireland' (London, 1894) ; 'Loss o~~f~~ Du-Corrig' (London, 1894) ; 'Early Bardic Literature of Ireland' (Dublin, 1882) ; 'The Chain of Gold' (London, 1895) ; 'Pacata Hibernia,' by Thomas Stafford, edited by O'Grady, 2 volumes (London, 1896) ; 'In the Wake of King James' (London, 1897) ; 'The Coming of Cuculain' (London, 1894) ; 'All Ireland,' a volume of essays on Irish economic questions (Dublin, 1898) ; 'The Flight of the Eagle' (London, 1897) and 'In the Gates of the North' (Dublin, 1902).

Mr. O'Grady has been the lonely pioneer of many ideas in Ireland. The causes he has advocated have become successful, but he is never found among the rejoicing victors. He is always afar in some new field, advocating some unpopular cause, while he leaves to others the shouts of the crowd. His 'Bardic History of Ireland,' published when he was a young man, revealed to younger Irishmen for the first time with real dignity and literary power the great heroic world of the ancient Gael ; and since that time one distinguished writer after another has gone into the same world and has popularized it, but none of them have quite the same morning wonder and freshness in their work as the pioneer.

Mr. O'Grady has been in many things the seer in Irish politics, and the union of class and class which seems possible now was urged by him with extraordinary eloquence at a time when to shoot on the one side, and to hang on the other, seemed almost the only possible policies of action. At present while everybody is urging on the creation of peasant proprietors, he is advocating some bewilder-

ing economic heresies which assuredly will take many years to become orthodox; but even in this later work, which many of his friends regret because it has withdrawn him too much from literature into journalism, there are sudden illuminations springing, like Ruskin's, from a perception of the eternal laws of human nature, which can never be for very long neglected by society without a bitter awakening and disappointment in the end.

Whilst these incursions into politics and economics, expressed in too hasty journalism, have lessened to some extent the quality of his work in pure literature, he will undoubtedly in any future history of the literature of Ireland occupy a notable place. For in spite of the lack of wide recognition, he has done work which is unequalled by that of any other Irish writer for its mingling of heroic fire and gentleness with a generosity of spirit which is much more evident in the bardic stories than in Irish life to-day. The 'Bardic History of Ireland,' and especially that portion of it which was published as 'The Epic of Cuculain,' will never be superseded by more learned renderings of the epical traditions clustering around the exploits of the Red Branch.

We have yet much to learn of the past, and there is an ample field for the poet, dramatist, and historian; but because nature never gifts two writers with the same qualities, it is vain to hope that any later writer will recreate for us the Champion of the Red Branch as O'Grady has done, or make the warrior seem almost a divine type, or remove from battle the lust of blood, as he has, until these conflicts of warriors seem not a warring upon flesh and blood, but the everlasting battle where the Clan Cailtan are the dark powers and Cuculain the spirit of redeeming light. We feel in the unendurable pathos of the story as O'Grady tells it, that Cuculain was in a dark age to the Celt what a greater spirit has been to humanity. He was the incarnation of their ideal, and if we analyze the lavish tenderness of the old bards to their hero, a tenderness which O'Grady has perfectly retained, it will be found at its root to have a purely spiritual quality akin to that we feel to Him who took the burden of the sins of the world upon Him, and came without the scepter and crown of divinity to a people who dwelt in darkness and who knew Him not.

It is this symbolism, which is, I think, the product of an unconsciously spiritual imagination, and not the result of a conscious art, that makes O'Grady apart from and above the English writers who have written of the legendary past. They are too much concerned with the adventures of the body, but with O'Grady every action of his hero, even when advancing to the battle, seems to be an adventure of the soul, and we are stirred as if we followed some noble conquest of darkness rather than the triumphs of man over man. Tennyson indeed has made his Arthur a symbol, but has done it so consciously that we wish for an actual person to speak, and the too evident allegory a little wearies us. O'Grady's Cuculain, more nobly conceived, and in a more epical spirit, as I think, is always a distinct human being, a demigod perhaps, but with a distinct personality, and with something too which, while never offending us with modernity, seems to show that the new

religion, which overturned the pagan world, has through O'Grady thrown back a reflected light on the greatest hero of pre-Christian days. O'Grady's finest achievement has been to rescue for us the great pagan virtues and to bring them with a living force into modern Ireland.

For these tales of the far past are not to be forgotten. They have been preserved for a hundred generations in the heart of the people because they had in them a core of eternal truth. Truth is not a thing of to-day or to-morrow. Beauty, heroism, and spirituality do not change like fashion, being the reflection of an unchanging spirit. The face of faces which looks at us through so many shifting shadows has never altered the form of its perfection since the face of man, made after its image, first looked back on its original :

“ For these red lips with all their mournful pride,
Troy passed away in one high funeral gleam
And Usna's children died.”

These dreams, antiquities, traditions, once actual, living, and historical, have passed from the world of sense into the world of the soul in O'Grady's rendering of them, and time has taken away nothing from their power, nor made them more remote from sympathy, but has rather purified them by removing them from earth to heaven ; from things which the eye can see and the ear can hear, they have become what the heart ponders over ; and we have in O'Grady's tales of Cuculain the spiritual and heroic residue, the primitive grossness left out, the strength retained.

O'Grady is the direct representative to-day of the bards who delighted in the heroic life, while in W. B. Yeats is incarnated the spirit of those who sought for beauty and followed Niam across the mystic waters to the World of Immortal Youth. The latter writer with a greater art has not the epical spirit which informs O'Grady's best work, or the incomparable fire and energy which makes the sounding sentences of the epic of Cuculain rear themselves like giants from the page. Through this energy of conception O'Grady is frequently led into hasty writing and exaggerated metaphors, but, at its best, his style is beautiful in its simplicity. One of the best examples of this simplicity and directness is the episode of the Seven Ancients told in that charming little book ‘Finn and his Companions.’ No one who has ever read this can forget the story with its wonderful close, the noble tears of Finn, and the noble unconscious wonder of the old men. “ Youth, they thought, hath many sorrows which old age cannot comprehend.”

While it is by his renderings of the ancient stories that O'Grady will be rightly remembered, his books dealing with the Elizabethan period of Irish history should not be overlooked. The period hardly lends itself so well to his somewhat gigantesque imagination as the older tales, but in one book, ‘The Flight of the Eagle,’ he has written the history of the captivity of Red Hugh with a singular intensity. His narrative, following history closely, is always vivid and is illuminated, like everything he writes, with flashes of poetic

beauty. One memorable chapter called ‘Through the mountain gates of Ulster,’ which is a passionate and romantic rhapsody over the famous legendary mountain Slieve Gullion, shows how, after all, it is the ancient world which inspires him; and because a mountain associated with that ancient world in tradition looms up before him, he must break away from his narrative to show that for him at least the ancient world and its divinities have not died. “Not yet lost, is their power to quicken, to exalt, to purify. Still they live and reign, and shall reign.” O’Grady is a writer whose power over the imagination of his countrymen must grow. His best books are out of print, and he has been singularly unfortunate in most of his publishing, but nothing so fine in literature, with all its faults, as his best work can be allowed to die, and it is probably the next generation who will appreciate to the full the work of the man who above all others in Ireland has the true instinct of the heroic in life and in literature.

“A. E.”

‘PACATA HIBERNIA.’¹

From the Preface.

‘Pacata Hibernia’ is one of the most interesting and important monuments of Anglo-Irish history; being the work of a man who himself participated in the events which he describes; and from his own point of view describes those events with great frankness. Yet its full historical value can only be appreciated by one who has also studied the State Papers, and reads it in the light which that study yields. The ‘Pacata’ embraces altogether only a period of less than three years, and is concerned only with events occurring in a single province—that of Munster. And yet, when rightly read, it will be found to throw much light upon all those convulsions, tumults, and rebellions with which Irish history in this century so teems.

It commences with the joint entrance of Lord Mountjoy upon the Viceroyalty of Ireland and Sir George Carew upon the Presidency of Munster in 1600, and ends with the suppression in 1603 of the Munster insurrection, which was excited by the landing of the Spaniards at Kinsale. But its atmosphere, unlike that of any modern book treating of the times, is the atmosphere of the age; in every sentence we breathe the air of the sixteenth century; we are in the presence of actualities, face to face with real and actual men, can almost hear them speak, and feel

¹ ‘Pacata Hibernia,’ vol. ii., edited by Standish O’Grady.

B 70.



ATB) OJL

þæo idnejge, & carisiosen.
pericardal no teagafg Cymroeghe.
mælle le hæfjoglyb ðamhðe oon ma
gal Cymroeghe, iñ mæ: bæ, dí gæmon
da mæbe fomint, do meadø Oi, i q. n.
bañhioða þa wige fo, oo c'higearin
Igocæ, u ar gællbæpla go gwojdejlæ.
Seaan o keapar.

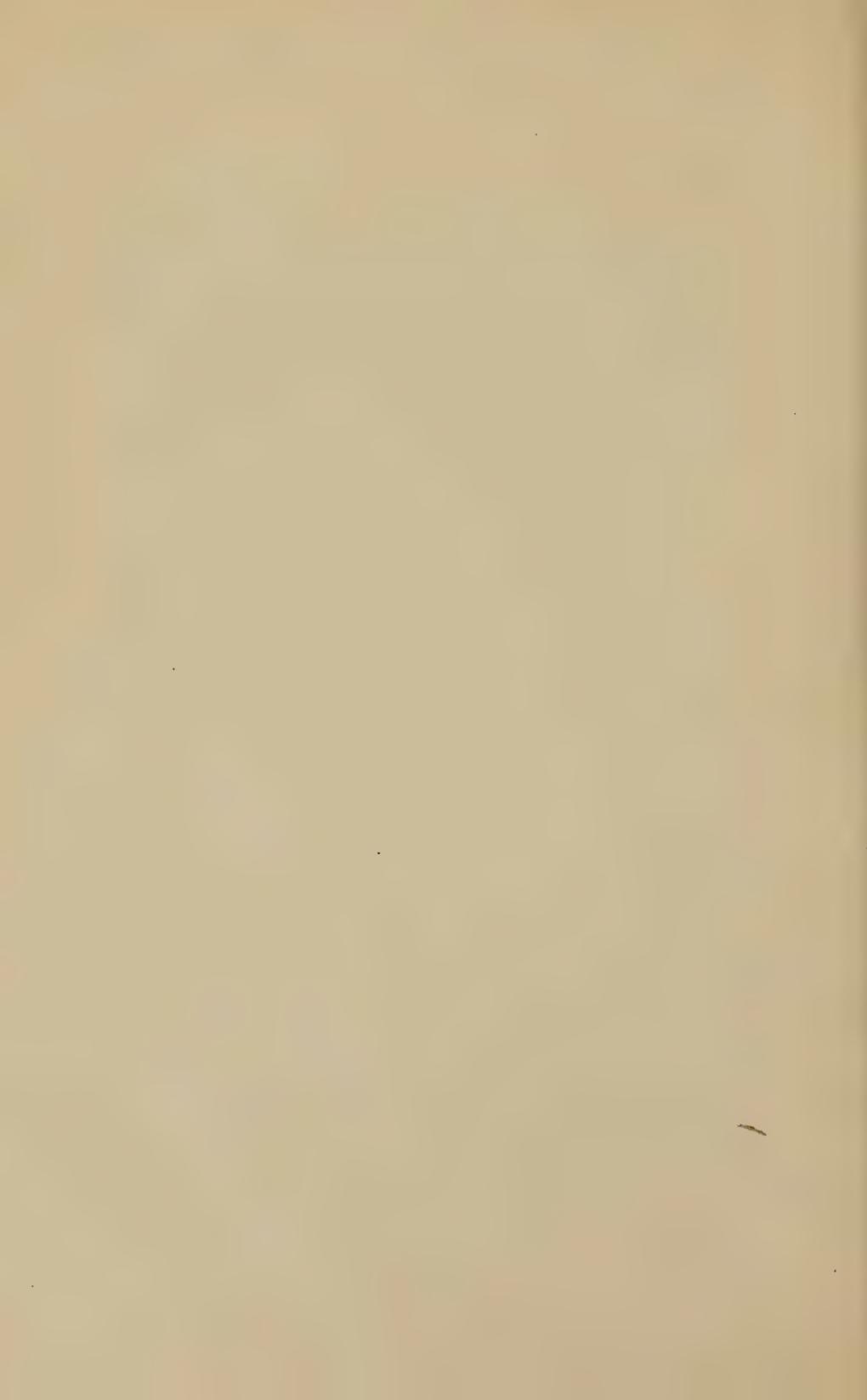
Cædhiblery Hilom,

Cym: cymud rá geollan tú a eijseapna?
mæfzal: iñ al seilghii go dæng.

Psalms. 93. 104. 27.

Oo lughlið ro ágelo gwojdejlge, an ha
leðtæcljaé, & cœrvas mægji romhæ. ón
ufer aldaþiman, óf éjor an ði rjójan
22. V. 20 Juin. 1571.

Æt. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 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around us the play of the passions and the working of ideas and purposes so characteristic of that age, so foreign to our own. Such an experience must bring enlightenment. ‘*Pacata Hibernia*,’ once well read, is certain to produce a lasting effect upon the mind of the reader. The book deals with the stormy conclusion of a stormy century, the lurid sunset of one of the wildest epochs in our history.

Whence arose those cruel throes and unexampled convulsions, that agony of bloodshed, of wars and massacres, and ruthless devastation, extending with hardly a break over a lapse of time which embraced three generations of men? In 1172 the high king of all Ireland, the petty kings and the Church accepted Henry II. as their lord. Thenceforward for some two centuries the kings of England governed Ireland, so far as the feudal system, modified here by Irish manners and customs, permitted a country to be governed by its acknowledged ruler. This state of things, owing to a variety of causes, chiefly the terrible confusions wrought in Ireland by the two Bruces, Robert and Edward, was interrupted in the fourteenth century, and the authority of the kings of England as lords of Ireland reduced to the narrow dimensions of what is known as the Pale. Outside that small straggling and ever-shifting area the whole country was governed by independent Norman-Irish nobles and by Irish chieftains, who in their own language called themselves kings, and who in fact were kings.

So when the Tudor dynasty succeeded the Plantagenet, the kings of England, though titular lords of Ireland, were so only in name. In fact, at the commencement of the sixteenth century the Crown had hardly any power in Ireland. The country was governed by eight or ten lords, under whom were from sixty to eighty minor lords; dependent to some extent on the great ones, but practically independent within their own domains. Ireland was a nation of nations—the seat of nearly a hundred distinct governments. Even in the Pale the Crown only maintained itself by committing the Government to the head of one of the great families; usually the representative of the House of Kildare.

This was a state of things which could not last. So the Crown almost inevitably came into collision with the dynasts. The history of the century is the history of the wars

between the Crown and the great lords—always *Rex* or *Regina* versus *regulum* or *regulos*—though the great issue was complicated by many minor issues, and religion, too, and patriotism possibly helped to embroil the situation. The House of Kildare precipitated the controversy by seeking to wrest from Henry VIII. the government of the Pale, the only portion of Ireland which he even pretended to govern. In the collision that great house fell as ruinously as the House of Douglas fell before the King of Scotland, fell with a crash never to rise, and the noise of its great and quite unexpected downfalling shook Ireland. The chieftains perceived that a new power had arisen in Ireland; a power too to which they were aware, traditionally, that their allegiance was due. Rejoicing, they hastened to welcome it. In solemn parliament assembled they proclaimed their Lord Henry no longer Dominus Hiberniae, but *Rex*, converting his shadowy lordship into an actual sovereignty. They swore themselves the King's men, accepted State titles at his hands, undertook to pay royal rents to keep his peace and follow his war, “rising-out” with foot and horse to all his occasions.

From the consequences of that solemn act neither they nor their successors, however they may have repented it, were ever able to shake themselves free. Thenceforward Ireland looked to the Crown as the lawful center of order and authority and the fountain of honor. As for the chieftains, they still remained virtually kings, each man governing his own people, and with a gallows on his lawn to enforce observance of his will.

Now, obviously, this state of things, so highly obnoxious to the genius of the century, could only be temporary and transitional. In one way or another it was necessary that this host of petty kings should be converted into ruled subjects, and, no other center of authority showing itself, all those converging forces which were compelling the race towards unity, internal peace, and all those institutions, good and bad, which we collectively sum up under the term “civilization,” rallied round the power which the chieftains themselves had so solemnly acknowledged. A masterful king like Henry, endowed with a certain degree of common sense and a certain manly sympathy with men, might have guided the country bloodlessly through the

great social and political revolution which was now inevitable, and the outcome of which could have been no other, in any event, than a chieftainry converted into a *noblesse*.

From Henry's death we seem to see the State not steered or sailed, but drifting, laboring through seas of blood, not guided to its destination by a human understanding, but blindly reeling thither, driven by purblind elemental influences which, for want of a better name, we may call the genius of the age. From wars and rumors of wars thenceforward the island was never free—fratricidal wars, and such wars! murderous, devastating, sparing neither the poor unarmed peasant, nor the bald head of the ancient, nor the bald head of the infant, nor the woman heavy with child. The Shane O'Neill wars and the Desmond wars are somewhat familiar to all readers, but to what extent the State embroiled itself with the chieftains and the chieftains resisted the State will be realized when I mention the fact that, in the time of which our text treats, there was no chieftain or considerable lord in the island who had not been at some time in his career out in action of rebellion. For the chieftains often gave as much as they got, and many of them had beaten the State and wrung their own terms from the government by sword and fire, and often times the Government shrank from the challenge and permitted the stripped and indignant chieftain to have his own way. Whence, as may be imagined, consequences ensued. Consider too the significance of such an entry as the following in our annals:—

“ Ulick, Earl of Clanricarde, Captain of the High Burkes, terrible at war this year with his brother Shane of the Clover, but both at peace with the Government.”

Of the many insurrections and wars which the conduct of this great controversy made inevitable, the most formidable and successful by far was that which was raised in 1593 by Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, and the great lords of the North. Tyrone worsted many times the Queen's armies in the North; notably in the battle of the Blackwater. His ally, the celebrated Red Hugh O'Donnell, repeated those victories in the West. In short, the State was found quite unable to suppress Tyrone and the confederated lords who supported him. Fitz William, Lord Russell,

Lord Burrowes, and the Earl of Essex, successive Vice-roys, all failed. Then the Queen appointed Mountjoy as Lord Deputy of Ireland, and, the President of Munster having been recently slain in battle by the southern insurgents, nominated Sir George Carew to the Presidency of Munster, the province being at the time in full rebellion. It is at this point that the writer of ‘*Pacata Hibernia*’ begins his very singular tale.

Who wrote the book? Thomas Stafford, who is responsible for the publication, only gave himself forth as Editor. The MS., he tells us, was found amongst Carew’s papers after his death, with an intimation that it had been drawn up under Carew’s direction, and with the aid of documents supplied by him. Internal evidence proves that it was not the work of mere scribes and secretaries working under Carew’s supervision. ‘*Pacata Hibernia*’ was plainly written by one man, a man who was through the Munster wars with Carew, who was very close to his person, and entertained for him a great and sincere personal admiration. It is the outcome of a single mind; the uniformity of the style, the simplicity and unity of the point of view prove that. It is also the work of a soldier, not of a civilian; of one to whom war was a trade, and who always treats of it with a soldier’s downrightness and grim hard emphasis. Veracious too it is to an unusual degree, though we must always make allowances for the man’s point of view. Also, it was written shortly after the events, and long before its first publication in 1636. The battle-smoke clings still to the pages—the wrath of the soldier fresh from scenes of blood burns there still. He still hates his foes; applauds anything and everything done for their destruction; cannot see or even suspect that there was any good thing in any of them. A Lieutenant Thomas Stafford served under Carew, and is mentioned once only, at the storming of Dunboy. He was almost certainly the writer of ‘*Pacata Hibernia*.’ If so, what an amazing suppression of self. Consequently, the book has that interest and value which always belongs to the writings of a man who was himself an actor in the events which he describes. Those events, too, led up to and include the battle of Kinsale; one of the grand turning-points in Anglo-Irish history. Indeed, it might well be reckoned amongst “the

decisive battles" of the world's history. Had its event fallen out differently all Ireland would have joined the Spaniards; for there was not in the island another Queen's army, nor the means of raising one; and it was certainly the purpose of Spain to "entertain" the Irish nation, at the time extremely warlike and full of veteran soldiers, for the invasion of England, where a great Catholic party was ready to co-operate, and that, too, with the Queen on her death-bed. Spain could not have governed Ireland; but Spain could very easily have formed into a great army for foreign service the multitude of first-rate soldiers with whom the island teemed.

And yet 'Pacata Hibernia' is by no means so valuable from the conventionally historic point of view, as for the light, often a most unwelcome light, which in a hundred ways it sheds upon the manners of the Irish nobility, chieftainry, gentry, and people of Ireland at this time, and upon the methods, policy, and personnel of Queen Elizabeth's Irish officials and military commanders, of whom Carew may be regarded as quite the *ne plus ultra* in certain directions. When one passes from the pure and ardent outpourings of the "Four Masters," in whose pages every Irish magnate, and even every conspicuous Englishman serving in the country, figures with something of the port of an ancient hero, to that Irish world or section of it which has been illuminated for us by Stafford's prosy but veracious pen, we are conscious of a sore sense of disappointment—nay, of dismay and even shame. The same tale of almost subterhuman baseness and wickedness is revealed by the contemporary State Papers; of a brutal soldiery, more like chartered stout-thieves and robbers than soldiers, murderers more than warriors; of wily Machiavellian statesmen, most false and perfidious, all, or almost all, familiar with the dagger and the bowl as short cuts to their ends; of a native aristocracy, almost every man of whom had his price, frankly posting up that price in the secret market kept by the State for that vile traffic; men whom no oaths could bind, or any public or religious principle control; Earls, Barons, great territorial chieftains, belted knights, and high gentlemen offering for money or land to betray their cause and their comrades. Slowly but surely the monstrous criminality of the men of this age,

evidenced by testimonies gradually accumulating as one pores over the contemporary monuments—usually letters written by their own noble—ignoble hands—rises before the mind of the amazed reader. For money or land there appear to have been few things to which even the greatest of them would not stoop; stoop lower even than the basest men of our own time. From reputation after reputation the perusal of these documents, now brought to light out of the dark archives of the State, strips away all the glamour and glitter, revealing not men greater than ourselves, but—at least as judged by modern standards of private honor and public principle—a great deal worse. Examples sufficient will be forthcoming in this work of Stafford's; yet Stafford does not tell the worst. He does not tell, for example—apparently he did not know it—how Carew and the Lord Deputy of Ireland dispatched James Blake into Spain, with instructions to poison his friend and associate, the brave and chivalrous Hugh Roe.

QUEEN MEAVE AND HER HOSTS.

From 'In the Gates of the North.'

Queen Meave summoned to her to Rath-Cruhane all her captains and counselors and tributary kings. They came at once according as they had been commanded by the word of her mouth. When they were assembled, Meave, from her high throne canopied with shining bronze, addressed them. She was a woman of great stature; beautiful and of pure complexion, her eyes large and full and blue-gray in color, her hair dense and long and of a lustrous yellow. A tiara of solid gold encircled her head, and a torque of gold her white neck. Her mantle of scarlet silk, very fine, was gathered over her ample bosom in the ard-regal brooch of the high sovereignty of Connaught. In her right hand she bore a long spear with a broad blade of shining bronze. Her shield bearer stood behind the throne. On her right hand stood her husband; on her left Fergus Mac Roy, captain of her guards. Her voice, as she spoke, was full, clear, and musical, and rang through the vast hall.

"It is known to you all," she said, "that there is not in Banba, nor yet in the whole world, so far report speaks truly, a woman more excellent than myself. I am the best, and the most powerful, and the most famous, and the best-born. My father was the High King of all Ireland, and he had six daughters, myself, and Derbine, and Ethney, Ella, Clohra, and Mugain, a famous brood, and of these I was ever reckoned the best, both by myself and by others. Wherefore my father and the men of Ireland gave me the greatest dowry of all, for a less I would not accept, knowing well what manner of woman I was. I disdained also to mate with a man who was not the best, and that man was Aileel Mor, High King of all Connaught, for he was the richest, and the most warlike, and the most bountiful of all the Kings of Eiriu. Yet even of him I would accept no bridal gift, but I caused him to accept great gifts from myself, so that he became my man. And when I abandoned my father's house, far-shining Tara, I came westwards, driving before me my innumerable herds and flocks, and my trains of cars and pack horses laden with jewels and household stuff, and having in my service three hundred youths, all captains and the sons of kings, each of them having one hundred men of war under him, so that the force with which I set forth from Tara was thirty thousand men.

"Before me, as I rode through the plains of Meath, there went nine shining chariots abreast, all red-yew and burning bronze, drawn by splendid horses under yokes of silver with silver bells ringing upon them as they went. Upon my right hand went nine and nine on my left, following one after the other, and nine behind, all abreast, closed the square in the midst of which I rode, lest I should be annoyed by the too near clamor of the host, or my raiment take any mud or dust. And in that manner I came to the great ford of the Shannon, and met my man, and entered Connaught and took the supreme government of the Province."

"Thou hast spoken mere truth," exclaimed the kings and captains and great men. "This we all know, for some of us have seen it, and the rest know it from the report of our fathers."

"So that now," she went on, "the fame of my glory has

gone abroad into all lands as the best of all women, for of her, the Half-Red Meave of Leinster, I make little account, because her complexion and the color of her hair are not pleasing to the men of Ireland, and in other respects, too, she is not to be named beside me."

And they said : "Truly, O Meave, the woman is naught."

"I am the best, and I am served by the best warriors, with whom there are none in all Erin to be compared, whether for valor or for loyalty. And though my husband be now somewhat stricken with years, yet the flush of a divine origin makes full my veins, for I am near akin to the high gods of Fail, and time has not touched me, for my beauty is unimpaired, and still as of yore I go joyfully to the red feasts of Ned, and waste the ranks of opposing battalions and break the battle upon my foes, for I have ever scorned the works of women, and my delight was always in government and in war, so that of the six mighty sons whom I have borne to Aileel, there is none my equal, whether to rule over men, or to order the things which relate to war. And now in all Ireland there is but one province which is not obedient to me, for all the kings of Meath and Leinster and Munster are either tributary to me, or have accepted my gifts and become my men, so that all without exception, save only the Ultonians, keep my peace and follow my war, and the whole world accounts me happy, and the happiest."

"Surely, O Meave," they said, "thou art happy, and the happiest."

"Not so," she said, "for ever I have wanted some one thing, lacking which I came short of supreme felicity, and now and for a long time past the thought of that one hard-hearted and stubborn province which will not obey me or yield me reverence like the rest, has been very disquieting to my mind. There only divisions and disruptions are not known which might avail me for its overthrow, for all the kings and captains and great men hold the province firm under the authority of one man, Concobar Mac Nessa, son of Factna the Righteous, Captain of the Red Branch, and High King of all Ulla. As when a founder casts many pieces of metal into the furnace and they come forth one strong and shining bar, so is this province under the Red Branch and under Concobar. Truly the Ultonians have

never regarded me, and of late I have sustained at their hands a most grievous indignity. For recently having heard that one of their kings, Dara, king of South Coolney, was the possessor of a bull, jet-black, and of incomparable size and beauty, I sent to him Fergus Mac Roy, captain of my guard, for the bull; and at first Dara consented, for he could not, he said, refuse anything to a woman, much less to a woman like myself; but afterwards, when one of my young men boastingly said that it was well the bull had been surrendered so freely, for that otherwise he would have been taken away by force, the churl repented; he drew up his bridges, barred his gates, and manned his ramparts, conducting himself, he and his people, in a very churlish and unworthy fashion.

“ Now, it is not customary with me to submit tamely to any indignity. Therefore I propose to lead my army into Ulster, and at the same time take to myself that jewel and overthrow and destroy the Red Branch on the same road, and reduce the whole province into subjection to myself. One woman only, according to the traditions of bards and historians, has hitherto exercised the supreme sovereignty of Ireland—Macha, the Red-Haired, namely, the strong daughter of Æd Roe. I, too, I have sworn it, will rule Ireland in all her coasts, so that the white-bordered blue-green mantle of the boundless Lir only shall be the limit of my dominion, and I shall surpass in glory and renown, as in other attributes, even that illustrious heroine. Then only may I be truly happy and attain to supreme felicity.

“ And now I have summoned you, my kings, and captains and chief counselors, to debate before me whether I had better lead against the Ultonians my own unconquerable host, even the army of Connaught, or draw to me also the risings-out and warlike array that are obedient to my commands, and will follow me rejoicing to the war.”

Thereupon some were of opinion that as there was nothing greater than glory and honor, the Olnemacta alone should invade the Red Branch and wrest from them the dominion of the North, for that no glory would result from the conquest of one province by four. Others, a few, exclaimed against this opinion as folly, and declared that their great Queen, after having subdued the rest of Ireland by much warlike toil, should now enjoy her profit of

the same and lead into the North the rising-out of the Four Provinces, and that as for glory and honor, they were ever wont to follow victory and power as effulgence and splendor and wide-ranging day followed the sun in his journeying. Then the Queen signified to Fergus Mac Roy that he should declare his opinion. When Fergus sent forth his great voice no other sound was audible. At first his voice was low, his words slow and deliberate, and his aspect grave and awful, but anon his voice rolled forth from his throat and mighty chest like brattling thunder, and his words became a torrent of sounding speech. His face was great and massive and his air majestic. Warrior eyes blue and bright blazed there under strong-ridged brows. He wore the crommeal only. His bratta was large and ample, dark green, bordered with gold; his yellow hair fell upon his wide shoulders. On his breast he wore a wheel-brooch of findrinny, bronze such as no artifice had poured forth for a thousand years. His lena beneath the dark green mantle was of fine wool, white as the foam of the sea, and girt at the waist with a broad belt of corded bronze. His shoes were plated with red bronze, and his battle-cap barred with the same. All his attire was plain but magnificent. He was the greatest and comeliest man in the province; in his heart there was no guile. He never looked askance, but ever turned his massive front and great eyes full on the man or woman whom he addressed. In his left hand he held a round shield without device, in his right a huge spear, polished in the haft, glittering in the ample blade. Such to outward view was Fergus Mac Roy, son of the Red Rossa, ex-King of all Ulla. He stepped forward three paces into the assembly and spoke.

"It is known to me," he said, "while it is not known to you, what manner of men are the Red Branch of the Ultonians. But it is very well known to you, and to some of you to your sorrow, what manner of man I am and what the three thousand champions whom I command—ex-Ultonians all. And who better than I can declare to you the battle prowess and the nigh invincible might of the matchless warriors of the North? for I was once Captain of the Red Branch and high King of all the Ultonians till the rhymers and historians and cunning lawyers drove me from my high seat, for I could not endure their stale and

bygone wisdom, nor understand it, and I was succeeded by Concober Mac Nessa, who is their king to-day. Then I rebelled against Concober, for I was very wroth on account of the slaying of the sons of Usna while they were under my protection; and of the Red Branch I drew after me seven times three thousand, and amongst them that torch of war and chivalry, Cormac Conlingas, and Cormac Duvlingas, equal in fight to a battalion, and that bursting cloud of disruption and devastation called the Chaffer of the Ultonians, Duvac Dael Ulla, and what those men are you can see with your eyes, for they are before you, as I myself am. Being such and so mightily reinforced and sustained, I went into rebellion, yet you behold me now an exile with these mighty men, all that is left of my host, my ever-dear and faithful comrades whom the green plains of Ulla now conceal. O my sorrow, for I cannot forget them, so kind and loving, matchless in war, yet contrary to every expectation, overthrown in battle after battle, thirteen in all. And I say this, and it is my last word, if you the Olnemacta only march against Concober and the Red Branch, you shall not have me and my exiles for helpers, for we shall go southwards seeking new settlements across the great river and make swordland of North Munster."

That speech and that menace made the weaker opinion the stronger, and it was resolved by the High Queen and her Saba that night that messengers should be sent on all sides to summon the men of Ireland for the invasion.

Now, from Irrus to Garman—from the borders of the Crave Rue to the Island Height of Nemed, there was a stirring and commotion as when the summer wind shakes the forest with its leaves. Then out of every rath green-sided and fossed, and from every strong stone-built cathair and many a lake-surrounded crannogue and far-shining liss or dun in the reedy marshes, and many a forestine stronghold, and many a cliff-surmounting fortress whence men beheld the sun sink red into the sea, came forth the warlike children of Milith with their weapons and bravery, their horses and scythed chariots, obedient to the voice of their mistress, the man-ruling Queen of the Olnemacta:—came the children of Heber from the south, and of Heremon from the great central plains; the Ossorians from their pleasant country between the Suir and the boiling

Barrow; watched over for ever, east and west, by Black Stairs and Slievenaman, the Clan Dega, the descendants of Donn of the Sand Mounds, and of Colpa, the swordsman, where between green banks the Boyne pours into the Iction Sea; also, wherever they had lands, the remnant of the ancient Firbolgs; came the Ithians of the southwest, the Ernai and all the noble Lagenians, sons of Cathair More, the mighty and red-speared Cathair, and the Gaulish kings who had made swordland in their midst. By tens and twenties and hundreds they came forth, bright rivulets of valor and bravery coalescing into one mighty stream on the great road which ran westward from Tara, rolling on to Rath-Cruhane, where Meave and the host of Connaught awaited them. On the high water-tower sat Queen Meave with Fergus beside her, and she taught him concerning every nation and tribe and clan, and concerning their captains and mighty men, distinguishing all by their banners and fluttering mantles—blue, green, purple, brown, scarlet, or crimson, and according to the blendings and diversities of the same, or by their weapons and mode of bearing them, or the shape and color of their chariots, distinguishing them far away, for she was keen of sight as the eagle, and her heart swelled with pride as she saw them, how they came in their multitudes between the green woods and over the hills and droms and the grassy billows of the land. And she related to Fergus her many wars and the battles which she had broken upon the men of Erin, nation by nation, till she had subdued them.

“ My march into the North,” she said, “ leading this mighty host, will be the rushing of a spring tide and the evacuation of territories.”

THE BURTHEN OF OSSIAN.

From ‘A History of Ireland, Critical and Philosophical.’

OSSIAN.

O son of Calpurn of the Crosses, hateful to me is the sound of thy bells and the howling of thy lean clerics. There is no joy in your straight cells, there are no women among you, no cheerful music.

Oh, for one hour with the Fians whom I knew. I swear to thee, O lean cleric, that better was one day with Finn and his heroes than a thousand years of the kingdom of heaven.

Alas, alas, sad and weary are my days confined here with the clerics in their narrow cells, without food, without wine, far from Finn and the Fians, hearing the noise of prayers, unceasing, and doleful psalms, and the melancholy ringing of the bells.

PATRICK.

O wretched old man and blasphemous, how shall I prevail against thy stubbornness and stupidity? Ye the Fians worshiped empty demons of the air and the hills. We adore the Almighty God who made the heavens and the earth, and his Son, the son of Mary, who loved the poor and lowly and sacrificed himself for his brethren.

OSSIAN.

I never heard of any man having made the heavens and the earth, nor do I now believe thee, O lying Talkend. Tell me not of Mary's son. Was he like to my Oscur, who was ever good to the poor and lowly, and who would have rejoiced to die in the breach of danger protecting Finn and the Fians? Surely hadst thou seen his fight with Taclmac Trén thou wouldst not continue praising the son of Mary.

If that youth whom thou praisest were in Erin it is amongst the ranks of the Fians he would be found.

What is the good of your much praying without hospitality and generosity? In the Dún of the King of Heaven, too, ye will be the same as ye are here. No eyes that behold you will brighten nor any heart be gladdened at the sound of your voices.

Life is a burthen to you, not a pleasure. Surely if the Kingdom of Heaven is made of men like you, a wretched nation are the servants of the King of Grace.

O Finn, my generous and noble sire, O Oscur, my peerless and beautiful son. Alas, Diarmid, my brown darling, and swift-bounding Coelté, who outstripped the tempest. O Conán the foulmouthed, how welcome now would be to me thy gibes and bitter speech.

Alas, O my comrades, whither have you departed? I

traversed all Erin and found you not. I lifted up my voice and heard no reply. Over the mountains no more is heard the noise of the chase, nor the tramp of your invincible host upon the plains.

Surely he lies this man of bells and books, saying that on the cold floor of hell ye lie enchain'd whipped by demons. Demon nor God could conquer you. Where dwelt thy God, O lying priest, when we were in Erin? Surely had we known we should have conquered and bound him, surely we would have burned his Dûn with fire. O that my son Oscur and he were hand to hand on Knock-na-Fian. Then might I see Oscur on the earth, I would call thy God a strong man.

PATRICK.

It is not in fighting that my God delights but in causing the trees to grow, and in adorning the plains with grass and flowers. He loves not the proud warrior nor the hunter, but the lowly and the good. The feast and the banqueting hall he abhors.

OSSIAN.

It was not in making flowers and grass my heroes took any joy, but in hewing the bones of champions in the cheerful combat of warriors, and the loud-speaking chase, in practicing hospitality, and speaking the truth, O prince of a lying and niggardly race.

You have practiced magic against the Fians. At the sound of your bells they grew pale. At the howling of your clerics they became like ghosts melting into the air. When we marched against our enemies every step we took could be heard through the firmament. Now all is silent! They have melted into the air. I too linger for a while a shadow. I shall soon depart.

I took no farewell of Finn nor any of the Fians, they perished far away from me. Out of the west, out of the sea, riding on a fairy steed, came a lady seeking a champion. Brighter than gold was her hair, like lime her white body, and her voice was sweeter than the angled harp.

I set her before me on the steed. The sea divided before us and arched above us. We descended into the depths. A fawn blew past me whom two hounds pursued; a fair

girl ran by with an apple of gold, a youth with drawn sword pressed behind. I knew not their import.

Two hundred years I lived in Tir-na-n-ög in the Land of the Ever Young, the Isles of the Blest, but far away I heard the hateful clanging of thy bells, the thought of my comrades came over me like a flood, and I returned to fade away beneath thy spells, O son of Calpurn.

How stood the planets when power was given that we should grow pale before your advent? Withered trees, are ye blasted by the red wind? Your hair, the glory of manhood, is shaven away, your eyes are leaden with much study, your flesh wasted with fasting and self-torture; your countenances sad; I hear no gleeful laughter, I see no eyes bright and glad, and ever the dismal bells ringing and mournful psalmody sounds.

Not such, not such was our life, O cleric, not such the pleasures of my King and of the Fians. The music that the son of Cool loved was that which filled the heart with joy, and gave light to the countenance, the song of the black-bird of Letter Lec, and the melody of the Dord Fian, the sound of the wind in Droum Derg, the thunders of Assaroe, the cry of the hounds let loose from Glen Rah with their faces outward from the Suir, the Tonn Rury lashing the shore, the wash of water against the sides of ships, the cry of Bran at Cnoc-an-aur, the murmur of streams at Slieve Mish, and, oh, the black-bird of Derrycarn, I never heard, by my soul, sound sweeter than that. Were I only beneath his nest!

We did not weep and make mournful music. When we let our hounds loose at Locha Lein and the chase resounded through Slieve Crot, there was no doleful sound, nor when we mustered for battle and the pure cold wind whistled in the flying banners of the Fianna Eireen, nor yet in our gentle intercourse with women—Alas! O Diarmid—nor in the banqueting-hall with lights, feasting, and drinking; while we hearkened to the chanting of noble tales and to the sound of the tiompan and the harp.

How then hast thou conquered, O son of Calpurn?

PATRICK.

O thou silly old man, of whom I can get no good, if thou dost not cease praising the Fians, those pleasures innumerable that are in heaven thou shalt never enjoy.

OSSIAN.

Now, by thy hand, O Patrick, come, tell me, will the King of Grace be enraged if I bring my dog into his Dún, or will he direct his servants to expel him?

PATRICK.

Thou stupid old man, he will not suffer thee to bring any quadruped into heaven of the angels and degrees. But I prithee, O eloquent Ossian, relate to me fully the battle of Cnoc-an-Aur, and this night surely thou wilt not complain of hunger.

THE KNIGHTING OF CUCULAIN.

From ‘The Coming of Cuculain.’

One night in the month of the fires of Bel, Cathvah, the Druid and star-gazer, was observing the heavens through his astrological instruments. Beside him was Cuculain, just then completing his sixteenth year. Since the exile of Fergus MacRoy, Cuculain had attached himself most to the Ard-Druid, and delighted to be along with him in his studies and observations. Suddenly the old man put aside his instruments and meditated a long time in silence.

“Setanta,” said he at length, “art thou yet sixteen years of age?”

“No, father,” replied the boy.

“It will then be difficult to persuade the king to knight thee and enroll thee among his knights,” said Cathvah. “Yet this must be done to-morrow, for it has been revealed to me that he whom Concobar MacNessa shall present with arms to-morrow, will be renowned to the most distant ages, and to the ends of the earth. Thou shalt be presented with arms to-morrow, and after that thou mayest retire for a season among thy comrades, nor go out among the warriors until thy strength is mature.”

The next day Cathvah procured the king’s consent to the knighting of Cuculain. Now on the same morning, one of his grooms came to Concobar MacNessa and said: “O chief of the Red Branch, thou knowest how no horse has eaten barley, or ever occupied the stall where stood the divine steed which, with another of mortal breed, in the days of

Kimbay Macfiontann, was accustomed to bear forth to the battle the great war-queen, Macha Monga-Rue; but ever since that stall has been empty, and no mortal steed hath profaned the stall in which the deathless Lia Macha was wont to stand. Yet, O Concobar, as I passed into the great stables on the east side of the courtyard, wherein are the steeds of thy own ambus, and in which is that spot since held sacred, I saw in the empty stall a mare, gray almost to whiteness, and of a size and beauty such I have never seen, who turned to look upon me as I entered the stable, having very gentle eyes, but such as terrified me, so that I let fall the vessel in which I was bearing curds for the steed of Konaul Clareena; and she approached me, and laid her head upon my shoulder, making a strange noise."

Now as the groom was thus speaking, Cowshra Mead Macha, a younger son of Concobar, came before the king, and said: "Thou knowest, O my father, that house in which is preserved the chariot of Kimbay Macfiontann, wherein he and she, whose name I bear, the great queen that protects our nation, rode forth to the wars in the ancient days, and how it has been preserved ever since, and that it is under my care to keep bright and clean. Now this day at sunrise I approached the house, as is my custom, and approaching, I heard dire voices, clamorous and terrible, that came from within, and noises like the noise of battle, and shouts as of warriors in the agony of the conflict, that raise their voices with short intense cries as they ply their weapons, avoiding or inflicting death. Then I went back terrified, but there met me Minrowar, son of Gerkin, for he came but last night from Moharne, in the east, and we went to look at his own steeds; but together we opened the gate of the chariot-house, and the bronze of the chariot burned like glowing fire, and the voices cried out in acclaim, when we stood in the doorway, and the light streamed into the dark chamber. Doubtless, a great warrior will appear amongst the Red Branch, for men say that not for a hundred years have these voices been heard, and I know not for whom Macha sends these portents, if it be not for the son of Sualtam, though he is not yet of an age to bear arms."

Thus was Concobar prepared for the knighting of Cuculain.

Then in the presence of his court, and his warriors, and the youths who were the comrades and companions of Cuculain, Concobar presented the young hero with his weapons of war, after he had taken the vows of the Red Branch, and having also bound himself by certain gaesa.¹ But Cuculain looked narrowly upon the weapons, and he struck the spears together and clashed the sword upon the shield, and he brake the spears in pieces, and the sword, and made chasms in the shield.

"These are not good weapons, O my King," said the boy.

Then the king presented him with others that were larger and stronger, and these too the boy brake into little pieces.

"These are still worse, O son of Nessa," said the boy, "and it is not seemly, O chief of the Red Branch, that on the day that I receive my arms I should be made a laughing-stock before the Clanna Rury, being yet but a boy."

But Concobar Mac Nessa exulted exceedingly when he beheld the amazing strength and the waywardness of the boy, and beneath delicate brows his eyes glittered like gleaming swords as he glanced rapidly round on the crowd of martial men that surrounded him; but amongst them all he seemed himself a bright torch of valor and war, more pure and clear than polished steel. But he beckoned to one of his knights, who hastened away and returned, bringing Concobar's own shield and spears and the sword out of the Tayta Brac, where they were kept, an equipment in reserve. And Cuculain shook them and bent them, and clashed them together, but they held firm.

"These are good arms, O son of Nessa," said Cuculain.

Then there were led forward a pair of noble steeds and a war-car, and the king conferred them on Cuculain. Then Cuculain sprang into the chariot, and standing with legs apart, he stamped from side to side, and shook and shook, and jolted the car until the axle brake and the car itself was broken in pieces.

"This is not a good chariot, O my King," said the boy.

Then there were led forward three chariots, and all of these he brake in succession.

¹ *Gaes*, curious vows taken by ancient warriors. Hardly anything definite is known of them.

"These are not good chariots, O chief of the Red Branch," said Cuculain. "No brave warrior would enter the battle or fight from such rotten foothold."

Then the king called to his son Cowshra Mead Macha and bade him take Laeg, and harness to the war-chariot of which he had the care, the wondrous gray steed, and that one which had been given him by Kelkar, the son of Uther, and to give Laeg a charioteering equipment, to be charioteer of Cuculain. For now it was apparent to all the nobles and to the king that a lion of war had appeared amongst them, and that it was for him Macha had sent these omens.

Then Cuculain's heart leaped in his breast when he heard the thunder of the great war-cry and the mad whinnying of the horses that smelt the battle afar. Soon he beheld them with his eyes, and the charioteer with the golden fillet of his office, erect in the car, struggling to subdue their fury. A gray, long-maned steed, whale-bellied, broad-chested, behind one yoke; a black, ugly-maned steed behind the other.

Like a hawk swooping along the face of a cliff when the wind is high, or like the rush of the March wind over the plain, or like the fleetness of the stag roused from his lair by the hounds and covering his first field, was the rush of those steeds when they had broken through the restraint of the charioteer, as though they galloped over fiery flags, so that the earth shook and trembled with the velocity of their motion, and all the time the great car brayed and shrieked as the wheels of solid and glittering bronze went round, for there were demons that had their abode in that car.

The charioteer restrained the steeds before the assembly, but nay-the-less a deep pur, like the pur of a tiger, proceeded from the axle. Then the whole assembly lifted up their voices and shouted for Cuculain, and he himself, Cuculain the son of Sualtam, sprang into his chariot, all armed, with a cry as of a warrior springing into his chariot in the battle, and he stood erect and brandished his spears, and the war-sprites of the Gaeil shouted along with them, the Bocanahs and Bananahs and the Genitii Glindi, the wild people of the glens, and the demons of the air, roared around him, when first the great warrior of the Gaeil, his battle-arms in his hands, stood equipped for war in his chariot before all the warriors of his tribe, the kings of the Clanna Rury, and the people of Emain Macha.

LOUGH BRAY.

Now Memory, false, spendthrift Memory,
 Disloyal treasure-keeper of the soul,
 This vision change shall never wring from thee
 Nor wasteful years effacing as they roll.
 O steel-blue lake, high cradled in the hills!
 O sad waves, filled with little sobs and cries!
 White glistening shingle, hiss of mountain rills,
 And granite-hearted walls blotting the skies,
 Shine, sob, gleam, gloom for ever! Oh, in me
 Be what you are in Nature—a recess—
 To-sadness dedicate and mystery,
 Withdrawn, afar, in the soul's wilderness.
 Still let my thoughts, leaving the worldly roar
 Like pilgrims, wander on thy haunted shore.

I GIVE MY HEART TO THEE.

I.

I give my heart to thee, O mother-land—
 I, if none else, recall the sacred womb.
 I, if none else, behold the loving eyes
 Bent over on thy myriad progeny
 Who care not nor regard thee as they go,
 O tender, sorrowing, weeping, hoping land!
 I give my heart to thee, O mother-land.

II.

I give my heart to thee, O father-land,
 Fast-anchored on thine own eternal soul,
 Rising with cloudy mountains to the skies.
 O proud, strong land, unstooping, stern of rule,
 Me rule as ever; let me feel thy might;
 Let me go forth with thee now and for aye.
 I give my heart to thee, O father-land.

III.

I give my heart to thee, heroic land—
 To thee or in thy morning when the Sun
 Flashed on thy giant limbs—thy lurid noon—
 Or in thy depth of night, fierce-thoughted one—
 Wrestling with phantoms of thy own wild soul,
 Or, stone-still, silent, waiting for the dawn,
 I give my heart to thee, heroic land.

IV.

I give my heart to thee, ideal land,
Far-soaring sister of the starry throng.
O fleet of wing, what journeyings are thine,
What goal, what god attracts thee? What unseen
Glory reflected makes thy face a flame?
Leave me not; where thou goest, let me go.
I give my heart to thee, ideal land.

STANDISH HAYES O'GRADY.

(1830 ——)

THIS eminent scholar is often confounded with his namesake and first cousin, Standish O'Grady. Mr. Hayes O'Grady is a native of County Clare, and is the son of Admiral Hayes O'Grady, who died in 1864. He was born about 1830, and was intended for the profession of naval engineer, which indeed he followed for some time. He was educated at Rugby School in England, and Trinity College, Dublin, and relinquished all thought of engineering about 1854, when, under the name of "S. Hayes," he edited and translated for the Ossian Society the famous story of Diarmuid and Grainue. He also edited and translated into verse 'The Adventures of Donogh Mac Contrare,' in 1853. He had imbibed an early love for the Irish language, to which he now devoted all his time, and which ultimately resulted in the publication of his important and massive 'Silva Gadhelica' 2 vols., 1892. This work and his learned catalogues of the Irish MSS. in the British Museum have occupied him for the last thirty years of his life.

THE CURSING OF TARA.

From 'Silva Gadhelica.'

Dermot's tribute, and discipline, and law prevailed in Ireland generally: his stewards and his managers, also his regular soldiers in their billets, were throughout Ireland up and down. At this particular time the King's stewards and sergeants accompanied him into Connacht; also the King's herald that used to precede them and to make proclamation to any such house at which in quest of guestly entertainment they arrived. And thus it was that the crier heralded them, viz. to the effect that the town's gate, or the castle's, into which they had to pass must be demolished before them so that Dermot's spear should pass in athwartwise; a thing which (for the King's fear) there was none dared but to perform before them. But Diabolus—he it was that possessed (lit. "jumped into") the crier to urge the following evil thing upon him, to the end evil greater yet should come of it.

For they came once to Aedh Guaire's house in the land of Hy-Many in Connacht, whose castle must needs be breached before them and the King's spear. Then anger took Aedh; he slew "the lad of the spear" (the crier

namely) and anon, to escape Dermot, fled into the land of Muskerry and under protection of bishop Senach, for the bishop's mother and Aedh Guaire's were two sisters. Subsequently Senach the bishop brought him to Ruadhan of Lorrha and committed him to his safeguard, for two sisters that Ruadhan had, Cael and Ruadhait, it was they that had reared bishop Senach. By Ruadhan Aedh Guaire was bestowed among the Britons however, for by reason of Dermot he might not be anywhere in Ireland. But such was Dermot's influence and power over others that because of him Aedh ultimately could not be either in Scotland or with the Britons: so that he returned to Ireland to Ruadhan, who had him hidden under ground. Where Ruadhan was then was the spot in which *poll Ruadhain* (*i.e.* "Ruadhan's Pit") is to-day.

It was told to the King that Aedh Guaire was come to Ireland again, and that Ruadhan had him concealed in the earth. Then Dermot repaired to Ruadhan, and dispatched his charioteer to recover Aedh Guaire from him forcibly. The young man entered into the sanctuary, but on the instant was deprived of his eyes. The King being now wroth at this, he came to Ruadhan and inquired of him (for he knew that Ruadhan would not tell a lie) where was Guaire. Ruadhan made answer: "Verily I know not where he is, if he be not under thee even where thou art. The King departed out of the sanctuary then, nor any more heeded that which the cleric had said; but in his mind afterwards he recalled to memory Ruadhan's utterance, and recognized that in the ground under him where he had stood Aedh Guaire was. He deputed a man of his people (Donnan was his name) to go down to Aedh, over whose head the same fell, to dig away the earth; but his arms were reft of their power presently. Thereupon he came to Ruadhan and made obeisance to him: the man also that previously was blinded made obeisance, and thenceforth they abode with Ruadhan: which two it is that to-day are reputed saints at Pollruane. By the King Aedh was brought in bonds to Tara, where in recompense of all his contrivance Dermot would have had him hanged.

Ruadhan in the meantime had sought out Brendan of Birr for the purpose of taking him with him to retrieve his protégé, and the pair went on to Tara. There they de-

manded of the King to have him whose safety Ruadhan had guaranteed: but Dermot answered that to him who should have infringed royal law the Church had no right to extend immunity, for that in so doing a violation of right both human and divine was inherent.

The clerics chanted psalms of commination now, and rang their bells against the King. That night, and in the one instant, died in Tara twelve sons of chiefs that were twelve in pupilage to the King; whose respective guardians came to the clergy and with persistence exhorted them to resuscitate the youths. The saints prayed and the lads were recalled to life.

For a full year after this they anathematized Dermot and plied him with miracles, he giving them back prodigy for prodigy. But in the long run they prevailed nothing over him until to the house steward, by way of procuring him to tell the King that now at last the clergy partook of a refection, they made promise of Heaven. The house-steward went to Dermot and told him that the clergy ate a meal, so that in this wise (for it was not true) they in the matter of fasting won an advantage over him. That night Dermot saw in a dream: that in Tara was a great tree, the top of which reached to the clouds of heaven and its shade over all Ireland. Fifty foreigners he saw (and among them two leading strangers) that felled the tree, but all that which they chopped from it was continually made good again forthwith; they put him from the tree and laid it prostrate, so that it was the falling tree's crash that awoke him. "Even so," Dermot said: "I am the tree; the foreigners that chop it are the clergy cutting short my life, and by them also am I fallen."

On the morrow the King rose and went to the place where the clergy were: "Ill have ye done," he said, "to undo my Kingdom for that I maintained the righteous cause. At all events," he went on, "be thy diocese the first one that is ruined in Ireland, and, Ruadhan, may thy monks desert thee!"

The saint retorted: "May thy Kingdom droop speedily!" Dermot said: "thy see shall be empty, and swine shall root up thy church yards." "Tara shall be desolate," Ruadhan said, "and therein shall no dwelling be forever." Dermot said: "may shameful blemish affect thy person," and

straightway one of Ruadhan's eyes burst. Ruadhan said: "be thy body mangled by enemies, and thy limbs disintegrated so that they be not found in the one place." Dermot said: "may there be a wild boar come that he grub up the hill on which thou shalt be buried, and that thy relics be scattered; also at nones continually be there in thy church-yard howling of wild hounds (*i. e.* wolves), and the alarm cry every evening; neither be they its own monks that shall dwell in it." Ruadhan said: "the knee that was not lifted in reverence before me, be not the same sepulchred with thy body." Then upon the royal hearth Ruadhan imprecated the blackness of darkness: that nevermore in Tara should smoke issue from roof-trees.

Just then it was that Dermot looked at the ridge beam. "That beam is hostile to thee; that roof-tree it is that shall yet be hurled upon thy face as thou lookest up at it, after that by them from over sea thou shalt have been stricken down." "Cleric, take all thy will;" the King cried. Then their prisoner is enlarged for them, and both parties make peace; whereupon Dermot said this:—

"Alas for him that to the clergy of the churches showeth fight; woe to him that would contend, with giving cut for cut; through this—through my dissension and Ruadhan's—Tara shall be desolate and clean swept."

He went on: "evil is that which ye have worked, clerics—my Kingdom's ruination; for in the latter times Ireland shall not be better off than at this present she will have been. But in any wise may it be so that bad chiefs, their heirs-apparent, and their men of war shall quarter themselves in your churches then; and be it their own (*i.e.* the inhabitants) selves that in your houses shall pull off such people's brogues for them, ye being the while powerless to rid yourselves of them."

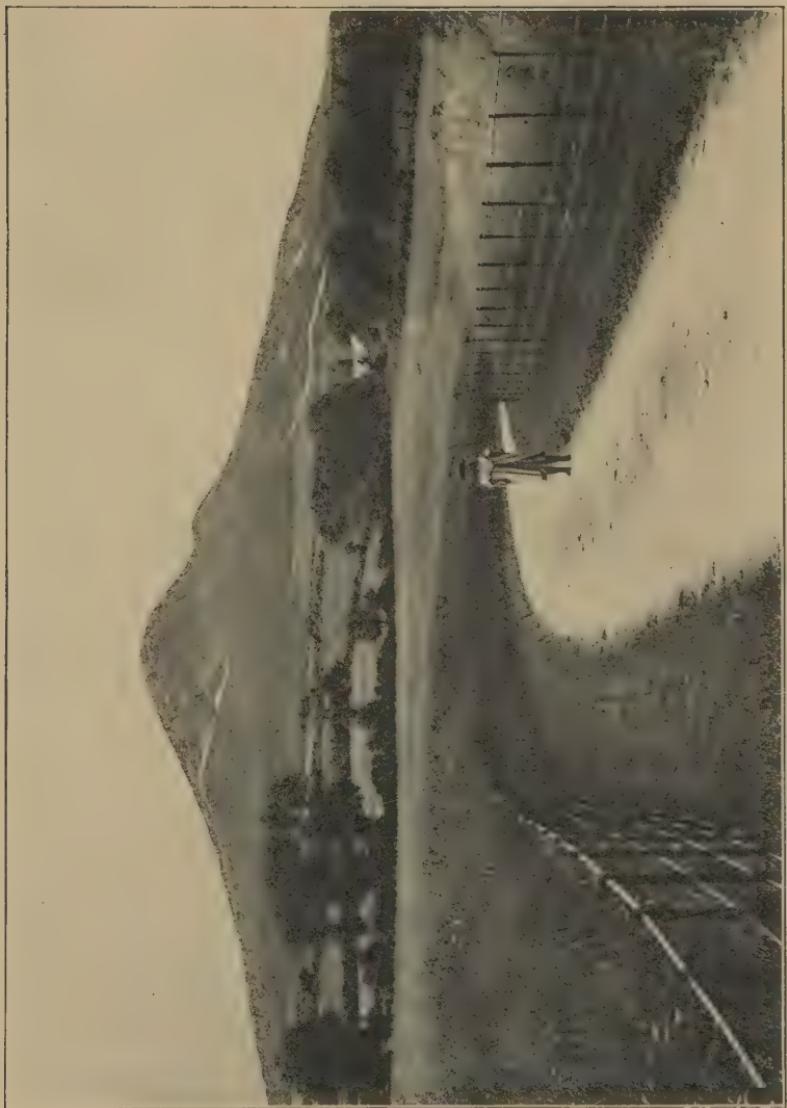
CAEILTE'S LAMENT.

From 'Silva Gadhelica.'

Cold the winter is, the wind is risen, the high-couraged unquelled stag is on foot: bitter cold to-night the whole mountain is, yet for all that the ungovernable stag is bell-

ing. The deer of Slievecarn of the gatherings commits not his side to the ground; no less than he the stag of frigid Echtge's summit catches the chorus of the wolves. I, Caeilte, with brown Dermot and with keen light-footed Oscar: we too in the nipping night's waning end would listen to the music of the pack. But well the red deer sleeps that with his hide to the bulging rock lies stretched—hidden as though beneath the country's surface—all in the latter end of chilly night. To-day I am an aged ancient, and but a few scant men I know; once on a time though in the cold and ice-bound morning I used to vibrate a sharp javelin hardily. To Heaven's King I offer thanks, to Mary Virgin's Son as well; often and often I imposed silence on (*i.e.* daunted) a whole host whose plight to-night is very cold (*i. e.* they are all dead now).¹

¹ This is taken from *Agallamh na Senórach*, or Dialogue of the Ancients, preserved in the Book of Lismore, a fifteenth century vellum containing some of other poems attributed to Gailte.—[D. H.]





JOHN O'HAGAN.

(1822—1890.)

JOHN O'HAGAN was born in Newry, March 19, 1822. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and he was barely of age when Davis, Duffy, and Dillon started *The Nation* newspaper, to the earlier numbers of which he contributed 'Ourselves Alone,' 'Dear Land,' and other notable lyrics, over the signature "Sliabh Cuilinn" (Sieve Cullan, the mountain known as the Great Sugarloaf). He became one of the most influential and trusted members of the Young Ireland party, and after a distinguished career at the bar he was appointed by Mr. Gladstone the first judicial head of the Irish Land Commission.

He was a man of great literary and general erudition, and his personal character and charm won for him altogether exceptional respect and regard. Before his thirtieth year a study of Carlyle's writings appeared in *The Dublin Review*, and made a deep impression on Carlyle himself, as appears from a memorandum published in Froude's 'Life.' He died Nov. 13, 1890. His last literary work was an admirable translation of the 'Chanson de Roland.'

OURSELVES ALONE.

The work that should to-day be wrought,
Defer not till to-morrow;
The help that should within be sought,
Scorn from without to borrow.
Old maxims these—yet stout and true—
They speak in trumpet tone,
To do at once what is to do,
And trust OURSELVES ALONE.

Too long our Irish hearts we schooled
In patient hope to bide,
By dreams of English justice fooled
And English tongues that lied.
That hour of weak delusion 's past—
The empty dream has flown:
Our hope and strength, we find at last,
Is in OURSELVES ALONE.

Aye! bitter hate or cold neglect,
Or lukewarm love at best,
Is all we've found, or can expect,
We aliens of the West.

No friend, beyond our own green shore,
 Can Erin truly own;
 Yet stronger is her trust, therefore,
 In her brave sons ALONE.

Remember when our lot was worse—
 Sunk, trampled to the dust—
 'T was long our weakness and our curse
 In stranger aid to trust.
 And if, at length, we proudly trod
 On bigot laws o'erthrown,
 Who won that struggle? Under God,
 Ourselves—OURSELVES ALONE.

Oh! let its memory be enshrined
 In Ireland's heart for ever!
 It proves a banded people's mind
 Must win in just endeavor;
 It shows how wicked to despair,
 How weak to idly groan—
 If ills at others' hands ye bear,
 The cure is in YOUR OWN.

The foolish word “impossible”
 At once, for aye, disdain!
 No power can bar a people's will,
 A people's right to gain.
 Be bold, united, firmly set,
 Nor flinch in word or tone—
 We 'll be a glorious nation yet,
 REDEEMED—ERECT—ALONE!

DEAR LAND.

When comes the day all hearts to weigh,
 If stanch they be or vile,
 Shall we forget the sacred debt
 We owe our mother isle?
 My native heath is green beneath,
 My native waters blue,
 But crimson red o'er both shall spread
 Ere I am false to you,
 Dear land,
 Ere I am false to you.

When I behold your mountains bold,
 Your noble lakes and streams,
 A mingled tide of grief and pride
 Within my bosom teems.
 I think of all your long dark thrall,
 Your martyrs, brave and true,
 And dash apart the tears that start;
 We must not *weep* for you,
 Dear land,
 We must not *weep* for you.

My grandsire died his home beside,
 They seized and hanged him there;
 His only crime, in evil time,
 Your hallowed green to wear.
 Across the main his brothers twain
 Were sent to pine and rue,
 But still they turned, with hearts that burned,
 In hopeless love to you,
 Dear land,
 In hopeless love to you.

My boyish ear still clung to hear
 Of Erin's pride of yore,
 Ere Norman foot had dared pollute
 Her independent shore.
 Of chiefs long dead who rose to head
 Some gallant patriots few,
 Till all my aim on earth became
 To strike one blow for you,
 Dear land,
 To strike one blow for you.

What path is best your rights to wrest,
 Let other heads divine;
 By work or word, with voice or sword,
 To follow them be mine;
 The breast that zeal and hatred steel
 No terrors can subdue;
 If death should come, that martyrdom
 Were sweet endured for you,
 Dear land,
 Were sweet endured for you.

JOHN O'KEEFFE.

(1747—1833.)

JOHN O'KEEFFE was born in Dublin, June 24, 1747. He was educated by Father Austin, and became a good classical and French scholar. He was at first intended for an artist and studied under Mr. West of the Dublin Royal Academy, but his study of the antique soon gave place to a love of modern comedy and the acting of private theatricals. In the summer of 1762 he went to London for two years, frequenting the playhouses and greatly admiring Garrick. In 1764 he returned to Dublin and shortly after began his career as a player and a dramatic writer.

He was engaged by Mossop, the Dublin manager, and continued acting for a dozen years, first in tragedy and afterward in comedy. In 1767 his farce of 'The She-gallant,' afterward called 'The Positive Man,' was produced by Mossop with success. Some years later he married, and in 1777 removed with his young family to London. Before this time he had written a kind of sequel to Goldsmith's 'She Stoops to Conquer,' which he named 'Tony Lumpkin in Town,' and sent it anonymously to Mr. Colman, of the Haymarket Theater. In 1778 the play was produced there with considerable success.

O'Keeffe returned to Dublin in the spring of 1779, finished his comic opera of 'The Son-in-Law,' and sent it to Colman. It was produced at the Haymarket in August, 1779, and took the town by storm. It was as successful in Dublin. O'Keeffe soon after moved again to London, and devoted himself entirely to writing plays and farces, which flowed from his pen in quick succession; in 1798 he published a collection containing over fifty pieces.

His 'Dead Alive' appeared in June, 1781, and was closely followed by 'The Agreeable Surprise,' the last written by his own hand, for he shortly after lost his sight and had to employ an amanuensis. In November, 1781, 'The Banditti, a Comic Opera,' was given at Covent Garden, and turned out a failure. In March, 1782, 'The She-gallant,' under the title of 'The Positive Man,' was played at the same house, and in November of the same year 'The Banditti' was successfully revived under the title of 'The Castle of Andalusia.' In the same month 'The Lord Mayor's Day' saw the light, and in February, 1783, 'The Maid is the Mistress' was performed.

Plays followed each other in quick succession, O'Keeffe continuing to write for the stage until 1799. In 1792 he published 'Wild Oats,' which is considered one of his best plays. During the remaining years of his life several poems, fables, etc., of his appeared in different magazines, and in 1826 he published 'Recollections of the Life of John O'Keeffe,' in two volumes. In this year he was given an annual pension of one hundred guineas from the King's private purse. After more than forty years of blindness, borne cheerfully and uncomplainingly, he died at Southampton, Feb. 4, 1833. 'O'Keeffe's Legacy to his Daughters,' a volume of poems and recollections, was published in the next year.

A BUDGET OF STORIES.

From 'The Recollections of John O'Keeffe.'

NO SNAKES IN IRELAND.

So perfectly unknown, even by *name*, are all venomous reptiles throughout our blessed Erin, that in one of Woodward's pantomimes at Crow Street Theater, amongst the tricks was introduced an enormous serpent, which, in the business of the scene, was to move round the stage. This was effected by grooves, and the machinery gave the carpenters and scenemen a great deal of labor and vexation, for the serpent often stuck by the way. Three or four of these men practicing, but with little success, the best manner of making it glide about, one of them at length vociferated, "I wish the devil would eat this *fish* once out of this house! we have trouble enough with it, and all to get our good master, Mr. Woodward, plenty of hisses; and he will give us plenty of 'boobies,' and 'blundering idiots,' and 'stupid fools!' The devil burn or drown this great fish, I say."

AULD IRELAND.

In my early times, all the great outlets from Dublin had, inside the hedges, parallel footpaths with the road; and the stiles, where the hedges divided the fields, were models for stiles all over the civilized world: they were formed thus: three steps, a small flat, and then a perpendicular narrow stone, about a foot high, which you stepped over on the other flat, and then three more steps on the other side, so that the milkmaid might poise her pail upon her head, and cross over the stile without fear of spilling her milk; and the old weary Boccaugh (beggar-man), and the poor woman bringing fruits and vegetables to market, might sit down and rest themselves. All through Ireland, whenever they see a good-looking cow, they say, "A fine cow, God bless it!"—except to the human, this is the only animal to which they say "God bless it." In my time there was not one wagon all over Ireland, and no cart above four foot long; the only carriage for goods, etc., was the little car and the one horse: there were no gypsies—no poor-rates—no pawn-brokers; the word village was

not known; but every group of cabins had a piper and a schoolmaster; and before every cabin door, in fine weather, there was the Norah, or Kathleen, at her spinning-wheel (no woman ever worked out of doors, or in the fields). The yearly payment for the figure on the coach, the noddy, and the sedan, in Dublin, was applied to the purchase of spinning-wheels; which, on a certain day, were set out in a large square, before the Foundling Hospital, at the top of St. James's Street, and distributed gratis to the females who came to ask for them. This was one cheering look forward towards the staple manufacture of Ireland—its linen. The great pride of a countryman on a Sunday, was to have three or four waistcoats on him; and of a country woman, a large square silk handkerchief of Irish manufacture pinned on the top of her head, and the corners hanging down her shoulders. The countryman's boots were pieces of an old felt hat, tied about his ankles. The milk-maid always sung her melodious Irish tunes while milking: if she stopped, the cow's mode was to kick the pail about. The different families dug the potato, and cut the turf, and brought them home mutually for each other; lending in turn, themselves, their horse, and their car, so that the want of money was not felt: the great object was the half-penny on a Sunday evening for the piper, who was the orchestra for their jig. The peasant himself built his mud tenement, and then clapped its *straw hat* upon it, and this was the only slate, tile, and thatch. Cricket was not known; the game was football, and hurling; the latter striking the ball with a wooden bat, the ball as large as a man's head, but so soft it could not hurt, being leather stuffed with straw.

"My Lord's" or "the Squire's," was called the big House, and had its privileged fool or satirist, its piper, and its running footman: the latter I have often seen skimming or flying across the road; one of them I particularly remember, his dress a white-jacket, blue silk sash round his waist, light black velvet cap, with a silver tassel on the crown, round his neck a frill with a ribbon, and in his hand a staff about seven feet high, with a silver top. He looked so agile, and seemed all air like a Mercury: he never minded roads, but took the short cut, and, by the help of his pole, absolutely seemed to fly over hedge, ditch, and small river.

His use was to carry a message, letter, or dispatch; or, on a journey, to run before and prepare the inn or baiting-place, for his family or master, who came the regular road in coach and two, or coach and four, or coach and six; his qualifications were fidelity, strength, and agility.

It was the general rule of every man, in the character of a gentleman, never to gallop or even trot hard upon a road, except emergency required haste.

QUARRELSOME IRISHMEN.

A certain tavern at the corner of Temple Lane and Essex Street, being so near the theater, was a convivial and frequent resort, as well for performers as persons who had been at the play. Ben Lord, the landlord, had a most happy and inviting flourish in drawing a cork. It was our mode to ask each other, "Do you sup at Commons tonight?" "Oh, no! I sup at the house of *Lord's*." I was there one night with Dawson the actor, and some others; amongst the company was a Mr. Brady, once a school-fellow of mine at Father Austin's, but at this time a considerable merchant; a trifling altercation took place between him and Dawson, and some words of taunt and retort, when Brady made use of the expression, "You're *beneath me*." This was a cut at the profession, and might have been spared, particularly as many of the performers were present. Dawson instantly took a leap, jumped upon the table, and, with an exulting smile of triumphant superiority, shuffled a horn-pipe step among the bottles and glasses, and exclaimed, "Now, I'm *above* you, Brady; Brady, now I'm *above* you."

This comic and sudden practical truism stopped the approaching quarrel, and turned the whole room, Brady and all, into social mirth and good fellowship, which was kept up until the watchman's "Past two o'clock" warned us to separate, and go home to pillow.

Another instance of an alert laugh turning bully frown out of doors, occurred in a coffee-house near the Exchange at Cork, where I was sitting quietly taking my dish of coffee. Hero Jackson and John MacMahon, at that time quite a youth, were walking up and down the room, arm in arm, —the one above six feet high, and athletic as Alcides—the other thin and delicate, indeed remarkably slim and slen-

der. Words arose, I know not how, between Jackson and one of the company, and continued for some time with great acrimony on both sides; at length the hero, making a full stop, and looking with determined aspect at the other gentleman, said in a firm, decisive tone, at the same time turning upon young MacMahon, and grasping him with his right hand by the middle of the waistcoat, "Sir, if you repeat such language to me again, I'll *rattan* you out of the room." The word *rattan*, and the action which accompanied it (for Jackson had no stick of any kind in his hand), produced a loud and universal laugh, in which the gentleman himself, who was thus addressed, could not help joining heartily.

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

The plan of Thomas Sheridan's dictionary was to bring the spelling of English words nearer to the established modes of pronunciation; yet still to keep in view the several languages from which each word is derived. In a letter of his to Mr. Heaphy, which I saw, he had to speak of the Parliament winter in Dublin, and spelt the word *parlement*. I heard Sheridan recite on Smock Alley stage, and show, by illustration, that in a verse of eight syllables, the sense might be changed five times by removing the accent from one syllable to another thus:—

"None but the brave deserve the fair!
None but the brave deserve the fair,
None but the *brave* deserve the fair,
None but the brave *deserve* the fair,
None but the brave deserve the *fair*."

Thomas Sheridan wrote a piece called 'The Brave Irishman' (the plot from the French), in which he worked up a very high character for Isaac Sparkes; it had a powerful effect, and was played very often. There were many signs of Sparkes in this same Captain O'Blunder. One day he was walking under one of these, when a chairman looking first at him with great admiration, and then up at the sign, vociferated, "Oh, there you are, above and below!"

O'KEEFFE ON HIS BLINDNESS.

On my return to town I applied to Baron Wenzel the oculist about my sight; and sent him his demand of

twenty-five guineas: he was to have twenty-five more had he succeeded, but asked his additional fee of two guineas as physician: this my brother, who took him the money, would not pay.

My most excellent and truly zealous friend, Mr. Brande, of Soho Square, thinking that electricity might help my sight, brought me to John Hunter for his opinion; he did not object to the trial being made, but gave no hopes of success; and some time after, I seated myself in the chair at Mr. Brande's house, and held in my hand the electrical chain. At his hospitable table I have at different times met Macklin, Counselor Mac Nally, my good friend Mr. O'Bryen, Captain (and Counselor, for he was both) Robinson (who, being a Dublin man, sung very good Irish songs), Dr. Kennedy, of Great Queen Street, and many other literary characters.

I went also to Mr. Percival Pott, who had then the first name as surgeon, but he instantly pronounced that neither medical aid nor art could help me, and since that I tried none. The first cause of this injury to my sight was from a cold I got by a fall off the south wall of the Liffey, Dublin, in a dark December, by going out to sup at Ringsend, when the play was over; thus drenched, I sat up with my party for some hours in my wet clothes, and in about a fortnight the effects appeared in a violent inflammation of my eyelids. I then tried many remedies, each crossing the other, which increased the malady, and my persisting to use the pen myself impaired my sight beyond all hope.

Although, from the opinion of the first medical people, my complete recovery of sight was quite hopeless, yet I never had an ambition to be pitied; and, indeed, effort to be envied, rather than pitied, often proves a successful stimulus to the greatest actions of human life. It is true, that since the decay of my sight I never made a boast that I could see as well as other people; yet to avoid exciting compassion, my show of better vision than I really possessed was, about thirty years back, often attended with most ridiculous and whimsical effects, at which, on reflection no one laughed more heartily than myself.

Being with my brother at Margate, in Austin's reading-room, at a great table covered with newspapers, magazines, and such like, I wished Daniel to give me some news by the

help of his optics, and having just sight enough to see the white papers on the green cloth, I hastily caught up a newspaper that lay spread on my right hand, and with my left stretched it out to my brother, saying, "Read that for me." A loud and surly voice the same instant came to my right ear from lips not two feet from me. "What the devil, sir, do you mean by snatching the newspaper out of my hands; I haven't done with it." I was too confounded to attempt an apology, but rising, walked off; leaving my brother to calm him by explaining the state of my sight which led me into the mistake of my only seeing the newspaper, and not the gentleman who was reading it; his anger instantly changed to politeness.

When I lived at Acton I sometimes walked to Oxford Street to buy my working tools—a quire of paper, some pens, a bottle of ink, or any other stationery I might want. Being one day on the foot-path, pushing on before my servant, who always attended me in my walks to town, a figure came up full against me with a stamping kind of rough noise: I stopped, and looking up far above his head, said, "I think the road might do for you and not come upon the foot-path." An angry voice from a face level with my own, replied, "But I believe I have as good a right to walk on the foot-path as you—who the plague are you! indeed!" I endeavored to explain by saying, what was fact, "I beg pardon, but I thought you were on horseback;"—an unlucky error caused by my having been greatly annoyed and endangered the day before, by a man riding on the foot-path close upon me. This mistake did not wind up so agreeably as the first, for he stumped on muttering.

And yet I used to make my way, and safely and nimbly too, by my servant John walking rapidly before me, through the most crowded streets of London. His method was, if a handle of a barrow came across him, to move it aside; if anything on a person's head, whether hamper, trunk, furniture, etc., to put up his hand and turn it away, still keeping on without saying a word, or turning his own head about, and I posting after him through a *gantlet* of people of all kinds who stopped to abuse and call him fifty names, such as, "Impudent scoundrel! rascal!" etc., all which my *walking* harbinger never seemed to hear or notice, and on we clearly went. This was from apple-

women, fish-women, porters with knots on their heads, etc.; thus, in the throng of a London street, he cleared a lane for me.

According to the privilege of an author franking a friend to the theater now and then, my brother, one morning, asked me for an order; but having already written and given away to *my* acquaintances and *their* acquaintances, more than was strictly proper, I refused. The same evening I unexpectedly went to the play myself; I was alone, and being in the lower boxes, towards the close of the third act, a gentleman coming in, and standing near me, I looked up, half turning round, and said, "How the deuce did you get in?" A strange voice answered, "How did I get in, sir! why, with my money. How did yourself get in?" I unfortunately mistook him for my brother; and this last mistake might have led me into a more dangerous dilemma than either of the former, had not another gentleman, in the adjoining box, who knew who I was, and, consequently, the imperfect state of my sight, kindly explained; thus saving me from pistol work, either on the strand of Clontarf, or behind Montague House, or in a little tavern room across a table, or any other field of battle, west of Mother Red-cap's.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Coming into my parlor in Stafford Row, Buckingham Gate, one day, tired with my walk, and my spirits wearied by a long rehearsal, I found a gentleman looking very close at a picture which hung up; he bowed, and then went again to the picture, looked at me, and said something, I don't know what. We were completely at cross purposes; my eyes could not distinguish his features, and his ears could not hear my voice; he was deaf, and I could not see. In the midst of our embarrassment, my landlord came into the room, and addressing him very respectfully, yet loud, said, "Mr. —, the picture-dealer, lodges up stairs." The stranger then turned to me, made an apology, and went out of my parlor. When he had left the house, I asked my landlord who the gentleman was. He answered, that it was "Sir Joshua Reynolds." I then too late regretted my not having known this before, that I might have enjoyed a little of his company, as I greatly admired the works of his

pencil. Fortunate, thought I at that moment, that *my* infirmity is not on *his* side of the question!

One day walking with Mr. Colman, and admiring his beautiful garden at Richmond, he told me Sir Joshua Reynolds had been with him the day before, and also liked his parterres and hot-houses extremely ("and by the way, O'Keeffe, my gardener is a capital one, and your countryman; he brings out pine-apples and melons for me at very little expense"). Mr. Colman added, that he had been a good deal annoyed by a timber-yard to the left; besides the noise, it was a disagreeable object, so, continued he, "I raised up that fine screen of trees to hide it. I was pointing out this exploit of mine yesterday to Sir Joshua. 'Aye,' said he, 'very well, Colman, now you cannot see the wood for trees.'"

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

I am a friar of orders gray:
 As down the valley I take my way,
 I pull not blackberry, haw, or hip,
 Good store of venison does fill my scrip:
 My long bead-roll I merrily chaunt,
 Where'er I walk, no money I want;
 And why I'm so plump the reason I'll tell—
 Who leads a good life is sure to live well.
 What baron or squire
 Or knight of the shire
 Lives half so well as a holy friar!

After supper, of heaven I dream,
 But that is fat pullet and clouted cream.
 Myself, by denial, I mortify
 With a dainty bit of a warden pie:
 I'm clothed in sackcloth for my sin:
 With old sack wine I'm lined within:
 A chirping cup is my matin song,
 And the vesper bell is my bowl's ding dong.
 What baron or squire
 Or knight of the shire
 Lives half so well as a holy friar!

PATRICK O'KELLY.

(1754 —)

THE place of birth of this extraordinary character is not known—he himself implies that it was in County Clare. He was for some time a schoolmaster in County Galway. He published 'Killarney, a Descriptive Poem,' 'The Eudoxologist,' 'The Aonian Kaleidoscope,' and 'Hippocrene.'

He was absurdly vain, and printed in each of his volumes poetical eulogies of himself and of his work by other bards. His high opinion of his own merit may be understood by his thus travestyng the celebrated sonnet commencing, "Three poets in three distant ages born":

" 'T would take a Byron and a Scott, I tell you,
Combined in one to make a Pat O'Kelly.'"

His 'Curse of Doneraile' was widely circulated all over Ireland and created a great deal of amusement. To appease him Lady Doneraile presented him with a handsome "watch and seal" in place of the one he "lost," upon which he wrote a eulogium.

The place and date of his death are unknown.

THE CURSE OF DONERAILE.

Alas! how dismal is my tale,
I lost my watch in Doneraile.
My Dublin watch, my chain and seal,
Pilfered at once in Doneraile.
May Fire and Brimstone never fail,
To fall in showers on Doneraile.
May all the leading fiends assail,
The thieving town of Doneraile,
As lightnings flash across the vale,
So down to Hell with Doneraile.
The fate of Pompey at Pharsale,
Be that the curse of Doneraile.
May Beef, or Mutton, Lamb or Veal
Be never found in Doneraile.
But Garlic Soup and scurvy Cale,
Be still the food for Doneraile.
And forward as the creeping snail,
Th' industry be, of Doneraile.
May Heaven a chosen curse entail,
On rigid, rotten Doneraile.
May Sun and Moon forever fail,
To beam their lights on Doneraile.

May every pestilential gale,
Blast that cursed spot called Doneraile.
May not a Cuckoo, Thrush, or Quail,
Be ever heard in Doneraile.
May Patriots, Kings and Commonweal,
Despise and harass Doneraile.
May ev'ry Post, Gazette, and Mail,
Sad tidings bring of Doneraile.
May loudest thunders ring a peal,
To blind and deafen Doneraile.
May vengeance fall at head and tail,
From North to South at Doneraile.
May profit light and tardy sale,
Still damp the trade of Doneraile.
May Fame resound a dismal tale,
Whene'er she lights on Doneraile.
May Egypt's plagues at once prevail,
To thin the knaves of Doneraile.
May frost and snow, and sleet and hail
Benumb each joint in Doneraile.
May wolves and bloodhounds trace and trail,
The cursèd crew of Doneraile.
May Oscar with his fiery flail,
To Atoms thrash all Doneraile.
May every mischief fresh and stale,
Abide henceforth in Doneraile.
May all from Belfast to Kinsale,
Scoff, curse, and damn you, Doneraile.
May neither Flow'r nor Oatenmeal,
Be found or known in Doneraile.
May want and woe each joy curtail,
That e'er was known in Doneraile.
May no one coffin want a nail,
That wraps a rogue in Doneraile.
May all the thieves that rob and steal,
The gallows meet in Doneraile.
May all the sons of Granuwale,
Blush at the thieves of Doneraile.
May mischief big as Norway whale,
O'erwhelm the knaves of Doneraile.
May curses wholesale and retail,
Pour with full force on Doneraile.
May ev'ry transport wont to sail,
A convict bring from Doneraile.
May ev'ry churn and milking pail,
Fall dry to staves in Doneraile.

May cold and hunger still congeal,
The stagnant blood of Doneraile.
May ev'ry hour new woes reveal,
That Hell reserves for Doneraile.
May ev'ry chosen ill prevail,
O'er all the Imps of Doneraile.
May no one wish or prayer avail,
To soothe the woes of Doneraile.
May th' Inquisition straight impale,
The rapparees of Doneraile.
May curse of Sodom now prevail,
And sink to ashes Doneraile.
May Charon's Boat triumphant sail,
Completely manned from Doneraile.
Oh ! may my Couplets never fail,
To find new curse for Doneraile.
And may Grim Pluto's inner jail,
For ever groan with Doneraile.

RICHARD O'KENNEDY.

(1850 —)

FATHER O'KENNEDY was born April 17, 1850. He was educated in Limerick, and studied at Maynooth for the priesthood. He is parish priest of Fedamore, near Bruff. Father O'Kennedy has been for a long time a contributor to various Irish and American magazines. He knows his people intimately, and knows how to interest us in the simple pains and pleasures of the poor. To be in his company is to go the rounds of his parish with the priest, and, because we are with him, to be admitted into the sacred intimacies of the people. His style is charming. He has an eye for the simplicities of life.

A ROUND OF VISITS.

From 'Cottage Life in Ireland.'

As we are so near, we will step across the water-course to see a poor little invalid, Bridgie Hanlon. Bridgie's mother is a widow, and after the death of her husband things went greatly against her. She met with accidents in cattle and loss of crops, and, one way or other, the family came to be very poor. Indeed, were it not for the good parish priest they would be—elsewhere. He went to the rent officer, and obtained for them time and abatements, and little by little they have risen again; for "God is good," as poor Mrs. Hanlon would say, and they are now in a fair way to do well. Bridgie has been bedridden for the last eight or ten years,—but oh, so gentle! When a child she slept, on a warm, sunny day, out in the hay-field, and was taken home a cripple.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Hanlon!"

"Oh, wisha, ye're welcome, Father! But see what kind of a place we have before ye! We were out all day in the garden. Get out of that, Shep!" (to the woolly sheep-dog).

"We just stepped across to see poor Bridgie, Mrs. Hanlon."

"God love ye! Oh, wisha, the poor crathure!"

"How are you this evening, Bridgie?"

The poor invalid—a fair, gentle-faced girl of sixteen or

eighteen—extends a pale, thin hand; and, while in answer to our query she says "Nicely," her features wear the sweetest of smiles.

"Have you pain now, Bridgie?"

"Oh, no,—not much!"

"Do you feel the day long?"

"When mother is within it is not long, but when mother is out it is sometimes very long."

"I have brought you a very interesting Irish tale, Bridgie,—perhaps one of the best of our day: 'Marcella Grace,' by Miss Mulholland. Is Johnnie Daly coming, Mrs. Hanlon? I told him to bring something to Bridgie."

"Here he is, with a bird-cage in his hand."

"This pretty linnet is for you, Bridgie. The bird will be company to you when mother is out and the day seems long. And if his singing annoys you hold up your forefinger and say 'Now, Dickie!' and you will see he will bow his proud little head and become silent. In a day or two I will call to see how you and Dickie get on. Good-bye now, Bridgie!" And poor Bridgie follows us with another gentle smile, and the mother with a sincere and heartfelt blessing.

The night has fallen, and the lights are in the windowpanes as we return. Here we are, back at poor Mike Reidy's again. Listen! It is children's laughter. How merry it is! Oh, I know! The children of the place have come in to Mike's. What instinct children have! How well they know where they're welcome! We'll "stale in unknownst."

There is a merry fire on the hearth, the sanded floor has been newly swept, and the lamp is swinging on a pulley from the roof-tree. Six or eight children are playing *pookeen*. Oh, what fun! It is a children's blind-man's-buff, but a hundred thousand times gladder and happier. A handkerchief is put over the eyes of one little thing, and she runs after the others. "Roast meat!" they cry, and she is warned that she is near the dresser or table or *coob*. She makes a dart in another direction, and they fly before and laugh. Is there on earth anything like the gladness of children's laughter? And their little bare feet are so nimble, and the tidy little carriage, and the loose locks, and the merry, healthful faces! Talk of the children of

the rich! They are nothing to the sweet children of the poor.

Sitting by the fire with Mrs. Reidy is "her next-door neighbor," Mrs. Doolan, having a *shanachus* (chat). There is a chattering and *gosthering* of the hens on the roost, as if talking to one another; and so well they might, if they had hearts at all for children's merry joys. But it is ominous, that *gosthering*—and oh, horror of horrors, the cock flaps his wings and crows!

Mrs. Doolan devoutly blesses herself. "She never likes to hear a cock crow in the evenin'. She never yet knew it to mane good." The poor children are bidden to be quiet and sit down, in tones that the little pets know well will brook no disobedience.

"I heard Mrs. Maloney, my own first cousin, Mrs. Reidy, say that she was this way sitting by the fire one night, and all at onst the cock began to crow, and the dog went out and sat on the ditch and cried as human as ever you heard. And, mind you, that night didn't her brother, ould Daniel Downey above on the hill—God rest the poor man's sowl! —die! An', be the same token, Mrs. Downey came to myself a week or so afterward, and 'Kittie,' says she, 'wisha, do you think would Daniel's ould clothes do to give for his sowl? Because, you see, there is a dale of them boys there (the sons), and it isn't aisly to get things for 'em all.' 'Don't chate the dead, whatever you do, Mary,' says I (and Mrs. Doolan gave her head a solemn shake). And wait till I tell you, Mrs. Reidy. Instead of taking my advice, what does she do but give ould rags of things that you wouldn't put frightenin' the crows! Yerrah, my dear, that very night didn't he come to her, and bate her black and blue, so that you wouldn't see an eye in her head in the mornin'—"

"Come on, Annie Donovan, and put in your finger!"—this from the infant group; for Annie was paying more heed to Mrs. Doolan and her story than to a new game they were playing now. They all put one finger on the knee of the biggest girl, and she sings:

" Miss Massy has a hen,
She lays guggies now and then:
Sometimes two and sometimes ten,—
And out with you, my little spotted hen!"

Each word of the rhyme was said on a finger, and the finger the last word fell on was ordered "out," and the owner of this finger went to the far end of the kitchen. Each of the group takes a fancy name, and the little one above gets a name also; then the leader calls out, "Six men here to cut the head and heels of you!" "Name 'em!" is answered from above. The names are called over. The little one above calls one of these—it may be her own; if so she has to come down; but if she chances to light on some one of the group, the child has to go and give her a jaunt to the fire.

Mrs. Doolan's story has an effect on Mrs. Reidy, and she wishes Mike was in the house. The cock crows again, and in spite of herself she feels as if something sad were going to happen.

Mrs. Doolan has gone home; the neighbors' children have left; the old man, the father-in-law, is in bed—Mrs. Reidy can hear him breathing heavily. She takes her two eldest ones—they always sleep with their grandfather—and lays them quietly to rest beside the old man without disturbing him. "Wisha, how unlucky he should have gone out after his supper!" she says to herself. The youngest baby is in the cradle, and Mrs. Reidy takes up a garment to mend.

Now, stranger, we have time to look around us. Everything is silent, except the tick of the round-dialled, twenty-four-hour clock of a quarter of a century ago, hanging on the wall. There was such a clock where I went to school. Our poor old master, a simple-minded, conscientious man, with a wonderful taste for mathematics, had to resort to the segments of a new potato in our day to teach us conic sections, and knelt on a new piece of boarding in the floor to draw parabolas and ellipses. God be good to him! At any rate, he tired of getting the old clock mended. Dan Mangan tried his hand at it, and Pat M'Coy—the Lord have mercy on him!—and all the handy men of the neighborhood. It might go on for a while, but it was sure to stop again. One day an old traveling man came in with a bunch of keys in his hand, and a lot of things in an old bag.

"Clock to mend, sir?"

Old George took a few of us aside, and asked us did we

think the man was honest. Our united opinion was in the affirmative. He settled with the man to do the clock. It was taken asunder, cleaned, set up, and put through all its facings. The man was paid and went his way. The clock moved round and soon the hands pointed to eleven. There was a lull in the school to hear the clock strike. Like a train coming into a station, it moved up evenly and grandly to eleven, but didn't stop there. Twelve! thirteen! Poor old George took off his low felt-hat—he always wore his hat because of a bad head,—and laid it on the desk. Every eye in the school was turned on the clock. On and on, it held the even tenor of its way. Twenty! thirty! forty! To make a long story short, it never drew bridle till it struck ninety-one. We were sent out to try if that old man might still be seen, but the clockmaker had disappeared.

The little cottage consists of the kitchen and two sleeping apartments on the ground-floor, and another room, or "loft," overhead. There are two small houses at the rear, for a pig, or a cow, or a donkey; and there is the half an acre of land attached, the entire being held from the local Board of Guardians. The houses cost about £80 for erection; the purchase of the land from landlord and tenant, together with engineers' and lawyers' fees, amounts to about half as much more; and the return at so much a week comes to about £2 10s. It thus appears that the rent of the little cottage and holding would never repay the principal; and at first sight it would look as if this were a misuse of the local rates, or that it has been done through charity. It is true, indeed, that this is a great boon to the laborer, because under the old system he was as a rule ill-housed, wretchedly paid, and liable to ejectment every Lady-day. In that way he never stood independent with his labor in the market.

The local rates are not, however, badly expended in being laid out in this manner. First, it secures hands for the harvest and other busy seasons of the year; and in a broken harvest the farmers would very soon lose by the scarcity of help ten times the amount they now do by this trifling increase on the rates. In the second place, being in their own cottages, as they now are, they will be more self-supporting, and less likely to be a burden by sickness on the

rates. In the third place, and looking at it from a national point of view, it helps to fix our population (what we sorely need) in the soil of our country.

The cottages, moreover, give a neat, pretty look to the country; whereas the old cabins were an intolerable eyesore. Our people, too, will have the opportunity of learning and practicing cleanliness; when, do their best, they could hardly be clean situated as they were before. It may not be in a day that we will be able to make a great stride forward, but the improvement, sooner or later, is sure to come.

There is Mike's footstep! See with what gladness his poor wife hastens to the door!

"O Mike asthore, what kept you out all night?"

"I was down there, Nellie, giving a hand to poor Tom Connors. You know he has to move. That blamed Lord Camperfield went up, mind you, to Dublin, and got the privy council—bad luck to 'em from top to bottom!—to throw out the little cottage he was waiting for so long. And then down he comes to the Board of Guardians, and gets an order to have the sanitary officer put Tom out, because his cabin wasn't fit to live in; and if he refused, to summon him before himself at the coort, and then maybe! And all because Tom was in the ditch when they thought to stop the hunting below at the fox-cover. And there I was, making a couple of *meerogues* (hay-ropes) for Mrs. Moynihan to fetther the goats that were going in threshpass. God help us, she's to be pitied!"

"Has she any word from the asylum about her husband, Mike?"

"Sorra a word, only that the docthor says he'll never be betther. And I went up to the masther, Nell, and I bamboozled him. 'Wisha, sir!' says I, 'there's that poor Mrs. Moynihan below,—who has she to look to but yourself? "Only for that good man," says she, "what would I do? My whole depindence is on him. Night, noon, and morning, lying and rising, he has my blessing."'" And what can we do for her now, Mike?" says he. 'Wisha, if we opened them handful of drills for her, sir,' says I, 'herself and the childhre could drop in the *skillanes* (seed potatoes), and I could close 'em in the evening.' 'Let it be the first thing you'll do in the morning, Mike,' says he."

"And I pity poor Tom Connors and his little family too, Mike, from my heart."

"If you saw the childhre crying, Nell, and kissing the others, it would draw tears from a stone."

"Well, Mike, thank God, no one can put us out of this!"

"While God laves us our health, Nell."

The woman tidied up the house, they recited the Rosary, and then retired to rest. Soon silence and sleep, and perhaps sanctity too, reigned in and around the poor Irish laborer's cottage.

ARTHUR O'LEARY.

(1729—1802.)

ARTHUR O'LEARY was born in 1729 at Acres, County Cork. He acquired some classical knowledge and entered a monastery in Brittany, where he was ordained priest. During the English-French war, from 1756–1762, he was chaplain to the prisons and hospitals of the English soldiers.

He wrote a 'Defense of the Divinity of Christ' and 'Remarks on Rev. John Wesley's Letter on the Civil Principles of the Roman Catholics,' but his best work was 'Mr. O'Leary's Plea for Liberty of Conscience.' From 1782 to 1789 he was embroiled in civil and religious controversy in Ireland, which occasioned his 'Defense.' At the close of this period he went to London, where he was much loved and revered. He died in 1802.

PLEA FOR LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE.

From the Introduction.

My design in the following sheets is, to throw open the gates of civil toleration for all Adam's children whose principles are not inconsistent with the peace of civil society, or subversive of the rules of morality; to wrench, as far as in my power lies, the poniard, so often tinged with human blood, from the hand of persecution; to sheathe the sword which misguided zeal has drawn in the defense of a Gospel which recommends peace and love; to restore to man the indelible charter of his temporal rights, which no earthly power has ever been commissioned by heaven to deprive him of on account of his mental errors; to re-establish the empire of peace overthrown so often by religious feuds; and to cement all mortals, especially Christians, in the ties of social harmony, by establishing toleration on its proper ground.

The history of the calamities occasioned by difference in religious opinions, is a sufficient plea for undertaking the task. But time does not allow me to enter into a detail of those melancholy scenes which misconstrued religion has displayed. The effects are well known; it is my aim to remove the cause.

The mind shrinks back at the thoughts of cruelties exer-

cised against the Christians by heathen emperors for the space of three hundred years. Scarce did the Christians begin to breathe under the first princes who embraced their religion, than they fell out amongst themselves about the mysteries of the Scriptures. Arianism, protected by powerful sovereigns, raised against the defenders of the Trinity persecutions as violent as those raised formerly by the heathens. Since that time, at different intervals, error, backed by power, persecuted truth, and the partisans of truth, forgetful of the moderation which reason and religion prescribe, committed the same excesses with which they upbraided their oppressors. Sovereigns, blinded by dangerous zeal—or guided by barbarous policy—or seduced by odious counsels—became the executioners of their subjects who adopted religious systems different from those of their rulers, or persevered in ancient systems from which their sovereigns had receded.

Had these horrors been confined to one sect of Christians only, infidels would not have been so successful in their attacks on the system at large; that religion disclaims the odious imputation. But all sects execrated and attempted to extirpate one another. Europe became one wild altar, on which every religious sect offered up human victims to its creed.

The ministers of a religion that had triumphed over the Cæsars, not by resistance, but by suffering, became the apologists of calamities that swept from the face of the earth, or oppress to this day God's noblest images—upright, virtuous, and dauntless men. Like the warrior in the Scriptures, they stepped into the sanctuary, to grasp the barbarian's sword wrapped up in the ephod. The code of temporal laws, teeming with sanctions against robbers and murderers, was swelled, to the surprise and destruction of mankind, with additional decrees against *heretics* and *papists*. The inoffensive citizen, from the apprehension of offending the Deity by acting against his conscience, was confined in the same dungeon, or doomed to the fagot or axe, with the parricide who laid aside every restraint of moral obligation: and the Scriptures were adduced in justification of the sanguinary confusion. The wreath and the rod have been held forth, not to crown the worthy and punish the pernicious, but to scourge to conformity candid and

steady virtue. The priest gave the sanction of heaven to the bloody mandates of the civil magistrate; and the civil magistrate unsheathed the sword to vindicate the cause of the God of heaven, who reserves to himself the punishment of man's conscience.

No person has a greater respect for the clerical order of every denomination than I have. I am of the number and feel myself wounded through their sides, when the Deist and free-thinker, who hold them all in equal contempt, contend "that in all ages, and in all countries, the clergy are the main props of persecution. That had they been as solicitous to heal and conciliate men's hearts, as they have been to inflame and divide them, the world would by this time bear a different aspect. That they should have left the laity in peaceable possession of good neighborhood, mutual charity, and friendly confidence. That instead of enforcing the great principles of religion, the very basis whereof is charity, peace, and love, they are ever and always the first oppressors of those who differ from them in opinion, and the active and impelling spring that gives force and elasticity to the destructive weapons of the civil power." And in corroboration of the charge, the free-thinkers will unfold the page of history, and open those enormous volumes made up of religious declamations. He will prove from both that if "popes and their apologists have scattered the fire-brand, their spiritual brethren have faithfully copied their example in succeeding times, wherever their power and influence prevailed."

"Though the Protestant divines," says Hume, "had ventured to renounce opinions deemed certain for so many ages, they regarded in their turn the new system so certain, that they could bear no contradiction with regard to it. And they were ready to burn in the same flames from which they themselves had so narrowly escaped, every one that had the assurance to oppose them." Hence the scaffolds reeking in Holland with the blood of illustrious men, who, after opposing Philip the Second's efforts to introduce conformity by fire and sword, fell themselves by the hand of the executioner for denying Gomar's predestination. Hence hecatombs of victims, offered upon the gloomy altar of the Scotch League and Covenant, and peopling the regions of the dead, for differing in opinion.

"Out of every contested verse," says satirical Voltaire, "there issued a fury armed with a quibble and a poniard, who inspired mankind at once with folly and cruelty."

The same Demon that poured the poisonous cup over the kingdoms and provinces of Europe, took his flight over the Atlantic, and spread his baneful influence amongst colonists who had themselves fled from the scourge. Their new-built cities, like so many Jerusalems, were purified from idolatry. There no Popish priest dared to bend his knee to "his idols, or transfer to stock or stone the worship due to the God of Israel." There the Quaker woman's silent groans were raised to the high key of loud shrieks, when the Lord's deputy ordered her profane breasts to be whipped off by the Gospel scourge, that whipped the profaners out of the temple. There the Quaker was seen suspended by the neck on high, for daring to pollute the sacred streets with his profane feet *moved by Baal's spirit*. The holy city thus purged from the Jebuseans and Pheriseans, was split soon after into two factions. The two famous covenants, the covenant of grace and covenant of works, soon divided the spiritual militants. The jarring of divinity caused such dissensions, that in the presence of sixty thousand savages, headed by their warriors, giving the signal for scaling the walls to bury the contending parties under their ruins, grace would not permit works to lend the least assistance for repelling the common foe. It became victorious over the Indians and Christians. It drove the first from its walls, and banished the latter from the city into savannahs and deserts to procure themselves subsistence by the work of their hands.

In a word, persecution on the score of our conscience has thinned the world of fifty millions of human beings by fire and sword. Thousands who have escaped the sword and fagot have perished, and are daily perishing with hunger and want for their mode of worship. The London riots, occasioned by a pretext of religion, have added about four hundred more, deluded by religious frenzy, to the enormous number, and although they suffered as plunderers and incendiaries, yet religious intolerance in their leaders occasioned the deluded people's destruction.

The history of the calamities occasioned by the Gospel

of peace could be concluded with the poet's epiphonema, *Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum*—"Such devilish acts religion could persuade."

SOME ANECDOTES OF FATHER O'LEARY.

REASON FOR ACCEPTING THE DOCTRINE OF PURGATORY.

Father O'Leary had once a polemical contest with a Protestant Bishop of Cloyne. The prelate, in a pamphlet, inveighed with great acrimony against the superstitions of Popery, and particularly against the doctrine of purgatory. Father O'Leary, in his reply, slyly observed, "that, much as the bishop disliked purgatory, he might go farther and fare worse."

A FRIEND IN COURT.

Once in their unconstrained, after-dinner chat, Curran exclaimed to the Friar, "Reverend Father, I wish you were St. Peter."—"And why so, Counselor?"—"Because, being master of the keys, you might let me in."—"I declare to you, that it were better for you if I had the keys of the other place in my possession, for then I could let you out."

OUT OF ORDER.

At one of the meetings of the English Catholic Board, whilst O'Leary was addressing the chairman, the late Lord Petre, it was suggested by the noble president that the speaker was entering on topics not calculated to promote the unanimity of the assembly. O'Leary, however, persevered: on which Lord Petre interrupted him, adding, "Mr. O'Leary, I regret much to see that you are *out of order*." The reply was equally quick and characteristic—"I thank you for your anxiety, my lord; but I assure you *I never was in better health in my life*." The archness of manner with which these words were uttered was triumphant, and every unpleasant feeling was lost in the mirth which was necessarily excited.

A NOLLE PROSEQUI.

At the time that Barry Yelverton was Attorney-General, himself and O'Leary, while enjoying the beauties of Killarney, had the rare fortune to witness a stag hunt. The hunted animal ran towards the spot where the Attorney-General and O'Leary stood. "Ah!" said Father Arthur, with genuine wit, "how naturally instinct leads him to come to you, that you may deliver him a *nolle prosequi!*"

LOTS DRAWN TO HAVE HIM AT DINNER.

In 1779 O'Leary visited Dublin. He accidentally met, in the lobby of the House of Commons, the late Lord Avonmore, then Mr. Yelverton, and two gentlemen, members of the legislature. All three wished to invite him to dinner and the question was decided by lot. O'Leary was an amused and silent spectator.

When the hour of dinner was come, O'Leary forgot which of his three friends was to be his host.

In this difficulty, his ready imagination suggested an expedient. His friends, he recollects, lived in the same square, and he therefore, some short time after the usual dinner hour, sent a servant to inquire at each of the houses—"if Father O'Leary was there?" At the two first, where application was made, the reply was in the negative; but at the last, the porter answered, that "he was not there; but that dinner was ordered to be kept back, as he was every moment expected." Thus directed, "Father Arthur's apology for delay was a humorous and detailed account of his expedient—the evening flew quickly away on the wings of eloquence and wit, and the laughable incident was long remembered and frequently repeated."

AN IRISH BEAR.

Coming from St. Omer, Father O'Leary stopped a few days to visit a brother priest in the town of Boulogne-sur-Mer. Here he heard of a great curiosity, which all people were running to see—a curious bear that some fishermen had taken at sea out of a wreck; it had sense, and attempted to utter a sort of *lingo*, which they called *patois*, but which nobody understood.

O'Leary gave his six sous to see the wonder, which was shown at the port by candle-light, and was a very odd kind of animal, no doubt. The bear had been taught a hundred tricks, all to be performed at the keeper's word of command. It was late in the evening when O'Leary saw him, and the bear seemed sulky; the keeper however, with a short spike fixed at the end of a pole, made him move about briskly. He marked on sand what o'clock it was, with his paw; and distinguished the men and women in a very comical way. The beast at length grew tired—the keeper hit him with the pole—he stirred a little, but continued quite sullen; his master coaxed him—no! he would not work! At length, the brute of a keeper gave him two or three sharp pricks with the goad, when he roared out most tremendously, and, rising on his hind-legs, swore at his tormentors in very good native Irish. O'Leary waited no longer, but went immediately to the mayor, whom he informed that the black-guard fishermen had sewed up a poor Irishman in a bear's-skin, and were showing him about for six sous! The civic dignitary,

who had himself seen the bear, would not believe our friend. At last, O'Leary prevailed on him to accompany him to the room. On their arrival, the bear was still on duty, and O'Leary stepping up to him says:—"Cianos tha'n thu, a Phadhrig?" (How d'ye do, Pat?) "Slan, go raimh math agut!" (Pretty well, thank you) says the bear.

The people were surprised to hear how plainly he spoke—but the mayor ordered him directly to be ripped up; and after some opposition, and a good deal of difficulty, Pat stepped forth stark naked out of the bear's-skin wherein he had been fourteen or fifteen days most cleverly stitched. The women made off—the men stood astonished—and the mayor ordered his keepers to be put in jail unless they satisfied him; but that was presently done.

The bear afterwards told O'Leary that he was very well fed, and did not care much about the clothing; only they worked him too hard: the fishermen had found him at sea on a hen-coop, which had saved him from going to the bottom, with a ship wherein he had a little venture of dried cod from Dungarvan, and which was bound from Waterford to Bilboa. He could not speak a word of any language but Irish, and had never been at sea before: the fisherman had brought him in, fed him well, and endeavored to repay themselves by showing him as a curiosity.

ELLEN O'LEARY.

(1881—1889.)

ELLEN O'LEARY was born in Tipperary, 1831. She was the sister of Mr. John O'Leary, the well known Fenian leader, to whom she was most tenderly and unselfishly devoted. She took an active part in the Fenian conspiracy after the arrest of Stephens, and materially assisted his escape. Her brother John, for his part in the conspiracy, was sentenced in 1865 to twenty years' penal servitude, and returned to Ireland after an absence of fourteen years. During all this time she stayed quietly in Tipperary, living for the hour of his return.

In 1887, when his period of banishment expired, they resided in Dublin most happily for a little while. She died at Cork in 1889. A little volume of her poems was published after her death, entitled 'Lays of Country, Home, and Friends,' edited by T. W. Rolleston, with a portrait and memoir, and an introduction by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. It consisted for the most part of her contributions to *The Irish People*, *The Irish Monthly*, *The Boston Pilot*, etc., which were aptly described as "simple field flowers which blossomed above the subterraneous workings of a grim conspiracy."

TO GOD AND IRELAND TRUE.

I sit beside my darling's grave,
Who in the prison died,
And tho' my tears fall thick and fast,
I think of him with pride:
Ay, softly fall my tears like dew,
For one to God and Ireland true.

"I love my God o'er all," he said,
"And then I love my land,
And next I love my Lily sweet,
Who pledged me her white hand:
To each—to all—I'm ever true;
To God—to Ireland—and to you."

No tender nurse his hard bed smoothed
Or softly raised his head;
He fell asleep and woke in heaven
Ere I knew he was dead;
Yet why should I my darling rue?
He was to God and Ireland true.

Oh! 't is a glorious memory;
I 'm prouder than a queen
To sit beside my hero's grave,
And think on what has been:
And, oh, my darling, I am true
To God—to Ireland—and to you.

MY OLD HOME.

A poor old cottage tottering to its fall;
Some faded rose-trees scattered o'er the wall;
Four wooden pillars all aslant one way;
A plot in front, bright green, amid decay,
Where my wee pets, whene'er they came to tea,
Laughed, danced, and played, and shouted in high glee;
A rusty paling and a broken gate
Shut out the world and bounded my estate.

Dusty and damp within, and rather bare;
Chokeful of books, here, there and everywhere;
Old-fashioned windows and old doors that creaked,
Old ceilings cracked and gray, old walls that leaked;
Old chairs and tables, and an ancient lady
Worked out in tapestry, all rather shady;
Bright pictures, in gilt frames, the only color,
Making the grimy wallpaper look duller.

What was the charm, the glamour that o'erspread
That dingy house and made it dear? The dead—
The dead—the gentle, loving, kind and sweet,
The truest, tenderest heart that ever beat.
While she was with me 't was indeed *a home*,
Where every friend was welcome when they'd come.
Her soft eyes shone with gladness and her grace
Refined and beautified the poor old place.

But she is gone who made home for me there,
Whose child-like laugh, whose light step on the stair
Filled me with joy and gladness, hope and cheer.
To heaven she soared, and left me lonely here.
The old house now has got a brand-new face;
The roses are uprooted; there's no trace
Of broken bough or blossom—no decay—
The past is dead—the world wags on alway.

JOHN O'LEARY

(1830 ——)

JOHN O'LEARY, a journalist, now retired, was born in Tipperary, July, 23, 1830, and was educated at the Erasmus Smith School, Tipperary ; Carlow College ; Queen's Colleges, Cork and Galway ; and Trinity College, Dublin. He studied medicine, but took no degree. He joined the Young Ireland movement in 1848, and when the Fenian movement started he became a prominent member of the organization, and edited its organ, *The Irish People*, until its suppression in 1865. In 1867 he was arrested and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment ; he was released in 1870, but was exiled for the rest of the period of his sentence, and spent most of the time in France. He returned to Ireland, and has lived in Dublin since, taking part in all the literary movements of the time, becoming in fact the center of an important circle. He is a man of lofty character and of high ideals, and evokes in men of the most diverse opinion a common admiration of his chivalry and honor.

He has made frequent contributions to the Irish press for many years, and has published the following books : 'Young Ireland, the Old and the New,' 1885 ; 'What Irishmen Should Read, What Irishmen Should Feel,' 1886 ; 'Introduction to Writings of J. F. Lalor,' 1895 ; 'Recollections of Fenians and Fenianism,' 2 vols., 1896.

CHARLES KICKHAM AND "THE IRISH PEOPLE."

From 'Recollections of Fenians and Fenianism.'

I now come to that one among my collaborators whose name has been most mixed up with mine during all later years, both before and since his death, whose fame is probably more widely spread in Ireland than that of any of us, and who of all of us has, I think, far the best chance of being remembered in these after times about which we are all so naturally (if perhaps not over-reasonably) solicitous. I need scarcely tell my Irish readers that I am speaking of Charles Joseph Kickham, who, alone among us, had, I think, any claim to that rare quality called genius. . . . Luby has certainly the most genial of natures, and very great talent and acquirements, but neither to him nor to any of us, save Kickham, would men then or since have felt inclined to grant the higher gift.

In speaking of Smith O'Brien and the Killenaule affair with the soldiers, I have told how I then, or soon after,

heard of Kickham from a common friend; but that I knew little about him, and had little faith in him, supposing, naturally, however mistakenly, that, though big in Mullinahone, he might be small in Dublin. I very soon came to see, and that before I saw himself, that he was quite big enough for Dublin or a bigger place.

In the third number of the paper we printed the first instalment of 'Leaves from a Journal' kept by Kickham on his way to America, where he then was, which left no doubt in my mind of his literary capacity. . . .

Of the third number of the paper, I need say but little, save that it contained the last of Stephens' articles and the first of Kickham's. The article of Stephens was called 'Felon-setting,' and has made its fortune, as the French say, in giving a much-used, and perhaps somewhat abused, phrase to our Irish political vocabulary. There were the usual articles, as regards manner and matter, from Luby and myself; he positive, as usual, as to what we needed, and hopeful of attaining it; and I drawing attention to the supremely ignorant and sufficiently savage utterances of the English press.

In the fourth number there was little change in form or treatment, but that an article of mine took the place heretofore devoted to Stephens' lucubrations. My article was entitled 'Self-sacrifice,' and was certainly somewhat high-strung in its pitch. I think I may say, at this distance of time, without laying myself open to any charge of inordinate vanity or self-laudation, that I saw clearly in my mind's eye as I wrote, the probable future that awaited me, that I was not unprepared to meet it, and that I did meet it without making any particular moan. Not that I was anyway peculiar, though I think the times were, for what I have said of myself I can of course say with at least equal justice of not only Luby, Kickham, Mulcahy, but of the whole rank and file of the Fenians. The name of Kickham's first article was 'Two Sets of Principles,' and his second was but a continuation of the first, with the same name.

These articles were directed against doctrines lately laid down by a Lord-Lieutenant, well known then, but pretty well and deservedly forgotten since. "There are two sets of principles," said Lord Carlisle, "striving for mastery

over this island. One is represented by the Royal Agricultural Society, and the other set of principles find shrill voices on the summit of Slievnamon." The doctrine of the Agricultural Society held up to our admiration was that Ireland was destined to be, to use the cant of the day, "the fruitful mother of flocks and herds;" and the doctrine shrieked from the summit of Slievnamon was that men had a right to live upon the land as well as sheep and cows.

Kickham had, of course, an easy victory over his lecturing lordship, in defense of his own doctrine, for Kickham himself had been the talker on the top of Slievnamon.

In the fifth issue of the paper, which was the Christmas number, there was a long Christmas story by Joyce, and much poetry (or at least verse), mostly relating to the festive occasion, and including, besides poems from Joyce, my sister, Kickham, Mulcahy and Rossa, one also signed "Kilmartin," which was the *nom de plume* of John Walsh, a County Waterford schoolmaster, who afterwards wrote often for the paper, and who appears to me to have shown much of the simplicity and a good deal of the pathos of his more celebrated, and, on the whole, more distinguished, namesake, Edward Walsh.

In the same paper appeared the first of a series of articles headed 'A Retrospect.' These articles were meant to give a short account of what had been going on in Ireland for a dozen years or so, and, of course, to draw from that immediate past such listeners as might be usual for the present and the future. The articles, which were written by Kickham, dealt mainly with the tenant-right movement, but, of course, more or less diverged or digressed occasionally to deal with such sayings and doings of the day as seemed to bear upon that immediate past which was his proper subject. Here are the conclusions with which he brings his first article to a close:—"Firstly, that it is useless for them to waste their strength in struggling for anything but the one thing. Secondly, that, however ably and honestly conducted, parliamentary agitation is a delusion and a snare. And thirdly, that it is quite possible for a priest, and even a bishop, to be mistaken." It is no business of mine to defend these propositions of Kickham now. The question is not what I or another may think now, but

how we thought and felt in that distant time with which I am now dealing, and I think that Kickham showed clearly enough that he had good historic ground for all his contentions. Of course, as I have said before, and as has been said so very long before, the times change and we change with them. For the last dozen years or so, no man who mentioned the first two propositions would be listened to; and yet I held then and hold still that, with some slight modification, the first is absolutely true. As to the second proposition, we were taught of late, or at least till lately, the very converse of that, but the whirligig of time brings its revenge soon or late, and again we were thrown into doubt, and many seem drifting back to Kickham again. But, again, the question is not what there seems good reason for holding true now, but what there seemed good reason for holding true then. . . .

But with myself and Kickham the paper was the main thing henceforward. And here is perhaps the place to say what I have still left unsaid of Kickham as a man, as well as a writer. Now, for the first time, I came to know him ; seeing him every day at the office, and meeting him very often of an evening, mostly at my own lodgings, but occasionally at Stephens' or elsewhere—and a better, and in a sense, a wiser man I have seldom, if ever, known. Martin, I have said, was the best man I ever knew ; but Kickham, possibly, fell very little short of him in mere goodness, while he greatly excelled him in ability. Knowledge in the ordinary sense he had little ; knowing, I think, science not at all, very little history, no ancient or modern language, save that of the Sassenagh, and little of what these languages contained.

What he knew he mostly knew well, and among the authors whom I remember as familiar to him were Shakespeare, Tennyson, and Dickens, and, among later writers I know he greatly admired George Eliot. Indeed, it seems a little strange to me now that I can recall to mind so little of his literary likings or dislikings, seeing that we mostly talked, especially of later years, upon literary matters. Possibly it was that we talked much of the writings of ourselves (though scarcely, I think, of myself) and our common acquaintances ; as much we certainly always did talk of Irish writers, big and little—and little unfortu-

nately they mostly are—from the Young Ireland days down to our own, and especially much upon our ballad and song writers, as we both felt their great importance from a propagandist point of view, and I felt then, and feel still, that what little Kickham did in the way of song and ballad was so good that it was a pity he did no more. Indeed, it is a pity that his poetry, which would make but a very small volume, has not yet been collected. And talking of lyrical poetry reminds me that I had strangely forgotten to say above that the author mostly read and probably most admired by Kickham after Shakespeare was Burns; so that in so far as he gave his nights and his days to the study of the greatest of all poets, and probably the greatest of all lyrical poets, he was assimilating the sort of intellectual food most suitable to his mental constitution.

But there was another kind of knowledge besides that of books possessed by Kickham, and in this I have never met with any one who excelled him. He knew the Irish people thoroughly, but especially the middle or so-called lower classes, and from thoroughness of knowledge came thoroughness of sympathy. It was not that he at all ignored the faults or shortcomings of the people, but he was convinced that these were far more than counterbalanced by their virtues, and, anyway, whatever merits or demerits they might have, they were his people, to whom he was bound to cling through life unto death, and this he did with a strength and force excelled by no man of his generation, if equalled by any. But why go on? Kickham, from his books and even from such scanty notices of him as have already appeared, is probably better known than any other Fenian dead or living.

JOSEPH O'LEARY.

(1790—1850.)

JOSEPH O'LEARY was born in Cork about 1790, and was a contributor to *The Freeholder* and other papers of his native city and of Dublin. He went to London in 1834, and acted as Parliamentary reporter for the *Morning Herald*. He is said to have been one of the earliest contributors to *Punch*. Between 1840 and 1850 he disappeared, and is said to have committed suicide in the Regent's Canal, though this is not confirmed. 'Whisky, Drink Divine' first appeared in *The Freeholder* about 1820, and was reprinted in the *Dublin and London Magazine*. His only published volume is 'The Tribute,' a collection of poems (Cork, 1833).

WHISKY, DRINK DIVINE.

Whisky, drink divine!
Why should drivellers bore us
With the praise of wine
While we've thee before us?
Were it not a shame,
Whilst we gayly fling thee
To our lips of flame,
If we could not sing thee?
Whisky, drink divine, etc.

Greek and Roman sung
Chian and Falernian—
Shall no harp be strung
To thy praise, Hibernian?
Yes! let Erin's sons—
Generous, brave, and frisky—
Tell the world at once
They owe it to their whisky—
Whisky, drink divine, etc.

If Anacreon—who
Was the grape's best poet—
Drank our *mountain-dew*,
How his verse would show it!
As the best then known,
He to wine was civil;
Had he *Inishowen*,
He'd pitch wine to the devil—
Whisky, drink divine, etc.

Bright as beauty's eye,
When no sorrow veils it:
Sweet as beauty's sigh,
When young love inhales it:
Come, then, to my lips—
Come, thou rich in blisses!
Every drop I sip
Seems a shower of kisses—
Whisky, drink divine, etc.

Could my feeble lays
Half thy virtues number,
A whole *grove* of bays
Should my brows encumber.
Be his name adored,
Who summed up thy merits
In one little word,
When we call thee *spirits*—
Whisky, drink divine, etc.

Send it gayly round—
Life would be no pleasure,
If we had not found
This enchanting treasure:
And when tyrant death's
Arrow shall transfix ye,
Let your latest breaths
Be whisky! whisky! whisky!
Whisky, drink divine, etc.

KATHLEEN O'MEARA (GRACE RAMSAY).

(1839—1888.)

KATHLEEN O'MEARA was born in Dublin in 1839. When she was very young her home was removed to Paris, but she had always a very warm heart for her native Ireland. She was a kinswoman of Barry O'Meara, the Irish physician of Napoleon during his last melancholy years. Her first book was 'A Woman's Trials.' It was followed by 'Iza's Story,' 'A Salon in the Last Days of the Empire,' 'Mabel Stanhope,' 'Diana Coryval,' 'The Old House in Picardy,' 'Pearl,' 'Are You My Wife?' 'Narka,' and other novels. But perhaps the most successful of all her books was 'Madam Mohl, Her Salon and Her Friends.' She also wrote the 'Life of Frederick Ozanam,' and the 'Life of Bishop Grant.' Indeed, she excelled in biography. She had a very beautiful and saintly personality, and her work is worthy of herself. She died in Paris Nov. 10, 1888.

THE NOVEL IN THE FIGARO.

"O sister! what a pity you went away!" exclaimed Clement, as he opened the door to her; "Madame de Genvriac has been here ever since you left. I believe she saw you going out, for she came up a minute after, and she and M. le Comte had great laughing when she went in."

"Is she here still?"

"Yes. She is reading to him now."

"Ah!" This was a good sign, anyhow. Sœur Thérèse entered the room, and with a polite "Bonjour, madame!" to the visitor, proceeded to inquire how her patient had fared during her absence. He reported himself most satisfactorily; he had not had any crisis of pain, and the time had not hung heavily on him, thanks to Madame de Genvriac, who had come just at the right moment to amuse and entertain him.

"Madame has been reading to you, I see?" said Sœur Thérèse smilingly; she was grateful to the noisy lady for her good offices on this occasion.

"Yes, ma sœur; I have read him all the news of the day; Monsieur was ignorant of all the world has been doing these last ten days or so; then the *Figaro* has just begun a most amusing story in the 'Feuilleton'; it has made him laugh a great deal: you must read it to him as it comes out every day. But perhaps you would think it wrong to read a

novel? Does your superior allow you to read any books that are not pious?"

"She allows me, nay, my rule orders me, to do everything that can be of use or any pleasure to my patient," replied the Robin; "I am delighted to find out a way of passing the time pleasantly for him."

"Ma sœur, you are a—a—what shall I call you?—a saint? an angel?—which do you like best?" said M. de Bois-Ferré.

"A good nurse! That is the most complimentary name you can give me, because it runs a chance of being true," she replied laughing.

"You are the very pearl and diamond of nurses! I am so grateful to you, sister, for your care of him!" exclaimed Madame de Genvriac, seizing her hand and pressing it warmly. "Is there nothing I can do to prove it?"

Sister Theresa laughed in her merry, childlike way. "Pray for me, madame; but you owe me no gratitude. I am only doing my duty. Ask our dear Lord to enable me to do it better, and the gratitude will be all on my side."

Madame de Genvriac promised, gathered up her velvets, and departed.

After this, Sister Theresa read the *Figaro* aloud regularly every day. It was very unpalatable reading, but there was so far nothing positively wrong in it, either in the paper itself or its "Feuilleton," and it amused the count highly. About the third morning, however, the story opened with a chapter which sounded rather repugnant, and grew unmistakably so, as it went on. "To the pure all things are pure." The guileless spirit of Sœur Thérèse failed to apprehend the gross allusions, to see the vicious current which all along had been running through the story, and which only now rose more visibly to the surface. She began to feel vaguely perplexed, but it was rather the instinctive shrinking of a delicate soul from the possible approach of evil, than the definite fear of one who clearly recognized it. Her color rose once or twice, her tongue imperceptibly faltered over certain expressions. She did not understand them; it was like the taste of poison, or the unseen proximity of a deadly foe, that makes some animals shudder involuntarily, and betray signs of horror before they are conscious of the cause. It was this

intuitive sense of an unknown and hidden danger that made the chastened pulses of the nurse beat with vague fear, and sent the blood mantling to her cheek.

M. de Bois-Ferré had been waiting for this from the beginning. It was exquisite fun to watch the symptoms that were so painfully bewildering to the pure, child-like creature before him. How much did she understand, or how little? Frenchmen of a certain school have, or, at any rate, affect a cynical disbelief in the angelic element that exists in a woman's nature, that instinct which they owe, perhaps, to their kinship with the Woman who crushed the serpent's head, the lily, whose whiteness outshines the sun. This opportunity furnished a curious study to him. He listened with a smile of inexpressible amusement as the Robin Redbreast, in her infantine simplicity, read out the poisoned passages, generally least nervous when the poison was foulest, tremulously abashed when there was comparatively no cause for it, but when the veil was more transparent.

"It is a capital story, so clever and amusing!" said the count, as she finished the chapter, and laid down the paper; "does it not amuse you very much, ma sœur?"

"No; it does not amuse me at all. I do not understand it," she answered, with unabashed simplicity.

"You will understand it better as it goes on," observed Gustave. "I am so glad Madame de Genvriac came and found it out! It is a capital distraction for me; Vauban is so anxious I should have a distraction."

Sœur Thérèse said nothing; but, by and by, after reciting her Office, she went to her usual seat in the window, and opened the '*Life of the Père de Ravignan*.' As she anticipated, it was not long before the count wanted to know what she was reading.

"I own I brought the book with the idea of reading it aloud to you," she said; "I thought it would be pleasant to you to be read to now and then, and I asked our mother if there was a book in the library that she thought would amuse you; she selected this one, and said it was sure to interest you. . . ."

"I will listen to anything to give you pleasure, my good little sister," he said; "only I give you warning, it's no use trying to convert me. I told Madame de Genvriac she

was to make that a *sine qua non* of my letting her engage a nun to come and nurse me. I was not to be preached to. Did she tell you that?"

"She did, monsieur. I promised not to preach to you. Have I not kept my word?" demanded Sœur Thérèse.

She did not look at him, but attended steadily to her knitting; she had laid aside the book.

"Yes, most loyally so far," he replied, laughing; "has it been a great penance to you?"

"On the contrary; it would have been a terrible penance to me if I were obliged to preach," she said good-humoredly, "besides, it would be quite out of my vocation; we poor nuns are only permitted to preach by our example."

"What are you ordered to preach in that way?"

"The love of God and of our neighbor; that is the sermon we are told to put in practice by our lives."

"Ma sœur, what put it into your head to become a nun?" said M. de Bois-Ferré, after a pause of some moments, during which he had been steadily gazing at her.

"The love of God, monsieur," she answered smiling.

"Humph! Are you an orphan?" he inquired presently.

"No, thank God! my dear parents are both alive."

"Were you happy at home?"

"As happy as the day was long!" she said heartily; "I had the most indulgent parents that ever lived; they had only one defect, they spoiled me dreadfully."

"Then what in the name of mercy possessed you to leave them?" exclaimed Gustave in real amazement.

Sœur Thérèse laughed joyously. "I have told you, monsieur. It was for love of our dear Lord I left them."

It told him nothing. She was talking an unknown tongue.

"What do you understand by the love of our dear Lord?" he said, not scoffingly at all; he was honestly puzzled; "what proof of love to Him is it in you to leave your natural duties and pleasures, and go and nurse people who have no claim on you?"

"Ah! that's just it; they *have* a claim on me; because He loves them, and suffered and died for them," answered the Robin, and her gentle face was lifted with a sweet light upon it that he had never seen before; "that is what makes

it all easy to us, what turns the hard ways into soft, what gives us courage to deny ourselves, and serve, and toil, and persevere; the thought that, while so many are forgetting Him, we at least are mindful of Him, that we are helping Him to carry His cross."

What strange fanaticism was this? Gustave de Bois-Ferré had read of such things in books here and there; but he had never believed they were put in practice by sane human beings. Yet here was one most unquestionably sane, who had surrendered her whole life to their control. For the first time he began to wonder what motive could in the first instance prompt a young girl, born in comfort, perhaps in affluence, tenderly nurtured and well-educated, to trample all the ties of nature, and the joys of home, under her feet, and take to the life of a servant, nursing all kinds of people, good and bad, rich and poor, through every sort of disease and sickness that humanity suffers from. "This is what turns the hard ways into soft," she had said. They were hard, then, in spite of the love that prompted her to tread them? How could it be otherwise? He was a brute and a fool not to have known that instinctively. What was there in the service of his own sick-room that was not repugnant? the service of a common hospital nurse performed by a refined lady towards a man who was neither father nor brother, kith nor kin to her? It was the triumph of her humility, her modest, self-obliterating charity, that he had not thought of this before, and been pained and embarrassed by it, but had taken it as a natural thing, extending towards Sœur Thérèse little more than the gratitude that we feel towards a servant who serves us kindly and punctually.

"Come and read some of that book of yours," he said, impelled to do something to atone for his ingratitude. "I want very much to hear what it is like."

"No, I will not read it," she replied; "you said it would bore you; and M. Vauban does not wish you to be bored."

"I only said that to tease you, ma sœur. I assure you it will amuse me very much."

"Then I certainly will not read it; it is not a book to be made an amusement of," said Sœur Thérèse.

"I did not mean that; I will not laugh at it; I promise you I won't," repeated Gustave.

Sœur Thérèse suspended her knitting, and looking at him, said: "I will read it for you, then, but on one condition, that you don't ask me to read you any more of that 'Feuilleton.'"

"Ah, no! I can't agree to that, the 'Feuilleton' is much too amusing; I must hear the end of it. What objection have you to it? It won't interfere with the 'Père de Ravignan' the least in the world; we can have the novel in the morning, and the 'Père' in the afternoon."

"No; the mixture would not do at all; they would spoil each other," said Sœur Thérèse; "it would be like giving you opposite kinds of food that must disagree, and doctors never approve of that, you know, monsieur!"

"On the contrary; it is sometimes very salutary," protested the count; "when you have eaten anything unwholesome, or even poisonous, they give you its opposite as an antidote."

"Ah! then you admit that the novel is poisonous?"

"I only admit it for the sake of argument. Come, ma sœur, don't be obstinate; it is bad for sick people to be contradicted!" he said coaxingly.

She had intended all along to yield; but she was clever enough to see that a little contradiction would prepare the way by stimulating M. de Bois-Ferré's curiosity, and also disarm his suspicions that she was bent on converting him. She rose and took the book from the table. Before she had opened it, however, the clock struck, and reminded them it was the hour for the dressing of the wounds. It had always been a subject of admiration to him, the skill which his nurse displayed in this operation, uniting such swiftness and neatness, delicacy and strength: for he was a large, strong-limbed man, and it was necessary to raise the shattered leg, and hold it suspended while putting on the bandages, and to do this without inflicting acute pain was a feat that required a practiced and a skillful hand. Clement was there to help, but the lad's good will was not of much avail against his nervousness and utter want of experience, so the whole task devolved on the nurse. He watched her to-day with a greater interest than usual. It was certainly a most repulsive task, revolting to natural fastidiousness in all its details. He felt grieved and humiliated to see it performed by one who was not his sister,

and whom he could not class amongst those who undertake disagreeable work in order to gain their bread. To do him justice, M. de Bois-Ferré had never looked upon Sœur Thérèse in the light of a person whose services could be paid by money. He had not thought of what other kind of payment she was working for. He had simply admired and wondered, and felt devoutly thankful for the state of society which evolved such institutions as these admirable women. His feelings were, unknown to himself, very much those of the pious cat who gave thanks to a benign Providence that provided mice for the food and entertainment of all cats; he had a vague idea that gentlemen with broken legs were the final cause of Sisters of Charity, or of Hope, it was all the same.

"You don't seem to have suffered as much as usual under the *pansement*, monsieur?" said Sœur Thérèse, when it was over, and she was arranging him in a comfortable position.

"No, ma sœur; I never suffered anything to speak of, only I am a cowardly dog, and cry out the moment I'm pricked," said the count; "I tried to be more patient to-day."

"You are always patient enough," she said; "don't put too much restraint on yourself; it is not necessary. On the contrary, sometimes it is a guide to me when you cry out a little, I know I am hurting you, and try to be more gentle."

She was smoothing his pillow as she spoke. M. de Bois-Ferré bent his head over her hand and touched it reverently with his lips. There was a moisture in his eyes that was very near overflowing. He had suffered more than he owned just now, and the effort at complete self-command had been a greater strain than his exhausted nerves could bear. Besides this, he was strangely moved by the ministrations of Sœur Thérèse, so tender, so unconscious, so perfectly natural in their kindness and simplicity. She saw that he was overcome, and taking her crucifix from her girdle she held it up, and with a smile that was half entreating, half humorous, "If you would kiss this it would do you more good," she said.

He made a sign for her to approach it to his lips, and then turned away, and was silent for a long while. Sœur

Thérèse did not volunteer again to read the contested book. She went back to the window and resumed her knitting.

Monsieur Vauban came earlier than usual next day, when she was preparing her patient's breakfast. M. de Bois-Ferré was in the habit of ordering in his meals from a neighboring café, when he took them at home, which, indeed, seldom occurred; but the doctor disapproved of this arrangement now, the dishes of the professed cook being too highly seasoned for a feverish patient; he must have nothing but the most nourishing and the simplest food—strong beef-soup, broiled meat, and plain boiled vegetables. Sœur Thérèse volunteered to prepare all this, and with Clement for *marmiton*, she managed to combine satisfactorily the duties of cook and nurse. She undertook it so simply and spontaneously that it never occurred to the count to be surprised, or to consider whether it was too much for her, or work that she was not accustomed to. If Madame de Genvriac had offered to go into the kitchen to superintend the concoction of a *tisane*, he would have been immensely surprised and amused at the incongruity of the thing. But then Madame de Genvriac was a fine lady. It was against all the laws of nature that she should set her bronze or satin foot on the tiled floor of a kitchen.

"What! Did I give you permission to read?" cried the doctor, who found M. de Bois-Ferré engrossed in the *Figaro* when he entered; "I said you might be read aloud to so long as it did not fatigue you! I can't yet allow you to read yourself; it is a strain on you holding the paper; why do you not let Sœur Thérèse read to you?"

"She does not approve of the *Figaro*," said the young man, "and there is a very amusing 'Feuilleton' in it that I want to see the end of."

"Pshaw! Nonsense! She will read it. She is much too sensible to refuse. I cannot have you strain your neck trying to read; it fatigues the spine."

Sœur Thérèse came in, and the usual morning services were performed by herself and the doctor. The wounds showed still the same unfavorable symptoms. Things were not worse, but decidedly no better.

"He makes no progress, doctor?" she said, when they were out of hearing.

"No; still, on the whole, I am more hopeful about

him ; he ought to be a great deal worse by this time, unless he is to recover. There is less fever. You must keep him amused ; read aloud to him anything he fancies. He said, half in a joke, that you would not read the *Figaro* for him ; that is nonsense ; he must be kept amused at any price. You are not so foolish, ma sœur, as to refuse to do anything that is necessary for your patient ? ”

“ Is it necessary for him to read bad books ? ” said Sœur Thérèse. “ I will read till I am hoarse if he will listen to good ones.” *

“ Tut, tut ! what squeamishness is this ! ” exclaimed the medical man, confronting her, with an expression of surprise and irritation. “ I never knew you to shirk your duty before, ma sœur. I order you to read aloud any book that can divert your patient’s mind, and keep him from dwelling on his wounds and other painful subjects. I may as well tell you now that he is in very great trouble. He does not yet know it himself ; I have had a great deal to do to keep it from him, to prevent its getting into the *Figaro* precisely, and to keep people away. That mare that he prized so much is dead ; she was shot at once, as Madame de Genyriac foolishly told him ; the other story was got up to undo the mischief.”

“ After all, doctor, a horse can be replaced ? ” said Sœur Thérèse, but slightly moved by the startling information.

“ The loss of this one just at this moment is nothing short of ruin, I believe, to M. de Bois-Ferré. If he recovers, he may curse us both for not letting him die ; but we can’t consider that : our business is to cure him.”

M. Vauban passed out, and went down the stairs, humming a snatch from an old song. He was neither heartless nor cynical, but a long professional career had inured him to the most painful and critical experiences. He was sorry for Bois-Ferré, and was doing his best for him ; but what most needed his compassion he could not take *au sérieux*.

WILLIAM J. ONAHAN.

WILLIAM J. ONAHAN was born at Leighlin Bridge, County Carlow. In 1845 his parents moved to Liverpool, taking up residence in the parish of the famous Mgr. Nugent. In St. Nicholas' Pro-Cathedral in Liverpool the boy served as an acolyte, attending Catholic schools in that city. He was well grounded when in 1852 he decided to come to America. He was young, buoyant, and seeking adventure. In raising a regiment during the civil war he not only drained his purse of its last dollar but he embarrassed himself for years in the future. When the war was over Mr. Onahan took up the cause of social reform. In 1865 he organized the St. Patrick's Society of Chicago. In December, 1893, the Pope showed his appreciation of Mr. Onahan's many labors by making him private Chamberlain of the Sword and Cape; he is regarded as "the premier Catholic layman of the United States." He has held various offices under the government of the city of Chicago. He is a cultivated and impressive speaker. Some of his lectures have been published in book form. He has received degrees from Notre Dame University, St. John's College, New York, and St. Xavier's College, Cincinnati, and he is one of the distinguished group of Lætare medalists, which included John Gilmary Shea, Augustine Daly, General Newton, and Mr. Charles Bonaparte.

PATRICK SARSFIELD, EARL OF LUCAN, 1650—1693.

From 'Eminent Irishmen in Foreign Service.'

Of all the names in the thronging litany of famous Irish exiles in the seventeenth century who won glory and fame on foreign fields after vainly fighting for religious freedom and national rights at home, none so thrills and stirs the Irish heart when recalled in speech or song as does that of the gallant Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan.

More than any other character in the history of the period Sarsfield stands out the embodiment of the hopes and passionate aspirations of his countrymen, as he likewise typified in his character and qualities their leading traits and characteristics. His passionate love of Ireland, his fidelity to the king who was the first of English monarchs to promise fair play to Ireland, his dashing qualities as a leader in the campaigns in which he engaged at home and abroad, his generous and chivalrous character, acknowledged alike by friend and foe—all these combined

to win for him the admiration and the affection of the Irish people. Then, too, the touching circumstances of his death on a foreign field; and the tradition that as he lay on the ground, withdrawing his hand from his breast and finding it covered with blood, he is said to have exclaimed: "Oh, that this were for Ireland!"

No wonder Sarsfield's memory is embalmed in the hearts of his countrymen, nor that the mention of his heroic name should recall the glories and fame of the Irish brigades in the service of France. And what a thrilling chronicle it is! How touching in its pathos, how exciting in incidents, how characteristically inconstant in fortune! But whatever the alternation, these Irish exiled soldiers in victory or in defeat proved themselves loyal to the ancient faith and the ancient land, as well as unswervingly faithful to their new allegiance.

No wonder Louis XV. should have been proud of his Irish contingent, who fought so valorously under the French flag all over the continent. No marvel that George II., hearing of their exploits in the army of his rival and enemy, should have exclaimed: "Cursed be the laws that deprive me of such subjects!"

Even Macaulay is forced to pay reluctant tribute to the continental Irish. "There were, indeed," he says, "Irish Roman Catholics of great ability, energy and ambition; but they were to be found everywhere except in Ireland, at Versailles and at St. Ildefonso; in the armies of Frederic and in the armies of Maria Thérèse. One exile became a Marshal of France. Another became prime minister of Spain. If he had stayed in his native land he would have been regarded as an inferior by all the ignorant and worthless squires who had signed the declaration against transubstantiation. In his palace at Madrid he had the pleasure of being assiduously courted by the ambassadors of George II., and of bidding defiance in high terms to the ambassador of George III. Scattered over all Europe were to be found brave Irish generals, dexterous Irish diplomats, Irish counts, Irish barons, Irish Knights of St. Louis and St. Leopold, of the White Eagle and the Golden Fleece, who if they had remained in the house of bondage could not have been ensigns of marching regiments or freemen of petty corporations."

Little seems to be known as to the exact place or date of Patrick Sarsfield's birth, although tradition has set down Lucan and the year 1650 as the place and time. And equally scant are the data as to the circumstances of his youth. We only know that he was sent to a French military academy for his studies, and that from there he graduated into the regiment of Monmouth, under whom he served as an ensign in the English contingent which, curiously, then fought under Louis XIV., in the Low Countries. But more curious still, Sarsfield afterward fought against Monmouth at the battle or fight of Sedgmoor, when the foolish prince was led to attempt the dethronement of King James.

At all events, Sarsfield acquired his first military experience on the continent under the French king's flag, and the commanding general or marshal in his first campaign was the same under whom he laid down his life more than twenty years later at the battle of Landen.

Following his campaign in Flanders, Sarsfield was employed at the court in London in the king's guards (Charles II.) and appears to have held the rank of lieutenant. With the death of Charles II., and the accession of his brother, the ill-starred James II., Sarsfield was called into more active service. First sent to Ireland, he returned to take part, as I have said, in the movement against the duke of Monmouth. He was dangerously wounded in the brief battle of Sedgmoor, and was even left for dead on the field. Recovering, he returned to Ireland and entered into the possession of the patrimonial estate, to which he succeeded in consequence of the death of his brother. About this time also he married a daughter of the earl of Clanricard—Honora Burke.

The troubles of King James in England culminated in the memorable invasion organized and led by his son-in-law, William, Prince of Orange. To meet the threatened danger Irish troops were drafted from Ireland, and among these was Sarsfield, now a colonel of dragoons. His first encounter at this time with the forces of the prince of Orange was when his dragoons were ordered on outpost duty. While thus engaged Sarsfield came up with a troop from William's forces commanded by a dashing Scot—Campbell. As the story is related, the Scotchman, nothing

daunted by the superior numbers approaching his lines, called out: "Stand! For whom you are?" "For King James," was the answer. "And I'm for the prince of Orange," said Campbell. "We'll prince you!" shouted the Irish troopers, and then charged. But they were met by a sharp fire and presently drew off. We know how the army of James melted away, how, one by one, at first, and soon in swarms, his men went over to the invader. The Irish alone proved faithful.

When King James had taken refuge in France and all hope for his cause and crown seemed lost, William, it is said, offered to confirm Sarsfield in his estates and rank in the army, provided he would enter his service and aid in winning over Ireland. Sarsfield indignantly refused. Thus in obedience to his punctilious sense of loyalty Sarsfield accepted the forfeiture of his estates and income, voluntarily following King James into exile in France, where poverty and privation must necessarily be his lot—at least for a time.

When the exiled king had determined to make a stand in Ireland to recover his crown and kingdom, relying on the support of his Irish Catholic subjects and the aid afforded by King Louis, Sarsfield landed with the expedition which accompanied King James to Ireland. Arrived there, the king appointed him a member of the privy council, made him colonel of horse, with the rank of brigadier.

The special interest in Sarsfield's career centers in this period of his fortunes. He was in his native land, at the head of a body of his own countrymen, fighting in a cause that appealed strongly to his sense of duty and his sympathies, against an intruder whose success could not be looked upon except as an evil to the country, to religion and to prescriptive right. I am not discussing here the Stuart cause nor the pretensions of the prince of Orange. At the same time it was quite natural that the Irish should give their loyal support to King James. From him at least they had every reason to hope that the iniquitous confiscation of land carried out under Cromwell especially would be annulled, and the estates restored to their rightful owners. They could expect that the malignant religious persecution and proscription so long the rule in Ireland would cease, and that Catholics at least should

have equal religious liberty in their own land. But, unhappily, Ireland was not then, any more than at present, a unit. There was the Protestant garrison to be dealt with; and this minority, which long had been the dominant and persecuting power, naturally feared a rule of justice and fair play. Of course this bitter faction hailed the coming of the Prince of Orange and were sternly arrayed against King James and his Irish following.

In the first parliament summoned by James to meet in Dublin, after his arrival, Sarsfield occupied a seat as one of the members for the county of Dublin; but he evidently soon gave up his seat and duties for services in the field.

We soon find him engaged with his forces in the North.

At Bally Shannon and at Enniskillen he seems to have met with ill success. It was not until he was given a separate and independent command that we find Sarsfield showing the sign of his high capacity in war. He was sent into Connaught with a considerable force to check the growing power of the enemy in that quarter. He soon cleared the province of the Orange forces.

It was at this period a French officer, writing to the Minister of War, Paris, thus refers to our hero:

"Sarsfield," he says, "is not a man of the birth of My Lord Galway nor of Mountcashel, but he is a man distinguished by his merit, who has more influence in this kingdom than any man I know. He has valor, but above all honor and probity, which is proof against any assault. I had all the trouble in the world to get him made a brigadier, although my Lord Tyrconnell strongly opposed this, saying he was a very brave man, but that he had no head. Nevertheless my Lord Tyrconnell sent him into the province of Connaught with a handful of men; he raised 2,000 more on his own credit, and with these troops he preserved the whole province for the king."

Schomberg in the meantime had landed in the country with a large force and was soon to be followed by the usurper William, so that King James' prospects were not so encouraging as at first seemed likely.

June 14, 1690, William landed at Carrickfergus. His forces were variously composed, including English, Dutch, Danes, French (Huguenots), Brandenburgers, Scotch Presbyterians and Irish Protestants.

But they were veterans who had seen service, and the army was abundantly provided and well equipped for a campaign, which could not be said of King James' ragged regiments. The hostile armies met at the Boyne. William's superior generalship prevailed, the army of James was defeated, and the king fled in hot haste to Dublin. Sarsfield was present at the battle, but greatly to his disgust was condemned to forced inaction during the day. He was with King James' bodyguard, forming part of the reserve, which was not brought into action.

The battle of the Boyne is famous in Irish history, and has long been the slogan and shibboleth of the Orange faction in Ireland and elsewhere from that day to the present.

The battle itself, even according to the standard of military campaigns in those days, was no great affair. The losses on either side were by no means considerable.

The Irish lost between 800 and 1,500. The victorious army from 300 to 500.

It was Sarsfield who afterwards said, alluding to the battle and especially to the unequal military qualities of the respective leaders: "Only change kings and we will fight it over again."

It is said that when King James reached Dublin Castle after a pretty rapid flight from the scene of the battle he petulantly exclaimed that the Irish had "run away."

"If that be so," spiritedly retorted Lady Tyrconnell, "your majesty won the race!"

Although the battle of the Boyne was not great in itself, it undoubtedly was momentous in its results and powerfully affected the Stuart cause and the fortunes of Ireland.

King James lost heart and abandoned the country. William himself soon after left the conduct of the Irish campaign to his followers and returned to England in order to check the larger designs of the French king on the continent. But this was not before he had made an unavailing attempt to capture Limerick, an attempt in which he was signally foiled by the gallantry and address of Sarsfield.

It is admitted on all hands that it was Sarsfield's activity and enthusiasm that kept alive and in flames the energies of the defenders of the beleaguered city.

But it was his famous expedition over the mountains to waylay and destroy if possible William's battering

train, destined for the siege of Limerick—it was this ingenious and successful exploit which “enthused” and gave new life to the Irish resistance.

It was a well-planned and singularly successful piece of strategy. One of the opposing officers said of it: “He did his master more service by that enterprise than all the other Irish or French generals did him in the course of the war.” I am not writing the history of a campaign, nor the fortunes of the rival kings, hence I cannot dwell on the details of battles and sieges.

Certainly the citizens of Limerick may be proud to this day, and for long ages to come, of the gallant and heroic defense made by their city in the successive sieges it sustained from time to time, first against Cromwell, and now against King William.

It was following his unsuccessful attempts to storm the proud city that William determined to abandon the siege and return to England. The French commander, Boisselot, and Sarsfield shared the glory of the defense. Lenehan, in his ‘History of Limerick’ says: “The soul of the defenders was Patrick Sarsfield.”

King William lost more in killed and wounded in a single assault on the place (27th August) than the total Irish losses at the Boyne.

But with all this, there was division and dissension in the Irish camp. Alas, there always has been, then and since!

The French were weary of the war and eager to return home, and the Irish commanders were divided in council and in sympathy.

After William’s departure the campaign went on languidly. Desultory losses and gains could be counted on both sides. Marlborough, afterwards renowned as the greatest English general of his age, and the most unscrupulous, was sent over to Ireland and quickly achieved the capture of Cork and Kinsale, which seems to have filled the measure of his orders or his ambition, since he quickly returned to England.

The battle of Aughrim was another of Ireland’s momentous and fatal days.

In the opening hours of the conflict it seemed as though, at last, shining victory would crown the Irish banners.

St. Ruth, the French commander, had planned wisely, but unfortunately, as the sequel proved, his second in command, Sarsfield, had not been permitted to know the order of battle, and being placed in command of the reserve, he was at a distance from the center when the fatal cannon ball killed St. Ruth, leaving the Irish main battle dismayed and disorganized.

Nor could Sarsfield restore order and confidence.

The day was lost, and with it went down Ireland's hope and the last chance for the Stuart cause.

It were needless in this necessarily brief sketch to detail the circumstances of the final siege of Limerick. The details of the defense and of the capitulation are perhaps better known to the average Irish scholar than any other event in the history of the island.

Sarsfield, as before, was the life and soul of the army.

His vigilance and activity never relaxed and his ardor inspired fresh resolution after every disaster.

But treachery at last effected what English arms could not achieve.

One of the Irish leaders, Henry Luttrell, betrayed to the enemy one of the important passes into the city. "He sold the pass," has been an Irish proverb ever since Henry Luttrell's treachery.

It is well to note that another Luttrell—Simon—was loyal to the cause and faithfully adhered to the fortunes of King James, dying in exile. His estates in Ireland were made over by the English government to the brother—part of the reward of treason. Sarsfield resisted as long as it was possible the overtures for the surrender of the city, and when further resistance seemed hopeless, he exerted his efforts most effectively in securing favorable terms of capitulation.

The terms mutually agreed on and solemnly signed and sealed by the representatives of the opposing forces are to be found in every text-book of Irish history. How swiftly and ruthlessly they were disregarded and violated by the English is well known.

One of the specifications in the capitulation provided that the Irish troops should have the option of entering the French service or of remaining unmolested in Ireland. The arrival of a French fleet a few days after the surren-

der, with supplies for the beleaguered city, gave new force to the alternative, although Ginkell had bound his government to provide vessels for the transport of all who should decide for the French service.

Great efforts were made by the English commander and large bounties offered to the Irish who should join the Williamite army; but the lures and temptations proved unavailing. When the troops were assembled and the conditions announced nine-tenths of the army decided for France.

In this decision it is admitted that Sarsfield's influence over the soldiers was all-powerful.

These loyal hearts preferred to accept exile with all its painful consequences, under a leader they loved, than to serve under the flag and government of the usurper.

I have already alluded to the circumstances and sad scenes of the embarkation for France. The army sailed in four detachments: one of these was under the command of Sarsfield. He arrived in Brest, December 3, 1691.

The subsequent career of these exiled soldiers is one of the saddest and at the same time one of the proudest chapters in Irish history.

From the capitulation of Limerick down to the period of the French revolution, it has been asserted by the historian of the Irish brigades that no less than 450,000 Irish soldiers perished in the service of France alone.

Extraordinary as these figures may seem at first glance, even more extravagant estimates have been given.

Another writer asserts that 600,000 is more nearly the true figure.

It would require a separate paper to explain and vindicate the accuracy of O'Callaghan's claim, which is based on the authority of figures from the French war office.

Sarsfield's after career in the French service was brief and glorious. The Irish troops, brought over from Limerick, proved a welcome accession to the French armies, and they were quickly employed in many different fields of action. Sarsfield was given high rank and assigned to the command of the Irish troops destined for Italy, but other designs and prospects prevented his serving with them in that field of glory.

The French monarch encouraged the hopes of the exiled

king by the assurance that an army and fleet should be assembled for the invasion of England.

In 1692 a camp was formed on the Norman coast and all the Irish troops in the French service were ordered there, and the command was given to Sarsfield. At the same time a great fleet was assembled at Brest, eighty ships of the line and 300 transports. The army of invasion was placed under the command of Marshal Bellefonds, the fleet was commanded by Admiral De Tourville, the same who two years before defeated an English fleet at Beachy Head, and who for a few weeks "ranged the English channel unopposed."

With these formidable preparations and this great armament destined for a descent on England, in aid of King James and his claims, it is no wonder Irish hearts beat high with expectation, because in all these formidable preparations they saw hope for Ireland.

James himself was to embark with the expedition, accompanied by his son, the Duke of Berwick.

But William on his part was not idle. Immense preparations were made in England to meet the threatened invasion. As usual, the chief reliance was the naval forces, and as usual England was fortunate in this as in later perils.

The two fleets met off La Hogue, and there engaged in one of the fiercest sea fights recorded in the history of naval wars. Even Macaulay acknowledged that the French "fought with their usual courage and with more than their usual seamanship."

The powerful English fleet had been immensely strengthened by the three squadrons of the United Provinces. "No mightier armament had appeared in the British channel."

De Tourville fought with desperation, but he could not withstand the overwhelming odds.

The conflict waged over the sea during five days: it ended in the entire destruction of the French fleet, before the eyes of King James, who saw his last hopes dashed by this defeat.

But to none can the mortification have been greater than to the gallant men assembled in the French camp, who had nourished the hope of again being placed on native soil

to do battle for the cause and king whose fortunes had gone down in defeat at Boyne and Aughrim.

To Sarsfield it undoubtedly was the bitterest disappointment of his life. The camp was broken up and the troops assigned to different fields of duty. Sarsfield had an opportunity to face his enemy, William of Orange, at the battle of Steinkirk. The French army was under the command of Luxembourg. The allied forces under William were defeated with great slaughter.

Sarsfield greatly distinguished himself in the battle and received special mention in the marshal's report for his gallantry and high capacity.

He won the esteem of his foes by the chivalry and generosity he displayed to the wounded prisoners who fell into his hands.

After the battle Sarsfield was raised to the rank of lieutenant-general in acknowledgment of his valor and services, and this was followed in 1693 by the baton of a field marshal.

Alas, the honors were destined to be short lived.

The same year, under the same opposing commanders, was fought the great battle of Landen, sometimes designated Neer-Winden.

It was a fiercely contested field, and William, although beaten, did all that a brave general could do to bring off his army and avert an utter rout, which seemed for a time inevitable.

Even as it was he suffered a mortifying defeat.

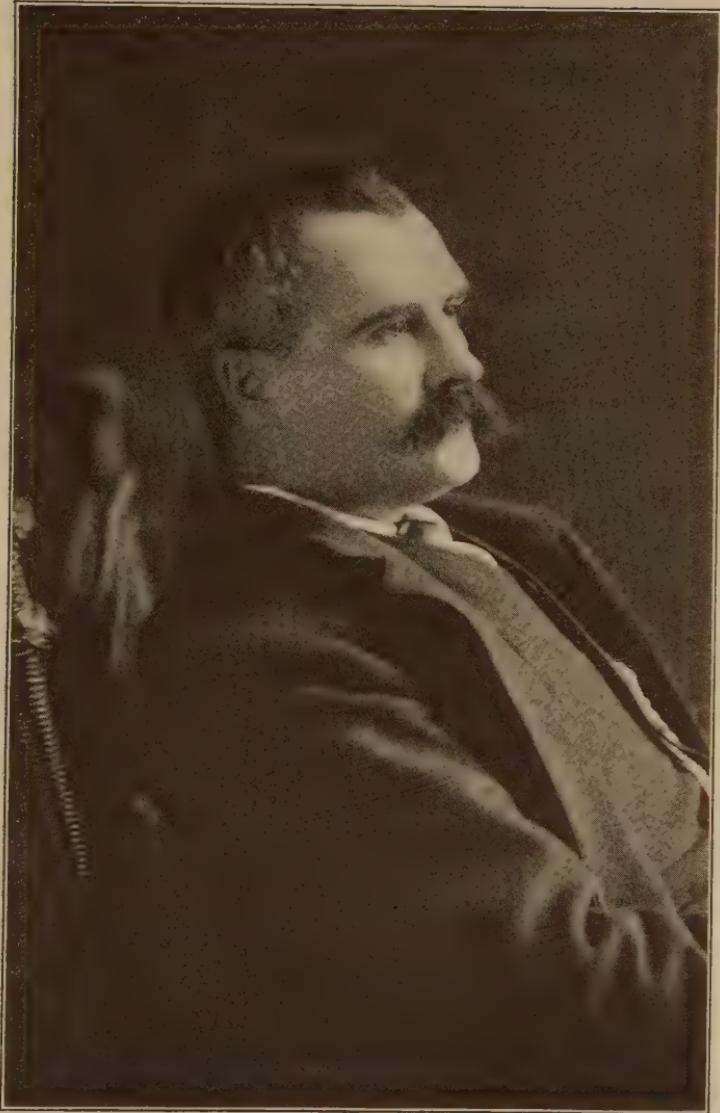
It was in the last charge that Sarsfield, at the head of the flower of the French cavalry—no Irish regiment appears to have been engaged in this battle—"as he drove the enemy down to the river," was struck by a musket ball in the breast and fell.

It was then on this field of glory as he lay on the ground, he is said to have put his hand to the wound, and seeing it covered with blood, exclaimed, "Would to God this were shed for Ireland!"

He was carried from the field to a neighboring village, where he lingered in agony a few days.

There his remains were laid at rest, but no stone or monument marks the spot.

So ended the glorious career of Ireland's favorite hero.





JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

(1844—1890.)

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY was born at Dowth Castle, County Meath, June 28, 1844. His father was a scholar and an antiquarian, and his mother a woman of rare and beautiful nature. "He was," says one of his biographers, "brought up in an atmosphere of legend and story." Early in life he began as a printer and worked at his trade in England. He became a journalist in early manhood; at twenty-one he was a revolutionist. He had enlisted in a hussar regiment, where he disseminated Fenianism and gained adherents for the cause. He was arrested and sentenced to transportation for treason-felony, and after some time in Australia managed to escape amid circumstances of daring and peril, on board a coasting vessel, and made his way to this country. It should be mentioned that while in England he contributed poems to *The Dark Blue*, an Oxford University periodical.

He soon acquired celebrity here, where he not only attained a very high position as *littérateur* and journalist, but also took an exceedingly prominent part in all Irish movements. He was, besides, a distinguished citizen of his adopted country, and was greatly esteemed for his abilities and character. He became part proprietor and editor of the *Boston Pilot* in 1876, and made it a notable exponent of Irish-American opinions and a high-class literary journal. He died suddenly on Sunday morning, August 10, 1890, having taken an overdose of chloral to induce sleep. He left a widow and four daughters. A fund was inaugurated for a public statue to his memory in Boston, and a bust was placed in one of the Catholic universities. At his death he had two works in preparation—one entitled 'The Country with a Roof' and another on 'The Evolution of Straight Weapons.'

His published works are: 'Songs from the Southern Seas, and other Poems,' 'Songs, Legends, and Ballads,' 'The Statues in the Block, and other Poems,' and 'In Bohemia,' poems. He was the author also of 'Moondyne,' a novel, and 'Ethics of Boxing,' and he edited the first edition of 'The Poetry and Song of Ireland.'

THE COMMON CITIZEN SOLDIER.¹

DECORATION DAY ADDRESS, 1886, EVERETT, MASS.

From 'John Boyle O'Reilly, His Life, Poems, and Speeches.'

Veterans of the Grand Army: You are the orators of Decoration Day, no matter who may be the speakers. You and your flowers and your medals, your empty sleeves and

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your graves, thrill all hearts into patriotism by your silent and visible eloquence. Yours is the sorrow that makes us forget the dismal countenance of death. When you enter the graveyards they become gardens through which we walk with smiles, not with tears. You do not march to the graves of your comrades with black feathers and gloomy faces, but laden with blossoms, and smiling at the effacing fingers of death.

The war is behind you like a sunset, and we must stand and see the glory from the hill. "The sun is down, and all the west is paved with sullen fire."

Millions of Americans stand full grown who were not born when you fired your last shot. Year by year that "sullen fire" sinks into the west, and wider and wider the gaps in your ranks show against the light.

In a few more years the evening will have descended and the figures will disappear, and the night of history will have closed upon the war. For the middle-aged and the old, you still unroll the memory of the great diorama. The deep-lined pictures that are darkened in their memory for the other days of the year are unveiled by your hands to-day. . . .

The Rebellion was no accident. It was not unnecessary. It could not be avoided. It had to be. It was the seventeenth century fighting the nineteenth. It was the issue of two hundred and fifty years' growth.

And again, it was the mixing of the elements that go to produce the perfected American. Cavalier and Puritan would never have drawn together of themselves. God dashed them together till their blood mixed in the flow if not in the circulation.

Marvelous alchemy of Providence! Down there to the proud autocrat of the plantations went the trading Yankee with the rights of man shining on his bayonet points; and he smashed the barriers of caste and destroyed the palaces that were built on the necks of men. And here to the land of the Puritan Pilgrims follows the impulsive and imaginative Catholic Irishman, raising the cross of his beautiful church side by side with the severe gable of the meeting house. Down there the cavalier has learned that it was wicked and lawless to enslave men: up here the modern

Puritan knows that it was criminal and cruel to whip Quakers and Catholics.

So in the mysterious alembic of God are the blood-streams mingled and unified. Out of this transfusion and amalgam of the strongest men on the earth is to come the future American—the man fit to own a continent.

The war marks the maturity of the Republic. Before 1862 the American youth had to look abroad for great ideals—for memorable battles, for illustrious commanders, heroic stories of patriotism, strife, and sacrifice.

But the four vast years of the war threw into shadow all foreign representatives of patriotism.

Henceforth, the American kept his attention at home; the dignity of sorrow, power, and responsibility were American. Henceforth only the weak and the vapid American sought models in other countries. These words of Emerson began to be appreciated:

"They who made England, Italy, or Greece venerable in the imagination did so by sticking fast where they were, like an axis of the earth. The soul is no traveler; the wise man stays at home, and when his necessities, his duties, or any occasion calls him from his home into foreign lands, he is still at home, and shall make men sensible by the expression of his countenance that he goes the missionary of wisdom, of virtue, and visits cities like a sovereign, and not like an interloper or a valet."

Foremost among the teachers of true Americanism were the veterans of the war, both North and South.

The vast armies disbanded and came back to the works of peace. In any other country the victors would have had to keep a million men in arms for self-protection; and rapine and disorder would follow such a disbandment. But here the words of the great American poet were true:

"Over the Carnage rose prophetic a Voice—
Be not disheartened, affection shall solve the problems of freedom yet :
They who love each other become invincible,
They shall yet make Columbia victorious.
One from Massachusetts shall be a Missourian's comrade,
From Maine and hot Carolina, and another, an Oregonese, shall
be friends together—
More precious to each other than all the riches of the earth.
To Michigan Florida perfumes shall tenderly come—
Not the perfume of flowers, but sweeter, and wafted beyond
death."

The battle flags of all nations are dear to the people; for even though the cause in which they were carried may have been unjust, the flags are steeped in the blood of the nation.

How doubly dear the battle flags of America, from whose folds our great son of Massachusetts struck the names of victories that keep the wounds open!

But the veteran of the war is dearer and nearer even than the flag. He is a living flag, starred and scarred.

In the wild days, he "kept step to the music of the Union." His bronze medal or his empty sleeve thrills us with pride and affection. On this annual celebration, the veterans awaken the deepest feelings of patriotism. We see their lessening ranks year by year, and say with the poet:

"O! blessed are ye, our brothers,
Who feel in your souls alway
The thrill of the stirring summons
You heard but to obey;
Who, whether the years go swift,
Or whether the years go slow,
Will wear in your hearts forever
The glory of long ago!"

We hear the voice of economy raised against the pensions paid by the nation to its veteran volunteer soldiers. It argues that the soldier in war-time simply made a contract with the Government, and that the terms of the contract were fulfilled by his daily food and payment in the field.

Shame on the tongue that says it! Cato, the censor, earned the detestation of centuries because he advised the Romans to sell their old and worn-out slaves to save expense. "Feed no useless servants in the house," said Cato; and so say our petty censors, who would sell the worn-out soldiers of the Union to save a million a year to the Treasury which they preserved for this and future generations.

Nobler nations rewarded not only their heroes, but the very dumb beasts that worked for the national glory. The Athenians, says Plutarch, when they built the Parthenon, turned those mules loose to feed freely that had been observed to do the hardest labor. And one of these free mules, it was said, came of itself to offer its service, and ran along with and ahead of the teams that drew the

wagons to the Acropolis, as if it would invite them to draw more stoutly; upon which there passed a vote of the Athenian people that the creature should be kept at the public charge, even till it died. "Nor are we," says Plutarch, "to use living creatures like old shoes and dishes, and throw them away when they are worn out or broken with service."

The contract of enlistment was, doubtless, kept by the Government; but no man makes a contract for his blood and life. The soldier made his contract for that which Government could give him—his clothing—his food—his transportation; for which he offered his obedient service. But all beyond that was beyond contract. The volunteers did not contract for their blood; they offered it. They did not contract for the terror, the grief, the loss endured by their wives, mothers, and families: these were beyond the purchase of the national treasury. The men whose graves were decorated to-day did not contract for their lives—they gave them to the United States—they gave them for the destruction of slavery—and the selfsame offering was made by those who carried the flowers to their graves.

Our schools are closed to-day; but we have turned the nation into a school, and these are our teachers—these flowers, these veterans, these graves, these examples. The American boy and girl learn their noblest lesson on Decoration Day. There is no eloquence like that of death. There is no reconciliation like that of the grave. There is no reward higher than love. There is no crown so precious as a wreath of flowers. Common rewards may be of gold or jewels. But the highest prizes, like the highest services, cannot be measured; we can only express them in symbols. To the victor in the Olympian games, who was to be honored for life, the only reward was a little crown of olive and parsley. Values are obliterated or reversed when heroes are to be honored; and the veteran of the Union Army is given a bronze cross cut from his own guns, as the supremest sign of his country's affection.

All men who fought in the war for the Union ought to be pensioned for life. The Republic owes to them this reward. We are free with our honors for the great captains; but the common soldier has an equal, and even a higher claim. When the Greek commander, Miltiades,

returned from victory, and asked for a special crown, a man cried out from the assembly: "When you conquer *alone*, Miltiades, you shall be crowned *alone!*" and the people approved the speech.

For the self-respect of the generation that witnessed the war; for the perpetuation of high principles of patriotism among the people; for the education of the young; for the honor of America, and the glory of humanity, we are bound to honor and cherish the declining years of the brave men who offered their lives to keep the Republic united.

ENSIGN EPPS, THE COLOR-BEARER.¹

Ensign Epps, at the battle of Flanders,
Sowed a seed of glory and duty,
That flowers and flames in the height and beauty
Like a crimson lily with heart of gold,
To-day, when the wars of Ghent are old,
And buried as deep as their dead commanders.

Ensign Epps was the color-bearer,—
No matter on which side, Philip or Earl;
Their cause was the shell—his deed was the pearl.
Scarce more than a lad he had been a sharer
That day in the wildest work of the field.
He was wounded and spent, and the fight was lost;
His comrades were slain, or a scattered host.

But stainless and scatheless, out of the strife,
He had carried his colors safer than life.

By the river's brink, without weapon or shield,
He faced the victors. The thick heart-mist
He dashed from his eyes, and the silk he kissed
Ere he held it aloft in the setting sun,
As proudly as if the fight were won;
And he smiled when they ordered him to yield.

Ensign Epps, with his broken blade,
Cut the silk from the gilded staff,
Which he poised like a spear till the charge was made
And hurled at the leader with a laugh.

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Then round his breast, like the scarf of his love,
He tied the colors his heart above,
And plunged in his armor into the tide,
And there, in his dress of honor, died.

Where are the lessons your kinglings teach?
And what is the text of your proud commanders?
Out of the centuries, heroes reach
With the scroll of a deed, with the word of a story,
Of one man's truth and of all men's glory,
Like Ensign Epps at the battle of Flanders.

AT FREDERICKSBURG, DECEMBER 13, 1862.

God send us peace, and keep red strife away;
But should it come, God send us men and steel!
The land is dead that dare not face the day
When foreign danger threatens the common weal.

Defenders strong are they that homes defend;
From ready arms the spoiler keeps afar.
Well blest the country that has sons to lend
From trades of peace to learn the trade of war.

Thrice blest the nation that has every son
A soldier, ready for the warning sound;
Who marches homeward when the fight is done,
To swing the hammer and to till the ground.

Call back that morning, with its lurid light,
When through our land the awful war-bell tolled;
When lips were mute and women's faces white
As the pale cloud that out from Sumter rolled.

Call back that morn: an instant all were dumb,
As if the shot had struck the Nation's life;
Then cleared the smoke, and rolled the calling drum,
And men streamed in to meet the coming strife.

They closed the ledger and they stilled the loom,
The plow left rusting in the prairie farm;
They saw but "Union" in the gathering gloom;
The tearless women helped the men to arm;

Brigades from towns—each village sent its band:
 German and Irish—every race and faith;
 There was no question then of native land,
 But—love the flag and follow it to death.

No need to tell their tale: through every age
 The splendid story shall be sung and said;
 But let me draw one picture from the page—
 For words of song embalm the hero dead.

The smooth hill is bare, and the cannons are planted,
 Like Gorgon fates shading its terrible brow;
 The word has been passed that the stormers are wanted,
 And Burnside's battalions are mustering now.
 The armies stand by to behold the dread meeting;
 The work must be done by a desperate few;
 The black-mouthèd guns on the height give them greeting—
 From gun-mouth to plain every grass blade in view.
 Strong earthworks are there, and the rifles behind them
 Are Georgia militia—an Irish brigade—
 Their caps have green badges, as if to remind them
 Of all the brave record their country has made.
 The stormers go forward—the Federals cheer them;
 They breast the smooth hillside—the black mouths are
 dumb;
 The riflemen lie in the works till they near them,
 And cover the stormers as upward they come.
 Was ever a death-march so grand and so solemn?
 At last, the dark summit with flame is enlined;
 The great guns belch doom on the sacrificed column,
 That reels from the height, leaving hundreds behind.
 The armies are hushed—there is no cause for cheering:
 The fall of brave men to brave men is a pain.
 Again come the stormers! and as they are nearing
 The flame-sheeted rifle-lines, reel back again.
 And so till full noon come the Federal masses—
 Flung back from the height, as the cliff flings a wave;
 Brigade on brigade to the death-struggle passes,
 No wavering rank till it steps on the grave.
 Then comes a brief lull, and the smoke-pall is lifted,
 The green of the hillside no longer is seen;
 The dead soldiers lie as the sea-weed is drifted,
 The earthworks still held by the badges of green.
 Have they quailed? is the word. No: again they are forming—
 Again comes a column to death and defeat!

What is it in these who shall now do the storming
 That makes every Georgian spring to his feet?
 "O God! what a pity!" they cry in their cover,
 As rifles are readied and bayonets made tight;
 "T is Meagher and his fellows! their caps have green clover;
 'T is Greek to Greek now for the rest of the fight!"
 Twelve hundred the column, their rent flag before them,
 With Meagher at their head, they have dashed at the hill!
 Their foemen are proud of the country that bore them;
 But, Irish in love, they are enemies still.
 Out rings the fierce word, "Let them have it!" The rifles
 Are emptied point-blank in the hearts of the foe:
 It is green against green; but a principle stifles
 The Irishman's love in the Georgian's blow.
 The column has reeled, but it is not defeated;
 In front of the guns they re-form and attack;
 Six times they have done it and six times retreated;
 Twelve hundred they came and two hundred go back.
 Two hundred go back with the chivalrous story;
 The wild day is closed in the night's solemn shroud;
 A thousand lie dead, but their death was a glory
 That calls not for tears—the Green Badges are proud!
 Bright honor be theirs who for honor were fearless,
 Who charged for their flag to the grim cannon's mouth;
 And honor to them who were true, though not tearless,—
 Who bravely that day kept the cause of the South.
 The quarrel is done—God avert such another;
 The lesson it brought we should evermore heed:
 Who loveth the Flag is a man and a brother,
 No matter what birth or what race or what creed.

UNSPOKEN WORDS.

The kindly words that rise within the heart
 And thrill it with their sympathetic tone,
 But die ere spoken, fail to play their part
 And claim a merit that is not their own.
 The kindly word unspoken is a sin—
 A sin that wraps itself in purest guise,
 And tells the heart that, doubting, looks within,
 That not in speech, but thought, the virtue lies.

But 't is not so: another heart may thirst
 For that kind word, as Hagar in the wild—

Poor banished Hagar—prayed a well might burst
 From out the sand, to save her parching child.
 And loving eyes that cannot see the mind
 Will watch the expected movement of the lip:
 Ah! can ye let its cutting silence wind
 Around that heart and scathe it like a whip?

Unspoken words like treasures in the mine
 Are valueless until we give them birth.
 Like unfound gold their hidden beauties shine
 Which God has made to bless and gild the earth.
 How sad 't would be to see a master's hand
 Strike glorious notes upon a voiceless lute—
 But oh! what pain when at God's own command
 A heart-string thrills with kindness, but is mute!

Then hide it not, the music of the soul,
 Dear sympathy expressed with kindly voice,
 But let it like a shining river roll
 To deserts dry—to hearts that would rejoice.
 Oh! let the symphony of kindly words
 Sound for the poor, the friendless, and the weak,
 And He will bless you. He who struck these chords
 Will strike another when in turn you seek.

MAYFLOWER.

Thunder our thanks to her—guns, hearts, and lips!
 Cheer from the ranks to her,
 Shout from the banks to her—
 Mayflower! Foremost and best of our ships.

Mayflower! Twice in the national story
 Thy dear name in letters of gold—
 Woven in texture that never grows old—
 Winning a home and winning glory!
 Sailing the years to us, welcomed for aye;
 Cherished for centuries, dearest to-day.
 Every heart throbs for her, every flag dips—
 Mayflower! First and last, best of our ships.

White as a seagull, she swept the long passage.
 True as the homing-bird flies with its message.

Love her? O, richer than silk every sail of her.
Trust her? More precious than gold every nail of her.
Write we down faithfully every man's part in her;
Greet we all gratefully every true heart in her.
More than a name to us, sailing the fleetest,
Symbol of that which is purest and sweetest:
More than a keel to us, steering the straightest,
Emblem of that which is freest and greatest:
More than a dove-bosomed sail to the windward,
Flame passing on while the night-clouds fly hindward.
Kiss every plank of her! None shall take rank of her;
Frontward or weatherward, none can eclipse.
Thunder our thanks to her! Cheer from the banks to her!
Mayflower! Foremost and best of our ships!

A SAVAGE.

Dixon, a Choctaw, twenty years of age,
Had killed a miner in a Leadville brawl;
Tried and condemned, the rough-beards curb their rage,
And watch him stride in freedom from the hall.

“Return on Friday, to be shot to death!”
So ran the sentence,—it was Monday night.
The dead man's comrades drew a well-pleased breath;
Then all night long the gambling-dens were bright.

The days sped slowly; but the Friday came,
And flocked the miners to the shooting-grounds;
They chose six riflemen of deadly aim,
And with low voices sat and lounged around.

“He will not come.” “He's not a fool.” “The men
Who set the savage free must face the blame.”
A Choctaw brave smiled bitterly, and then
Smiled proudly, with raised head, as Dixon came.

Silent and stern, a woman at his heels,
He motions to the brave, who stays her tread.
Next minute flame the guns,—the woman reels
And drops without a moan: Dixon is dead.

FROM 'WENDELL PHILLIPS.'

What shall we mourn? For the prostrate tree that sheltered
the young green wood?
For the fallen cliff that fronted the sea, and guarded the fields
from the flood?
For the eagle that died in the tempest, afar from its eyrie's
brood?

Nay, not for these shall we weep; for the silver cord must be
worn,
And the golden fillet shrink back at last, and the dust to its
earth return;
And tears are never for those who die with their face to the
duty done;
But we mourn for the fledglings left on the waste, and the fields
where the wild waves run.

From the midst of the flock he defended, the brave one has gone
to his rest;
And the tears of the poor he befriended their wealth of affliction attest.
From the midst of the people is stricken a symbol they daily
saw,
Set over against the law books, of a Higher than human
Law;
For his life was a ceaseless protest, and his voice was a
prophet's cry
To be true to the Truth and faithful, though the world were
arrayed for the Lie.

From the hearing of those who hated, a threatening voice was
past;
But the lives of those who believe and die are not blown like a
leaf on the blast.
A sower of infinite seed was he, a woodman that hewed toward
the light,
Who dared to be traitor to Union when Union was traitor to
Right!

ANDREW ORR.

(1822 ——)

ANDREW ORR is another of those Irish writers who has endeared himself to his people by a single poem. ‘The Sunny South is Glowing’ was originally published in *The Nation*; it has been reprinted in nearly all newspapers of the world, and it occurs also in nearly all of the Irish anthologies.

He was born on March 15, 1822, at Derrydorough near Coleraine, County Derry. He was apprenticed to the trade of linen bleaching, in which he was employed until he went to Australia about 1850. He contributed several poems to the Irish newspapers from an early age, and after his arrival in Victoria, Australia, he wrote for *The Melbourne Leader* and other newspapers of that country. After spending some few years in the gold fields of Victoria, he left them and started a local weekly, which, however, had but a short life. He was subsequently engaged on the *Ballarat Star*.

IN EXILE: AUSTRALIA.

The sunny South is glowing in the glow of Southern glory,
And the Southern Cross is waving o'er the freest of the free;
Yet in vain, in vain my weary heart would try to hide the
story

That evermore 't is wandering back, dear native land, to
thee:

The heathy hills of Malazan, the Bann's translucent waters,
Glenleary's shades of hazel, and Agivy's winding streams,
And Kathleen of the raven locks, the flower of Erinn's daugh-
ters—

Lost heaven of wildering beauty! thou art mine at least in
dreams.

Oh! the green land, the old land,
Far dearer than the gold land,

With all its landscape glory and unchanging Summer skies;
Let others seek their pleasures
In the chase of golden treasures,

Be mine a dream of Erinn and the light of Kathleen's eyes.

Sweet scenes may group around me, hill and dale, lagoon and
wildwood,

And eyes as bright and cloudless as the azure skies above;
But strange the face of nature—not the happy haunts of child-
hood,

And cold the glance of beauty—not the smile of early love;

Even in the pulse of joy itself the native charm is wanting,
For distant far the bosoms that would share it as their own:
Too late to learn that loving hearts will never bear transplanting;
Uprooted once, like seedless flowers, they wither lost and lone.
 Oh! the old land, the green land,
 The land of lands, the queen land;
Keep, keep the gorgeous splendor of your sunny Southern shore;
 Unfading and undying,
 O'er the world between us lying,
The hallowed loves of former days are mine for evermore.

JAMES ORR.

(1770—1816.)

JAMES ORR, “the weaver-poet,” author of ‘The Irishman,’ was born in 1770 at Broad Island, County Antrim, and in early life followed the trade of a journeyman weaver. He became a United Irishman, and contributed to *The Northern Star*, the organ of that party, many of his poems, which were collected and published in 1804. He fought at the battle of Antrim in 1798, and as a consequence was obliged to go into hiding. At last, being conscious that he was not guilty of any really criminal action, he appeared before the authorities and surrendered himself. He was sent to prison, where he lay for a long time; but as nothing like an overt act of treason could be proved against him, except by his own confession, he was in the end set free on condition of transporting himself to America. On the outward passage he wrote his pathetic ‘Song of an Exile.’ He did not remain here many years; matters had rapidly improved at home, and he returned to his native village and his trade. But his misfortunes seem to have had a depressing influence on his spirit, for after his return his poetic efforts were much inferior to those of earlier times, and soon ceased altogether.

He died April 24, 1816. His poems were published with a sketch of his life, in the next year.

THE IRISHMAN.

The savage loves his native shore,
Though rude the soil and chill the air;
Then well may Erin’s sons adore
Their isle, which nature formed so fair.
What flood reflects a shore so sweet
As Shannon great, or pastoral Bann?
Or who a friend or foe can meet
So generous as an Irishman?

His hand is rash, his heart is warm,
But honesty is still his guide;
No more repent a deed of harm,
And none forgives with nobler pride;
He may be duped, but won’t be dared—
More fit to practice than to plan;
He dearly earns his poor reward,
And spends it like an Irishman.

If strange or poor, for you he ’ll pay,
And guide to where you safe may be;

If you're his guest, while e'er you stay
 His cottage holds a jubilee.
 His inmost soul he will unlock,
 And if he may *your* secrets scan,
 Your confidence he scorns to mock,
 For faithful is an Irishman.

By honor bound in woe or weal,
 Whate'er she bids he dares to do;
 Try him with bribes—they won't prevail;
 Prove him in fire—you'll find him true.
 He seeks not safety, let his post
 Be where it ought, in danger's van;
 And if the field of fame be lost,
 It won't be by an Irishman.

Erin! loved land! from age to age
 Be thou more great, more famed, and free;
 May peace be thine, or, shouldst thou wage
 Defensive war, cheap victory.
 May plenty bloom in every field
 Which gentle breezes softly fan,
 And cheerful smiles serenely gild
 The home of every Irishman!

SONG OF AN EXILE.

In Ireland 't is evening—from toil my friends hie all,
 And weary walk home o'er the dew-spangled lea;
 The shepherd in love tunes his grief-soothing viol,
 Or visits the maid that his partner will be;
 The blithe milk-maid trips to the herd that stands lowing;
 The west richly smiles, and the landscape is glowing;
 The sad-sounding curfew, and torrent fast-flowing,
 Are heard by my fancy, though far, far at sea!

What has my eye seen since I left the green valleys,
 But ships as remote as the prospect could be?
 Unwieldy, huge monsters, as ugly as malice,
 And floats of some wreck, which with sorrow I see?
 What's seen but the fowl, that its lonely flight urges,
 The lightning, that darts through the sky-meeting surges,
 And the sad-scowling sky, that with bitter rain scourges
 This cheek care sits drooping on, far, far at sea?

How hideous the hold is!—Here, children are screaming—

There, dames faint through thirst, with their babes on their knee!

Here, down every hatch the big breakers are streaming,

And there with a crash, half the fixtures break free!

Some court, some contend, some sit dull stories telling;

The mate's mad and drunk, and the tars tasked and yelling;

What sickness and sorrow pervade my rude dwelling!—

A huge floating lazarus-house, far, far at sea!

How changed all may be when I seek the sweet village:

A hedge-row may bloom where its street used to be;

The floors of my friends may be tortured by tillage,

And the upstart be served by the fallen grandee;

The axe may have humbled the grove that I haunted,

And shades be my shield that as yet are unplanted,

Nor one comrade live who repined when he wanted

The sociable sufferer that's far, far at sea!

In Ireland 't is night—on the flowers of my setting

A parent may kneel, fondly praying for me;—

The village is smokeless—the red moon is getting

That hill for a throne which I hope yet to see.

If innocence thrive, many more have to grieve for;

Success, slow but sure, I'll contentedly live for:

Yes, Sylvia, we'll meet, and your sigh cease to heave for

The swain your fine image haunts, far, far at sea!

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

(1846—1881.)

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY was born March 14, 1846. He belonged to the Galway branch of the O'Shaughnessy family, the several divisions of which in Galway, Clare, and Limerick are supposed to have a common descent from Lieutenant-Colonel William O'Shaughnessy, son of Sir Dermot O'Shaughnessy the second.

He was employed in the British Museum, first as a transcriber, but after some four years was transferred to the Natural History Department, where he remained till he died. His papers on zoölogy are considered good, but it was in poetry that he made his fame. He was a poet distinctly of the Swinburnian school—a school whose chief characteristic was a Hellenic worship of beauty in nature and art and a great mastery of exquisitely sensuous melody.

His first work was 'An Epic of Women, and other Poems.' It has a considerable bibliographical interest on account of a symbolic title-page and curious designs by Mr. J. T. Nettleship, a friend of the poet and author of 'An Essay on Robert Browning,' and other works. In the 'Epic' the most notable poem was perhaps 'Creation,' verses which caused such division of opinion in the ranks of rival critics as to be read among what we may call the *pièces justificatives* in a literary libel trial which attracted some attention a few years ago.

Other well-known poems in the volume were 'The Daughter of Herodias' and 'Cleopatra.' But that which obtained immediate popularity, has been quoted everywhere, and is a particular favorite in this country, is the flowing lyric entitled 'The Fountain of Tears.' Two of the 'Lays of France' (1873) were founded on the lyrics of Marie de France, but the greater part were original. 'Music and Moonlight' (1874) contained some of the choicest of O'Shaughnessy's lyrics. Of these the most widely known is the 'Outcry,' a passionate love-dream. Arthur O'Shaughnessy was a frequent contributor to periodical literature, and many of his poems were taken up by the public. Among these we may mention the 'Song of a Fellow-worker.' His 'Songs of a Worker' appeared in the year of his death.

His work was largely inspired by French influence, for he was the friend of the majority of contemporary French poets, Victor Hugo among the rest. He wrote for French journals, more especially *Le Livre*, and he was one of the chief contributors to the once well-known *La République des Lettres*. In 1873 he married the daughter of Westland Marston, the dramatist, and sister of Philip Bourke Marston, the blind poet. This lady had a great deal of the literary talent of the family, and with her husband published in 1874 'Toysland,' a series of stories about toys. She died in 1879, and on Jan. 30, 1881, he followed her.

SUPREME SUMMER.

O heart full of song in the sweet song-weather,
A voice fills each bower, a wing shakes each tree,
Come forth, O winged singer, on song's fairest feather,
And make a sweet fame of my love and of me.

The blithe world shall ever have fair loving leisure,
And long in the summer for bird and for bee;
But too short the summer and too keen the pleasure
Of me kissing her and of her kissing me.

Songs shall not cease of the hills and the heather;
Songs shall not fail of the land and the sea:
But, O heart, if you sing not while we are together,
What man shall remember my love or me?

Some million of summers hath been and not known her,
Hath known and forgotten loves less fair than she;
But one summer knew her, and grew glad to own her,
And made her its flower, and gave her to me.

And she and I, loving, on earth seem to sever
Some part of the great blue from heaven each day:
I know that the heaven and the earth are for ever,
But that which we take shall with us pass away.

And that which she gives me shall be for no lover
In any new love-time, the world's lasting while;
The world, when it loses, shall never recover
The gold of her hair nor the sun of her smile.

A tree grows in heaven, where no season blanches
Or stays the new fruit through the long golden clime;
My love reaches up, takes a fruit from its branches,
And gives it to me to be mine for all time.

What care I for other fruits, fed with new fire,
Plucked down by new lovers in fair future line?
The fruit that I have is the thing I desire,
To live of and die of—the sweet she makes mine.

And she and I, loving, are king of one summer
And queen of one summer to gather and glean:
The world is for us what no fair future comer
Shall find it or dream it could ever have been.

The earth, as we lie on its bosom, seems pressing
 A heart up to bear us and mix with our heart;
 The blue, as we wonder, drops down a great blessing
 That soothes us and fills us and makes the tears start.

SONG.

I made another garden, yea,
 For my new Love,
 I left the dead rose where it lay
 And set the new above.
 Why did my Summer not begin?
 Why did my heart not haste?
 My old Love came and walked therein
 And laid the garden waste.

She entered with her weary smile
 Just as of old;
 She looked around a little while
 And shivered with the cold.
 Her passing touch was death to all,
 Her passing look a blight;
 She made the white-rose petals fall,
 And turned the red rose white.

Her pale robe clinging to the grass
 Was like a snake
 That bit and bit the ground, alas,
 And a sad trail did make.
 She went up slowly to the gate,
 And then, just as of yore,
 She turned back at the last to wait
 And say farewell once more.

SONG.

Has summer come without the rose,
 Or left the bird behind?
 Is the blue changed above thee,
 O world! or am I blind?
 Will you change every flower that grows,
 Or only change this spot,
 Where she who said, I love thee,
 Now says, I love thee not?

The skies seemed true above thee,
 The rose true on the tree;
 The bird seemed true the summer through,
 But all proved false to me.
 World! is there one good thing in you,
 Life, love, or death—or what?
 Since lips that sang, I love thee,
 Have said, I love thee not?

I think the sun's kiss will scarce fall
 Into one flower's gold cup;
 I think the bird will miss me,
 And give the summer up.
 O sweet place! desolate in tall
 Wild grass, have you forgot
 How her lips loved to kiss me,
 Now that they kiss me not?

Be false or fair above me,
 Come back with any face,
 Summer!—do I care what you do?
 You cannot change one place—
 The grass, the leaves, the earth, the dew,
 The grave I make the spot—
 Here, where she used to love me,
 Here, where she loves me not.

THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS.

If you go over desert and mountain,
 Far into the country of sorrow,
 To-day and to-night and to-morrow,
 And maybe for months and for years;
 You shall come, with a heart that is bursting
 For trouble and toiling and thirsting,
 You shall certainly come to the fountain,
 At length,—To the Fountain of Tears.

Very peaceful the place is, and solely
 For piteous lamenting and sighing,
 And those who come living or dying
 Alike from their hopes and their fears;
 Full of cypress-like shadows the place is,
 And statues that cover their faces:

But out of the gloom springs the holy
And beautiful Fountain of Tears.

And it flows and it flows with a motion
So gentle and lovely and listless,
And murmurs a tune so resistless—
To him who hath suffered and hears—
You shall surely—without a word spoken,
Kneel down there and know your heart broken,
And yield to the long curbed emotion
That day by the Fountain of Tears.

For it grows and it grows, as though leaping
Up higher the more one is thinking;
And ever its tunes go on sinking
More poignantly into the ears:
Yea, so blessed and good seems that fountain,
Reached after dry desert and mountain,
You shall fall down at length in your weeping
And bathe your sad face in the tears.

Then, alas! while you lie there a season,
And sob between living and dying,
And give up the land you were trying
To find mid your hopes and your fears;
—O the world shall come up and pass o'er you;
Strong men shall not stay to care for you,
Nor wonder indeed for what reason
Your way should seem harder than theirs.

But perhaps, while you lie, never lifting
Your cheek from the wet leaves it presses,
Nor caring to raise your wet tresses
And look how the cold world appears,—
O perhaps the mere silences round you—
All things in that place grief hath found you,
Yea, e'en to the clouds o'er you drifting,
May soothe you somewhat through your tears.

You may feel, when a falling leaf brushes
Your face, as though some one had kissed you;
Or think at least some one who missed you
Hath sent you a thought,—if that cheers;
Or a bird's little song, faint and broken,
May pass for a tender word spoken:
—Enough, while around you there rushes
That life-drowning torrent of tears.

And the tears shall flow faster and faster,
Brim over, and baffle resistance,
And roll down bleared roads to each distance
Of past desolation and years;
Till they cover the place of each sorrow,
And leave you no Past and no morrow:
For what man is able to master
And stem the great Fountain of tears?

But the flood of the tears meet and gather;
The sound of them all grows like thunder:
—O into what bosom, I wonder,
Is poured the whole sorrow of years?
For Eternity only seems keeping
Account of the great human weeping:
May God then, the Maker and Father—
May He find a place for the tears!

CÆSAR OTWAY.

(1768—1842.)

CÆSAR OTWAY was born in Tipperary, in 1768. He was intended for the Church, and was graduated from Dublin University, subsequently taking holy orders. For many years he remained curate of a remote country parish, but ultimately was appointed assistant chaplain to the Magdalen Asylum in Dublin and to an office of minor importance in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

The Christian Examiner was started by him and Dr. Singer in 1825, and, besides the lighter sketches by Mr. Otway which appeared in its pages, he contributed numerous articles on biography and history and a number on controversial subjects. ‘Sketches in Ireland, Descriptive and Interesting,’ was published in Dublin in 1827, over his usual initials, “O. C.,” and took its place at once as a popular book. The *Dublin Penny Journal* for the year 1832 was conducted by Dr. Petrie and Mr. Otway. In 1839 his ‘Tour in Connaught’ appeared, followed by ‘Sketches in Erris and Tyrawley,’ 1841. For some years Mr. Otway was the center of the young literary life of the Irish capital.

In later life he suffered much from a rheumatic affection, of which he died, March 16, 1842.

THE VICAR OF CAPE CLEAR.

From ‘Sketches in Ireland.’

My friend resides in an ancient glebe-house, sheltered down on the shore, in a sunny nook, half way between the church and the village. It is under the guardianship of a protecting hill, and some old sycamore trees in solitary magnificence and unpruned luxuriance, their long branches sweeping the lawn, seem to say we are here to show that no one should be so comfortable as a good minister. Here also, the myrtle, the hydrangia, and many a tender plant grow, adorning the pastor’s garden; altogether it was a happy, quiet, close, and secluded spot, and the contrast it presented to the serrated mountains, to the black sea-beaten rocks, to the bold promontories and boiling ocean, reminded me how in lapse of time, and succession if its dwellers, this quiet glebe might give shelter to some delicate mind; some intellect, luxuriant, and gifted with high and Christian imaginings—a lively contrast to

the rugged mountaineer, and rude seaman with whom it was his fate to mingle, but not coalesce.

On the morning following my arrival, my host said he really did not know better how to induce me to stay with him, than to take me on an excursion amongst the parishioners; for this is one of these new-light clergy, who consider that one of the most useful purposes for which a minister can live, is to go from house to house amongst his flock, and hold communion with them in pastoral visits; there presiding as teacher, guardian, counselor, and friend, "instant in season and out of season,"—"reproving, rebuking, exhorting with long suffering and doctrine." What would you choose then, I offer you land or sea, mountain or ocean; I am vicar of Cape Clear Island, where I have no Protestant parishioners, except about twenty of the water guard; I am curate here of Skull, where, interspersed amongst moor and mountain, I have fifteen hundred Protestants to visit, and oversee. Somehow or another everyone likes to land on an island. Sancho Panza was not solitary in longing to have a Barataria of his own, of which he might say all *here* is mine. 'T is true, that old cyclopean man-mountain, Johnson, who loved a blind alley in London better than a green field at Richmond, says, "every island is a prison strongly guarded by the sea."

But I prefer Sancho's fancy to the Doctor's, and therefore, my dear friend, I will even attend you to your vicarage of Cape Clear. Very well, so be it. The day is unusually fine for the time of the year; the mist is ascending from the sea; the cap is rolling off the mountain; I see the boats going out to cut sea weed; all likely to be safe; I will go into the village and get some lads to handle the oars; also, to the kitchen and bespeak some cold meat; do you get ready your great coats, for it is cold, and see, don't forget to put a Bible in your pocket: in half an hour we shall be afloat—and so it was, in less than the given time the boat was launched, four as fine fellows as ever Ireland sent to make Wellington a Duke, or Nelson an Earl, had their horny hands fastened on an oar. Three were young and loose lads, about twenty years of age, full chested, and broad shouldered, all bone and muscle, not a particle of fat on their whole frames, loose, light, and joyous in their appearance; fit for land or sea, trained to oar or spade.

The potato after all is a wonderful root, that can rear, invigorate, and throw such life, elasticity, and energy into the human frame. The fourth was an older and steadier character, selected for his prudence, and knowledge of tides, currents, and localities.

Says I to myself when I looked at his shrewd sedate countenance, this man, may, like my boatman to the Holy Island, be able and willing—may have the tact and find delight in giving me some supply of the legendary stories and traditional superstitions of this vicinity. But alas! my friend put this expectation out of promise when he whispered me, the three young fellows are Catholics, but John is a Protestant, a good Christian, a God-fearing man, a man whom it is well to have with us, when venturing in equinoctial weather in an open boat, some leagues out on the Atlantic.

O! then, says I, this man cares nothing about the *saints* or *good people*. A well-found boat, four springing oars set in motion by as elastic backs, soon brought us in the middle of the bay of Skull; not a breath was on the ocean; the gray mist of the morning had risen, and was dissolved in the clear cold atmosphere; the sun walked above in its pride of light, the harbor had become a looking glass for the hills and headlands to dress themselves in, and assume a softer and sweeter countenance, as

“The smooth expanse received, impressed,
Calm Nature’s image on its watery breast.”

The bold and cave-cut promontory; the lofty light-house; the ruined castle; the green island; the sable rock, with all its gull and cormorants, round which the tide growled, danced, and boiled; all these were reflected and prolonged in westward lines upon the bosom of the deep, and above, towering as the lord paramount of the mountain range, stood Mount Gabriel.

Reader, if you have never been in the South Western district of Ireland; if you have not seen these great bulwarks, that stand as redoubts to the continent of Europe against the force of the great ocean, you cannot form, from seeing English hills, or even Welsh, or Wicklow mountains, an idea of these outworks of Ireland; they look as if Noah’s deluge here first operated, and the windows of Heaven had

opened here particularly, and washed them bare to the very bone. No bog, no soil, no verdure on them—all gray and rugged in the antomy of their stratification; amidst these everlasting hills, arose in peculiar prominence, Mount Gabriel. Why, my lads, said I, is yonder mountain called by such an outlandish name? one would think it was brought here by Oliver Cromwell, it has such an un-Irish—such a Saxon name?

O! then, says Pat Hayes, who was one of the most talkative of the party, a fine youth, with a huge curly head, that disdained the wearing of a hat; a broad face, giving ample latitude for the grin of an immense mouth, which as belonging to an ichthyophagous, or fish-eating animal, was set with teeth bright and sharp, like those of a sea lion, or a walrus. O! says Pat, it is a pity that the *blockhead* is not here to tell the gentleman the story about this, for sure and certain such poor garsoons as the likes of us know little, and care not the tail of a herring for such ould stories. And who, said I, is the *blockhead*? O, says my friend the Vicar, who sat beside me at the helm, the *blockhead* is an old man living up on the mountain, who, from his great memory, his knowledge of cures for cattle, charms against fairy-struck people, experience in bleeding, acquaintance with legends about the *good people*, the Milesians, and Fin M'Coul, is called far and near, the *blockhead*.

My dear fellow, will you to-morrow bring me to that man; I would pilgrimage over many of your hills to get into chat with him; for said I to myself, this is just the man that I want. And Crofton Croker shall not make all the fairy legends of the South his own.—Ah my good friend, do bring me to the *blockhead* to-morrow. Why, yes, to be sure—but stay, can you speak Irish? Not a word, to my sorrow be it spoken. Well, then, go home first and learn Irish, for Thaddy Mahony can speak no other language.—Well, boys, can none of *you* (as I cannot get it out of the *blockhead*) tell me about Mount Gabriel; O! yes, sir, says Pat Hayes, my godmother used to tell me it was called after the angel Gabriel, who came, you know, from Heaven to deliver the happy message of mercy to the Virgin—ever blessed be her name.

And on his return as he was flying back, he looked down upon Ireland, and as he knew that in time to come this

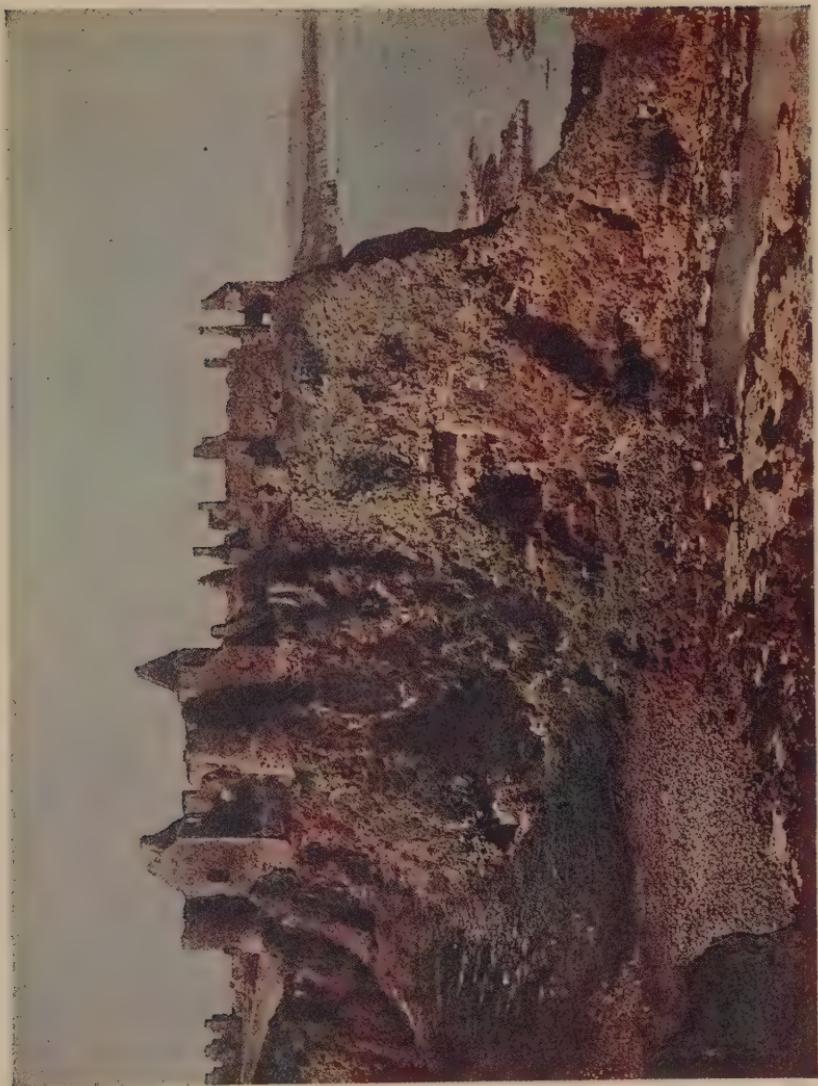
honest island would never part with the worship and duty it owes to the Mother of God, he resolved to take a peep at the happy land, that St. Patrick was to bestow for ever on the Virgin. So down he came, and perched on the western peak of that mountain ; the mark, they say, of his standing¹ is there to this day, and his ten toes are branded on the rock, as plain as if I clasped my four fingers and thumb upon a sod of drying turf ; and just under the blessed mark is a jewel of a lake, round as a turner's bowl, alive with trout ; and there are three islands on it that float up and down, east and north, and south ; but every Lady-day they come floating to the western point, and there they lie fixed under the crag that holds the track of the angel's foot. With conversation such as this we beguiled the row until we passed two long islands that sheltered the entrance of the bay of Skull—and now we were abroad on what appeared, to a poor landsman like me, to be the great Western Ocean ; and oh ! what a noble expanse, as east and west we ran our eye coastward.—To the right Baltimore, to the extreme left Crookhaven, and the Mizen Head, and studied along, rose

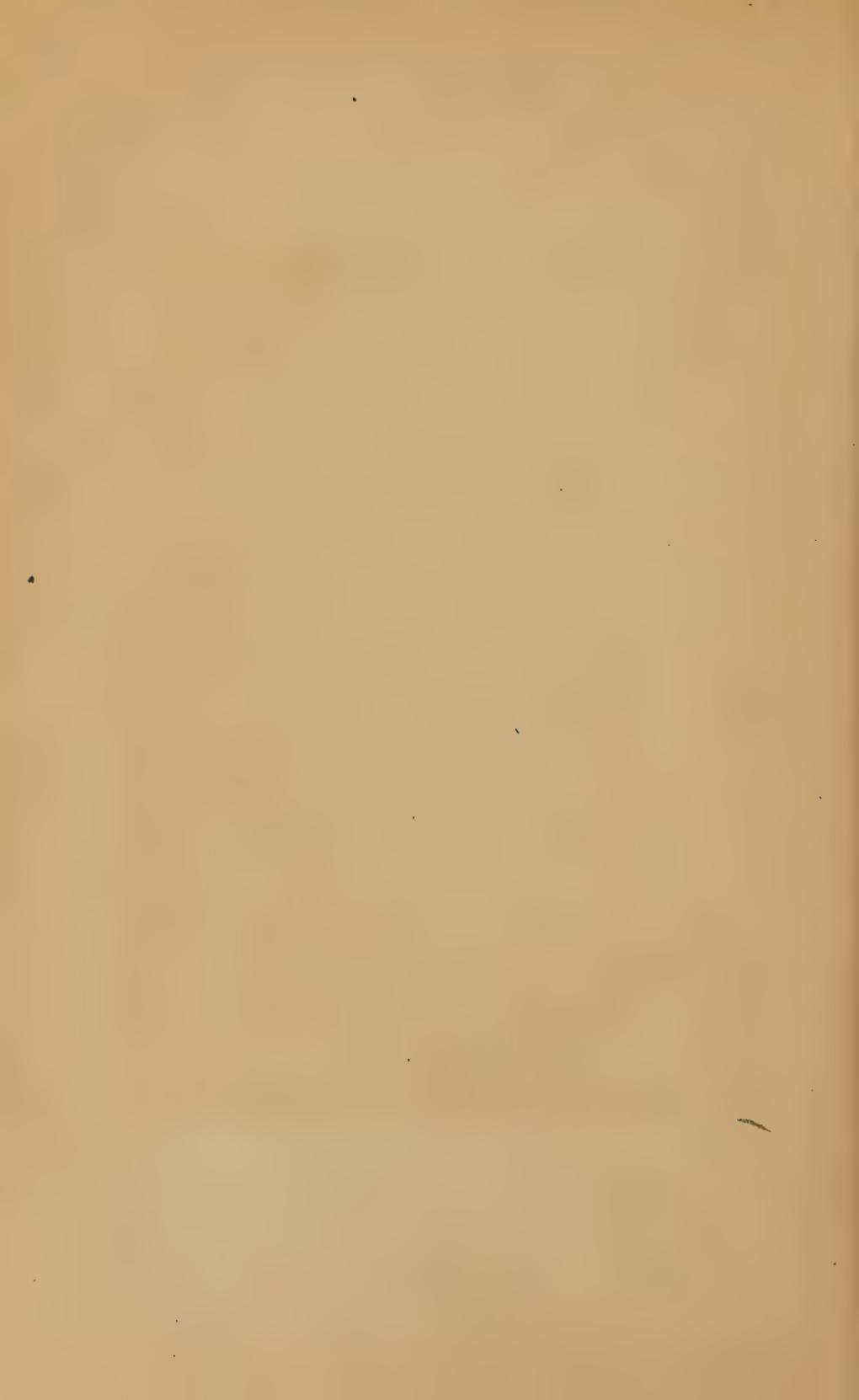
“ Sea-girt isles,
That like to rich and various gems, inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep,”

and here and there this bold coast had its high-lands, and cave-cut promontories, relieved with fortresses of other times, pleasing to the eye from their picturesque forms and positions ; interesting to the mind, from the associations connecting us with days gone by, of romance, enterprise, and peril.

Eastward, the dark Rosbrine, the Fortalice of Felimy O'Mahony, the pirate and the Popeling, under the shelter of whose strong hold the Spanish Jesuits from Valladolid and Salamanca landed, and diffused their deadly animosity against Elizabeth and the Reformation.—Here Archer, Sanders, and Allen concocted the furious insurrection of Tyrone and Desmond ; and hither came Carew, the Lord President, with all the power of Munster, to quell the pride, and lay low the bulwarks of the Bishop of Rome ;

¹ A correspondent acquainted with the country and the Irish language informs me that the Irish name for the mountain is Knockcushthe—*Knock* signifies hill and *cush* foot, the mountain-like foot.





and where is now the Psalter of Rosbrine—the rhyming record of all the pious practices and crimson achievements of these sea lords? Nearer again, Ardtenten Castle, another cliff-nest of these Mahonys; and in the western offing look at the Black Castle out there, like a solitary cormorant, watching all day long its prey on her rock-perch.

And westward still, the bold and high Ballydivelin, see how it cuts the clear blue sky with its embattled loftiness. O! says Denis O'Driscol, one of the boatmen, as he rested on his oar, many a white bone, bleaching under sea and sun is wet and dry, day after day, under that old Castle; there lie the unburied bones of two tribes of the Mahonys—Justin Oge, and Carberry Buy O'Mahony of the North. They fell out about a prey of cattle, and met here to decide the feud on that sunny strand; for a summer's day they fought hand to hand, and foot to foot. Justin's true love, the sloe-eyed Grace O'Sullivan, sat on the tower of Ballydivelin. Justin fought under the weavings of his Grace's scarf; and Carberry Buy never feared, or pitied, or forgave,—on they fought, until the sun sinking over Crookhaven, looked on them all lying lifeless on the strand, like tangled sea-weed; not a mother's son remained alive to wake or carry to the grave the exterminated tribes.

DUNLUCE CASTLE.

From 'Sketches in Ireland.'

It was as fine a morning as ever fell from heaven when we landed at Dunluce, not a cloud in the sky, not a wave on the water; the brown basaltic rock, with the towers of the ancient fortress that capped and covered it—all its gray bastions and pointed gables lay pictured on the incumbent mirror of the ocean; everything was reposing—everything so still, that nothing was heard but the flash of our oars and the song of Alick M'Mullen, to break the silence of the sea. We rowed round this peninsular fortress, and then entered the fine cavern that so curiously perforates the rock, and opens its dark arch to admit our boat. He must, indeed, have a mind eased up in all the

commonplace of dull existence, who would not while within this cavern and under this fortress, enter into the associations connected with the scene; who could not hold communings with the “Genius Loci.”

Fancy I know called up for me the war-boats and the foeman, who either issued from, or took shelter in, this sea-cave. I imagined, as the tide was growling amidst the far recesses, that I heard the moanings of chained captives, and the huge rocks around must be bales of plunder, landed and lodged here, and I took an interest, and supposed myself a sharer in the triumphs of the fortunate, and the helplessness of the captive, while suffering under the misery that bold men inflicted in troubled times, when the M’Quillans of the Rout, and the M’Donnells of the Glynns, either gained or lost this debatable stronghold. Landing in this cavern, we passed up through its land-side entrance toward the ruin; the day had become exceeding warm, and going forth from the coolness of the cave into the sultry atmosphere, we felt doubly the force of the sun’s power—the sea-birds had retreated to their distant rocks—the goats were panting under the shaded ledges of the cliffs—the rooks and choughs, with open beaks and drooping wings, were scattered over the downs, from whose surface they arose with a quivering undulating motion; we were all glad for a time to retire to where, under the shade of the projecting cliff, a cold, clear spring offered its refreshing waters.

Reader, surely you cannot be at a loss for a drawing or print of Dunluce Castle; take it now I pray you in hand, and observe with me the narrow wall that connects the ruined fortress with the main land; see how this wall is perforated, and without any support from beneath, how it hangs there, bearing time and tempest, and still needing no power of arch, simply by the power of its own cemented material; the art of man could not make such another self-supporting thing; it is about eighteen inches broad, just the path of a man; do not fear to cross it, rest assured it won’t tumble with you: it has borne many a better man; so come on, who’s afraid?—“I really cannot bring myself to venture,” was the reply of both my companions.

“Sit ye down then, ye giddy-headed cockneys, and bask your day in the sun, Alick and I will step across and visit

the Banshee.” So, with the greatest ease, we tripped across; Carrick-a-Rede is seventy times more fearful.

“And now, Mr. M’Mullen, as you and I have this old place to ourselves, come show me everything, and tell me all about it.”

“With the greatest pleasure in life, sir,” says Alick, “for it gave me joy to see a gentleman like you, hopping like a jackdaw over that bit of wall; and indeed many a good one comes here like you, gentleman and lady, who I believe have their skulls full of what they call nerve, instead of *sensible* steady brains.”

“Well, Alick, beyond a doubt this is a fine old place.”

“Why then, sir, it’s you that may say that, for many a battle and bloody head was about it in good old fighting times, when fighting and fun were all one in merry Ireland.”

“Come then, Alick, tell me some of this fighting fun that the good old happy people you speak of enjoyed here in Dunluce.”

“And does it become me to tell your honor of the wars of Dunluce? Why, I thought as how with your black coat and splatterdashes, you might be a scholar—besides, as you intend to see the Causeway, and the Cave, and Pleaskin, it may be your honor won’t have time to hear all I have to tell you about the M’Quillans and M’Donnells, and Surly Boy and Captain Merriman,—but, at any rate, I’ll tell you, in short, about the boat-race, whereby this castle was won and lost, when the M’Quillans and M’Donnells contended for it in the presence of the King of Scotland, and agreed to leave their right to the issue of a row from Isla to Dunluce—he who first touched the land was to have the castle as his prize; so he started on just such a day as this, wind and wave agreed to sit still and let the oarmen have fair play—and to be sure it was they who rowed for honor and glory as for life, and the M’Quillans prayed enough for St. Patrick, and the M’Donnells to Columkill of the Isles, and neither, you may be sure, spared the *spirits*—for it’s hard to say whether John Highlandman, or Pat of the green hills, is better at that work; but, at any rate, on they came, beautiful and abreast, like two swans cutting, with white bosoms, the green waters; and now it was pull Paddy, and now it was pull Sandy, and

none on the shore could tell for their lives which was foremost; but at any rate, the Irish boys shouted enough, and prayed enough for the M'Quillans; and now, sir, they were within stone's throw, and now almost within oar's length, when what do you think my Scotchman did?

"For never put it past canny Sawney, all the world over, for getting the better of others; and if he fails at fair beating, he'll not pass by cheating: so it was here. The two chiefs were each at their boat's bow, and M'Quillan had his long arm outstretched, and M'Donnell held his Lochabar axe in his hand, and all at once laying his left wrist on the gunwale before him, he slashed at it with his hatchet; severed it at a blow, and while it was spinning out blood, he flung it with all his force against the rock; and do you see where that sea-parrot is now perched, on that bird's-nest ledge, there the bleeding hand lay, and the red mark is said to be there, though I have never seen it, unto this very day.

'Huzza for McDonnell, Dunluce is our own,
For spite of McQuillan, the castle is won.'

"Such was the cry of the Scotchmen as they landed, and so it was that even the Irish gave it in favor of the foreigner, who, at the expense of his limb, won the prize, and long and many a day the Scotchmen held it, until he became a good Irishman, and to this hour you may see a bloody hand painted in the middle of Lord Antrim's coat-of-arms."

THE STORY OF GRANA UAILE.

Grace O'Mealey, which has been corrupted into Grana Uaile, was the daughter of Breanhaun Crone O'Maille, tanist or chieftain of that district of Mayo surrounding Clew Bay, and comprising its multitudes of isles. This district is still called by the old people the Uiles of O'Mealey; and its lord, owning, as he did, a great extent of coast, and governing an adventurous sea-faring people, had good claim to this motto, "Terra Marique Potens."

Breanhaun Crone O'Maille, dying early, left a son and a daughter—the son but a child. The daughter, just ripen-

ing into womanhood, seemed to have a character suited to seize the reins of government and rule over this rude and brave people. Setting aside, then, at once the laws of tanistry, that confined the rule to the nearest male of the family, she took upon her, not only the government, but the generalship of her sept, and far exceeded all her family in exploits as a sea-rover; and from her success, whether as smuggler or pirate, as the case might be, she won the name of Grace of the Heroes. Acting in this wild and able way, she soon gathered round her all the outlaws and adventurers that abounded in the islands, and from the daring strokes of policy she made, and the way in which she bent to her purpose the conflicting interests of the English government and the Irish races—she was called the Gambler. As a matter of policy, she took for her first husband O'Flaherty, Prince of Connemara; and there is reason to suppose that the gray mare proving the better horse, the castle in Lough Corrib, of whose traditional history notice has been already taken, was nearly lost to the Joyces, by O'Flaherty the Cock, but was saved and kept by Grana the Hen, hence it got the name which it still keeps of Krishlane na Kirca—*the Hen's Castle*. Be this as it may, Grana's husband, the Prince of Connemara, dying soon, she was free to make another connection, and in this also she seems to have consulted more her polities than her affections, and became the wife of Sir Richard Bourke, the M'William Eighter. Tradition hands down a singular item of the marriage contract. The marriage was to last *for certain* (what said the Pope to this?) but one year, and if at the end of that period, either said to the other "I dismiss you," the union was dissolved. It is said that during the year, Grana took good care to put her own creatures into garrison in all M'William's eastward castles that were valuable to her, and then, one fine day, as the Lord of Mayo was coming up to the castle of Corrig-a-Howly, near Newport, Grana spied him, and cried out the dissolving words—"I dismiss you." We are not told now how M'William took the snapping of the matrimonial chain; it is likely that he was not sorry to have a safe riddance of such a virago. We shortly after this find Grana siding with Sir Richard Bingham against the Bourkes, and doing battle with the English. The O'Mealeys, on this occasion, turned

the fortune of the day in favor of the President of Connaught, and most of the M'William leaders being taken prisoners, six of them were hanged next day at Cloghan Lucas, "in order to strengthen the English interest."

It is probable that it was in gratitude of the signal aid afforded to her lieutenant, that Queen Elizabeth invited Grana over to her English court; and it certainly confirms the Irish-woman's character for decision and firmness, that she accepted the invitation of the Saxon, of whose faithfulness the Irish nation had but a low opinion. Accordingly Grana sailed from Clare Island, and before she arrived at the port of Chester was delivered of a son, the issue of the marriage with M'William Eighter. He being born on ship-board was hence named Tohaduah-na-Lung, or Toby of the Ship, from whom sprang the viscounts Mayo. It must have been a curious scene, the interview at Hampton Court between the wild woman of the west, and the "awe-commanding, lion-ported" Elizabeth. Fancy Grana, in her loose attire, consisting of a chemise, containing thirty yards of yellow linen, wound round her body, with a mantle of frieze, colored madder-red, flung over one shoulder, with her wild hair twisted round a large golden pin as her only head-gear, standing with her red legs unstockinged, and her broad feet unshod, before the stiff and stately Tudor, dressed out (as we see her represented in the portraits of that day) with stays, stomacher, and farthingale, cased like an impregnable armadillo—what a '*tableau vivant*' this must have been! and then Grana, having made a bow, and held out her bony hand, horny as it was with many an oar she had handled, and many a helm she had held, to sister Elizabeth (as she called her), sat down with as much self-possession and self-respect as an American Indian chief would now before the President of the United States.

Elizabeth, observing Grana's fondness for snuff, which, though a practice newly introduced, she had picked up in her smuggling enterprises, and perceiving her inconvenienced, as snuffers usually are when wanting a pocket-handkerchief, presented her with one richly embroidered, which Grana took indifferently, used it loudly, and cast it away carelessly, and when asked by Sir Walter Raleigh, why she treated the gift of her Majesty in such a way, the answer of the wild Irish girl was of that coarseness that

ought not to be read by eyes polite. Moreover, it seems Elizabeth was not happy in the presents which she proffered to the Vanathess; she ordered a lap-dog, led by a silken band, to be given to her. "What's this for?" says Grana. "Oh, it is a sagacious, playful, faithful little creature, it will lie in your lap." "My lap!" says Grana; "it's little the likes of me would be doing with such a thing:—keep it to yourself, Queen of the English, it is only fit for such idlers as you:—you may, if it likes you, fool away *your* day with such vermin." "Oh, but," says Elizabeth, "Grana, you are mistaken, I am not idle; I have the care of this great nation on my shoulders." "May be so," says Grana, "but as far as I can see of your ways, there's many a poor creature in Mayo, who has only the care of a barley-field, has more industry about them than you seem to have." Of course, Elizabeth dismissed her soon: she offered, at her last audience, to create her a countess. "I don't want your titles," says Grana, "aren't we both equals? if there be any good in the thing, I may as well make you one as you me. Queen of England, I want nothing from you—enough for me it is to be at the head of my nation; but you may do what you like with my little son, Toby of the Ship, who has Saxon blood in his veins, and may not be dishonored by a Saxon title:—I will remain as I am, Grana O'Maille of the Uisles."

CHARLES STEWART PARSELL.

(1846—1891.)

CHARLES STEWART PARSELL was born in 1846 at Avondale, County Wicklow, and comes from a family well known in history. His maternal grandfather was Admiral Charles Stewart, the historic commander of the American frigate Constitution. He was educated at private schools in England and at Magdalen College, Cambridge.

At the close of a long tour in the United States he returned to County Wicklow, and after two years (in 1876) he was returned to Parliament from County Meath. His first appearance as a legislator was when he introduced the Irish Church Act Amendment Bill, which was defeated. In 1878 he was made President of the Irish Home Rule Convention.

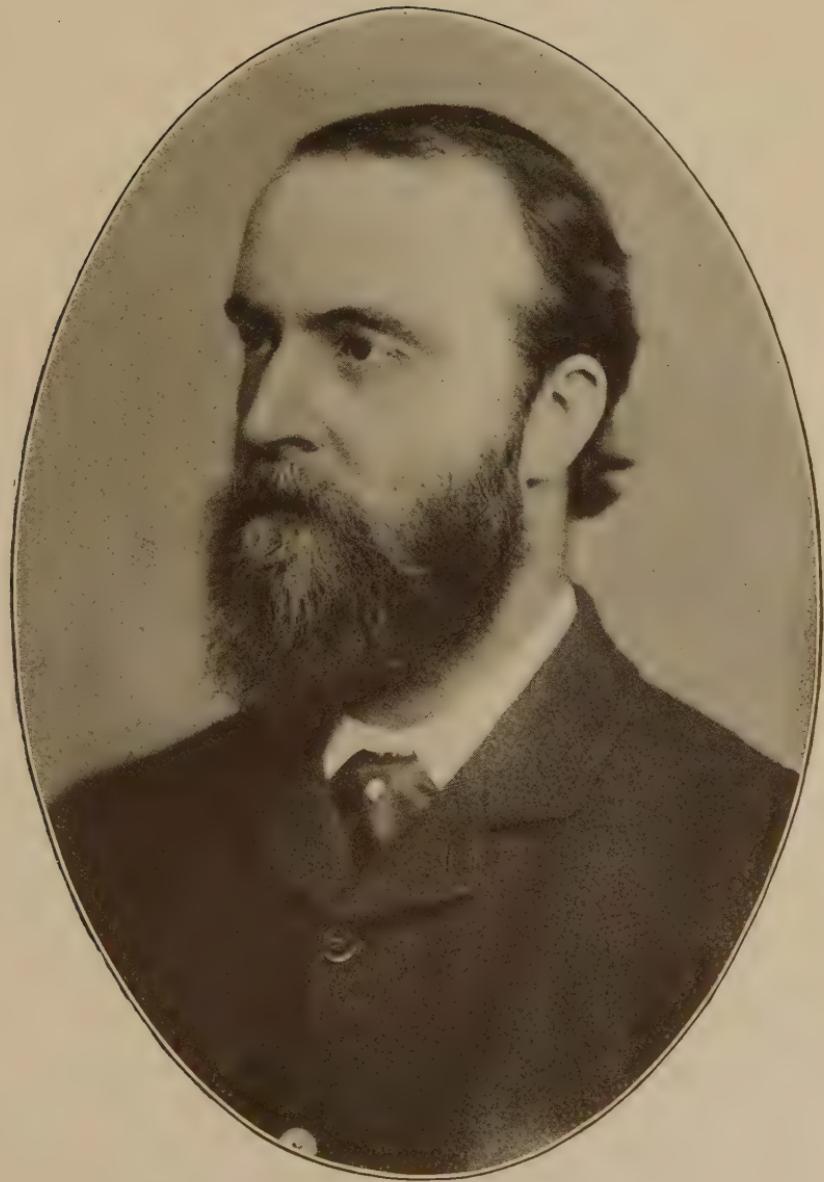
The Irish National Land League, which had in view the reduction of rack-rents and facilitating ownership of the soil by the occupants, was formed about this time. Parnell came to America then, both in its interest and in the interest of the suffering peasants of Ireland, whose harvests had failed for the third successive year. While here he had the honor, granted only thrice in its previous history, of addressing the national House of Representatives. On his return to England he was chosen leader of the Irish political party. He succeeded in getting an Irish Land Bill through Parliament, but the House of Lords defeated it. At the same time he gave much service to the Land League, with the result that charges were brought against the leaders of that powerful society, and a trial, ending in the disagreement of the jury, was instituted.

In the session of 1881 Mr. Parnell and his colleagues opposed the Coercion Act and the Arms Bill with such obstinacy that they were removed by the Sergeant-at-Arms for causing obstruction in the House of Commons.

After the passage of the Land Act the Land League, supported by Mr. Parnell, made itself very prominent, and he was arrested, while the League was proclaimed to be illegal. When the troubles that beset this time had quieted down Mr. Parnell returned to Parliament with eighty-five of his followers, and Gladstone introduced his Home Rule Bill, which they heartily supported. When this was defeated Mr. Parnell introduced a bill to suspend evictions and reduce rents by one-half; but it met the same fate as its predecessor.

Mr. Parnell was accused of having conspired to separate Ireland from England as a nation, but after a Special Commission had sat for one hundred and twenty-eight days the papers were proved spurious, and Mr. Parnell received, in a suit for libel, £5,000 (\$20,000) from *The Times*, in which paper the forged letters implicating him were first published.

Mr. Parnell's triumph ended and his leadership was lost over a scandal connected with Captain Shea and his wife, whom Mr. Parnell afterward married. He died in 1891.





Mr. Michael Davitt in his book entitled ‘The Fall of Feudalism in Ireland’ (Harper, 1904) says of Parnell that he was “fortunate in being heir to the ripening fruits of his predecessors—the Daniel O’Connells, Fintan Lalors, Gavan Duffys, James Stephenses and Isaac Butts, who had sown the seed in less propitious days and under darker skies. The popular mind is not historic in its judgments, nor inclined to portion out its awards in equitable measurement to just desert. The founder of Home Rule and the little Belfast pork butcher who planned unparliamentary obstruction were forgotten in the public memory as Mr. Parnell became prominently identified with weapons of political warfare he could use more damagingly against the opponents of the Irish cause than could those who had forged what his limited organizing capacity or constructive skill could not have created.”

PARNELL’S ADDRESS BEFORE THE HOUSE.

[Washington, February 2, 1880.]

Until I landed in America nothing was known of the imminence or threatened extent of the famine which has now assumed such horrible proportions as to attract the attention and compassion of all civilized nations. To every thinking man it must be a matter of perplexity how such a famine could burst upon a people without giving any warning of its approach. But in fact this catastrophe was clearly foreseen and predicted six months ago in Ireland, and government was repeatedly warned to make timely preparations to deal with it. But the British government not only refused to do anything, but with extraordinary perversity persisted in denying that there was any danger of famine. And now that thousands are starving the singular spectacle is presented of a government which refuses to come to the aid of its own subjects sanctioning appeals to the charity of America or any other nation which may be ready to feed them.

The present famine, as all other famines in Ireland, has been the direct result of the system of land tenure which is maintained there. And while we have been compelled by the frightful condition of our people to appear before the American people in the guise of beggars, and to use every exertion to collect money to save life, I feel it to be equally my duty to point out the cause which keeps Ireland in a condition of chronic poverty and brings on from

time to time such horrible famines as that which is at present raging there. When the task is thrown upon America of feeding a people who have been driven into starvation by ruinous and unjust laws, surely you acquire a right to express your opinion very freely on the character of those laws and on the policy of maintaining them. And I have every confidence that the public sentiment of America will be a great assistance to our people in their present effort to obtain a just and suitable settlement of the Irish land question.

Since I have been in this country I have seen so many tokens of the good wishes of American people toward Ireland that I feel entirely at a loss to express my sense of all the enormous advantage and service which is being daily done in this way to our cause. We do not seek to embroil your government with the government of England; but we claim that the public opinion and sentiment of a free country like America is entitled to find expression wherever it is seen that the laws of freedom are not observed.

Mr. Speaker and gentlemen, the most pressing question in Ireland at the present moment is the tenure of land. That question is a very old one; it dates from the first settlement of Ireland from England. The struggle between those who own the land on the one side and those who till it on the other has been a constant one. But up to the present moment scarcely any ray of light has ever been let in upon the hard fate of the tillers of the soil in that country. But many of us who are now observing the course of events believe that the time is fast approaching when the artificial and cruel system of land tenure prevailing in Ireland is bound to fall and be replaced by a more natural and a more just one.

I could quote many authorities to show you what this system is. The feudal tenure has been tried in many countries, and it has been found wanting everywhere. But in no country has it wrought so much destruction and proved so pernicious as in Ireland. As the result of that feudal tenure we have constant and chronic poverty; we have our people discontented and hopeless. Even in the best of years theirs is one of continual misery. And when, as on the present occasion, the crops fail and a bad year comes round, we have these terrific famines sweeping

across the face of our land, claiming their victims in hundreds of thousands, driving multitudes into a forced and pauperized emigration, and leaving a settled gloom and terror behind as the inheritance, for years, of the survivors.

Mr. Froude, the distinguished English historian, who cannot be accused of being a prejudiced witness in our favor, gives his testimony with regard to this land system in the following words:

"But of all the feudal gifts which we bestowed upon our unhappy possession was the English system of owning lands. Land, properly speaking, cannot be owned by any man. It belongs to all the human race. Laws have to be made to secure the profits of their industry to those who cultivate it. But the private property of this or that person which he is entitled to deal with as he pleases land never ought to be and never strictly is. In Ireland, as in all primitive civilizations, the soil was divided amongst the tribes. Each tribe collectively owned its own district. Under the feudal system the proprietor was the crown as representing the nation; while the subordinate tenures were held with duty attached to them, and were liable on non-fulfillment to forfeiture."

Now, I look upon this testimony of Mr. Froude's as a most important and valuable one, coming as it does from an English source, and a source which cannot be called prejudiced in favor of Ireland. As Mr. Froude says, property has its duties under the feudal system of tenure as well as its rights. But in Ireland those enjoying the monopoly of the land have only considered that they had rights, and have always been forgetful of their duties; so that bad as the feudal tenure must be it has there been worked in a way to intensify its evils tenfold. I find that a little further on Mr. Froude again writes to the following effect:

"And if we had been more faithful in our stewardship, Ireland would have been as wealthy and prosperous as the sister island, and not at the mercy of a potato-blight. We did what we could; we subscribed money; we laid a poor-law on the land. But it was to no purpose. The emigrants went away with rage in their hearts, and a longing hope of revenge hereafter with America's help."

But I could multiply testimony from distinguished sources, and of well-known men, to the same effect. I shall

content myself with quoting from one more source, Professor Blackie, the professor of Greek in Edinburgh University.

"Among the many acts of baseness branding the English character in their blundering pretense of governing Ireland, not the least was the practice of confiscating the land, which, by brehon law, belonged to the people, and giving it not to honest resident cultivators (which might have been a politic sort of theft), but to cliques of greedy and grasping oligarchs, who did nothing for the country which they had appropriated but suck its blood in the name of rent, and squander its resources under the name of pleasure, and fashion, and courtliness in London."

Now, we have been told by the landlord party as their defense of this system that the true cause of Irish poverty and discontent is the crowded state of that country, and the only remedy emigration; and I admit to the fullest extent that there are portions of Ireland which are too crowded. The barren hills of the west of Ireland, whither the people were driven from the fertile lands after the famine, are too crowded; but the fertile portions of Ireland maintain scarcely any population at all, and remain as vast hunting-grounds for the pleasure of the landlord class.

Before, then, we talk of emigration as the cure for all the ills of Ireland, I should like to see a more natural distribution of the soil of that country. I should like to see the rich plains of Meath, Kildare, Limerick, and Tipperary, instead of being the desert wastes that they are to-day, supporting the teeming and prosperous population that they are so capable of maintaining. At the present moment you may drive for ten or twenty miles through those great rich counties without meeting a human being or seeing a single house. And it is a remarkable testimony to the horrible way in which the land system has been administered in Ireland that the fertility of the country has proved the destruction of the population, instead of being their support. Only on the poor lands have our people been allowed to settle, and there they are crowded in numbers far too great for the soil to support. Let the next emigration be from the west to the east, instead of from the east to the west—from the hills of Connemara back to the fertile lands of Meath. When the resources of my

country have been fully taken advantage of and developed, when the agricultural prosperity of Ireland has been secured, then if we have any surplus population we shall cheerfully give it to this great country. Then our emigrants will go willingly and as free men—not shoveled out by a forced emigration—a disgrace to the government whence they come, and to humanity in general. Then our emigrants would come to you as come the Germans, with money in their pockets, and education to enable them to obtain a good start in this great and free country, with sufficient means to enable them to push out to your western lands, instead of remaining about the eastern cities, doomed to hard manual labor, and many of them falling a prey to the worst evils of modern city civilization.

I have noticed within the last few days a very remarkable refutation of this argument of overcrowding, in one of the newspapers of this country—*The Nation*—a journal, I believe, distinguished in the walks of literature, and whose opinion is entitled to very great weight and consideration. *The Nation* says:

“ That the best remedy for Irish poverty is to be found in the multiplication of peasant properties and not by emigration, as many suppose, there is little question. Emigration is good for those who emigrate; but it leaves gaps in the home population which are soon filled by a fresh poverty-stricken mass. A writer in *The London Times*, giving an account of the island of Guernsey, shows that it supports in marvelous comfort a population of thirty thousand by the cultivation of ten thousand acres, while Ireland has a cultivatable area of 15,500,000 acres, and would, if as densely peopled as Guernsey, support a population of forty-five million instead of five million.

“ The climate of Guernsey, too, is as moist as that of Ireland, and the land is hardly any nearer the great markets. But nearly every man in it owns his farm, and the law facilitates his getting a farm in fee on easy terms.”

Now, Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the House of Representatives, the remedy that we propose for the state of affairs in Ireland is an alteration of the land tenure prevailing there. We propose to imitate the example of Prussia and other continental countries, where the feudal tenure has been tried, found wanting, and abandoned; and

we desire to give an opportunity to every occupying tenant-farmer in Ireland to become the owner of his own farm.

This may, perhaps, seem at first sight a startling proposition ; and I shall be told about the " rights of property " and " vested interests " and " individual ownership." But we have the high authority of Mr. Froude, the English historian, whom I have just quoted, to the effect that :

" Land, properly speaking, cannot be owned by any man. It belongs to all the human race. Laws have to be made to secure the profits of their industry to those who cultivate it. But the private property of this or that person which he is entitled to deal with as he pleases land never ought to be and never strictly is."

And we say if it can be proved, as it has been abundantly proved, that terrible sufferings, constant poverty, are inflicted on the millions of the population of Ireland, we may then reasonably require from the legislature that, paying due regard to vested interests and giving them fair compensation, the system of ownership of the soil by the few in Ireland should be terminated and replaced by one giving that ownership to the many.

As I have pointed out, we have historical precedents for such a course. The King of Prussia in 1811, seeing the evils of the feudal tenure, by a royal edict transferred all the land of his country from the landlords to the tenants. He compensated the landlords by giving them government bonds bearing 4 per cent. interest ; and he ordained that the tenants should repay to the state the principal and interest of these bonds by annual installments of 5 per cent., extending over forty-one years, and that then all payments should cease. The preamble to this edict is so very remarkable that I venture to trespass on your time for a few moments by reading it :

" We, Frederick William, by the grace of God King of Prussia, having convinced ourselves both by personal experience in our own domains and by that of many lords of manors of the great advantages which have accrued both to the lord and to the peasant by the transformation of peasant holdings into property and the commutation of the rents on the basis of a fair indemnity, and having consulted in regard to this weighty matter experienced farmers, ordain and decree as follows :—

"That all tenants of hereditary holdings, whatever the size of the holding, shall by the present edict become the proprietors of their holdings, after paying to the landlords the indemnity fixed by this edict."

But we have also precedents for the course we propose afforded by the legislation of Great Britain. The Parliament of England has already, under the Bright clauses of the land act, expressed its approval of the principle that a class of tenant or peasant owners should be created in Ireland. That act permitted the state to advance to tenants desirous of purchasing their holdings two-thirds of the purchase money, to be repaid by installments of 5 per cent., extending over thirty-five years. Those clauses, for a variety of reasons which I dare not trespass on your time long enough to explain, have remained a dead letter. But I see that Mr. John Bright, the eminent reformer, one of the originators of the movement for the repeal of the corn laws, and a fellow-laborer with Cobden in that movement, now comes forward and proposes to amend those clauses very considerably so as to make them more workable. By a cable dispatch from London I find that, speaking at Birmingham the other day, Mr. Bright proposed—

To appoint a government commission to go to Dublin with power to sell farms of landlords to tenants willing to buy, and to advance three-fourths of the purchase-money, principal and interest to be repaid in thirty-five years. Such a measure, Bright believed, would meet the desire of the Irish people. The commission should assist the tenant to purchase whenever the landlord was willing to sell. He recommended compulsory sale only where the land is owned by London companies, as is the case with large tracts near Londonderry. He expresses the conviction that, if his plan was ever adopted, self-interest or public opinion would soon compel individual landlords to sell to the tenants.

Now, this proposition is undoubtedly a very great reform and an immense advance upon the present state of affairs. While we could not accept it as a final settlement of the land question, yet we should gladly welcome it as an advance in our direction; and we are willing to give it a fair trial. The radical difference between our proposition and that of Mr. Bright, is that we think the state

should adopt the principle of compulsory expropriation of land, whereas Mr. Bright thinks it may be left to the self-interest and the force of public opinion to compel the landlords to sell. For that is the word he uses, "compel."

While I concur with Mr. Bright in thinking that, in all probability, if his propositions were adopted the present land agitation in Ireland, if maintained at its present vigor, would compel the landlords to sell to tenants at fair prices, yet I ask the House of Representatives of America what would they think of a statesman who, while acknowledging the justness of a principle, as Mr. Bright acknowledges the justness of our principle that the tenants of Ireland ought to own the lands, shrinks at the same time from asking the legislature of his country to sanction that principle and leaves to an agitation such as is now going on in Ireland the duty of enforcing that which the Parliament of Great Britain should enforce. I think you will concur with me that this attempt on the part of the British Parliament to transfer its obligations and duties to the helpless, starving peasantry of Connemara is neither a dignified nor a worthy one, and that the sooner our Parliament comes to recognize its duties in this respect the better it will be for all parties and the government of Great Britain.

Mr. Speaker and gentlemen, I have to apologize for having trespassed on your attention at such great length, and to give you my renewed and heartiest thanks for the very great attention and kindness with which you have listened to my feeble and imperfect utterances. I regret that this great cause has not been pleaded by an abler man, but at least the cause is good, and, although put before you imperfectly, it is so strong and so just that it cannot fail in obtaining recognition at your hands and from the people of this country. It will be a proud boast for America if, after having obtained, secured, and ratified her own freedom by sacrifices unexampled in the history of any nation, she were now, by the force of her public opinion alone, by the respect with which all countries look upon any sentiment prevailing here, if she were now to obtain for Ireland, without the shedding of one drop of blood, without drawing the sword, without one threatening message, the solution of this great question. For my

part, as one who boasts of American blood, I feel proud of the importance which has been universally attached on all sides to American opinion with regard to this matter, and I am happy in seeing and believing that the time is very near at hand when you will be able to say you have in the way I have mentioned, and in no other way, been a most important factor in bringing about a settlement of the Irish land question. And then, Mr. Speaker and gentlemen, these Irish famines now so periodical, which compel us to appear as beggars and mendicants before the world, a humiliating position for any man but a still more humiliating position for a proud nation like ours—then, Mr. Speaker, these Irish famines will have ceased when their cause has been removed. We shall no longer be compelled to tax your magnificent generosity, and we shall be able to promise you that with your help this shall be the last Irish famine.

FANNY PARNELL.

(1854—1882.)

FRANCES ISABEL PARNELL was born in County Wicklow in 1854. She was the sister of Charles Stewart Parnell. She wrote poems for *The Irish People* (1864–65) before she reached her teens, and afterwards for *The Nation*, *The Irishman*, etc. Subsequently she was closely connected with her brother's political work. She died in this country in 1882. She was a fervent speaker, a leading figure in the early Land League meetings, a good organizer, and had much political ability.

Of her 'Land League Songs' Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly said : "Crushed out, like the sweet life of a bruised flower, they are the very soul cry of a race . . . All her poems breathe depths of love that seem like the actual breath of existence."

POST-MORTEM.

Shall mine eyes behold thy glory, O my country?

Shall mine eyes behold thy glory?

Or shall the darkness close around them, ere the sun-blaze

Break at last upon thy story?

When the nations ope for thee their queenly circle,

As a sweet new sister hail thee,

Shall these lips be sealed in callous death and silence

That have known but to bewail thee?

Shall the ear be deaf that only loved thy praises

When all men their tribute bring thee?

Shall the mouth be clay that sang thee in thy squalor

When all poets' mouths shall sing thee?

Ah! the harpings and the salvos and the shoutings

Of thy exiled sons returning

I should hear, though dead and moldered, and the grave
damps

Should not chill my bosom's burning.

Ah! the tramp of feet victorious! I should hear them

'Mid the shamrocks and the mosses,

And my heart should toss within the shroud and quiver,

As a captive dreamer tosses.

I should turn and rend the cere clothes round me,
Giant-sinews I should borrow,
Crying, "O my brothers I have also loved her,
In her lowliness and sorrow.

" Let me join with you the jubilant procession,
Let me chant with you her story;
Then contented I shall go back to the shamrocks,
Now mine eyes have seen her glory."

HOLD THE HARVEST.

Addressed to the Irish farmers in 1880.

Now are you men, or are you kine, ye tillers of the soil?
Would you be free, or evermore, the rich man's cattle, toil?
The shadow of the dial hangs that points the fatal hour—
Now *hold your own!* or, branded slaves, for ever cringe and cower.

The serpent's curse upon you lies—ye writhe within the dust,
Ye fill your mouths with beggar's swill, ye grovel for a crust:
Your lords have set their blood-stained heels upon your shameful heads,
Yet they are kind—they leave you still their ditches for your beds!

Oh, by the God who made us all—the seignior and the serf—
Rise up! and swear this day to hold your own green Irish turf!
Rise up! and plant your feet as men where now you crawl as slaves,
And make your harvest fields your camps, or make of them your graves.

The birds of prey are hovering round, the vultures wheel and swoop—
They come, the coronetted ghouls! with drum-beat and with troop—
They come to fatten on your flesh, your children's and your wives';
Ye die but once—hold fast your lands and, if ye can, your lives.

Let go the trembling emigrant—not such as he ye need;
Let go the lucre-loving wretch that flies his land for greed;

Let not one coward stay to clog your manhood's waking power;
Let not one sordid churl pollute the Nation's natal hour.

Yes, let them go!—the caitiff rout, that shirk the struggle
now—

The light that crowns your victory shall scorch each recreant
brow,

And in the annals of your race, black parallels in shame,
Shall stand by traitor's and by spy's the base *deserter's* name.

Three hundred years your crops have sprung, by murdered
corpses fed—

Your butchered sires, your famished sires, for ghastly compost
spread;

Their bones have fertilized your fields, their blood has fall'n
like rain;

They died that ye might eat and live—God! have they died in
vain?

The yellow corn starts blithely up; beneath it lies a grave—
Your father died in “Forty-eight”—his life for yours he
gave—

He died, that you, his son, might learn there is no helper
nigh

Except for him who, save in fight, has sworn HE WILL NOT DIE.

The hour has struck, Fate holds the dice, we stand with bated
breath;

Now who shall have our harvest fair?—'t is Right that plays
with Death;

Now who shall have our Motherland?—'t is Right that plays
with Might;

The peasant's arms were weak indeed in such unequal fight!

But God is on the peasant's side, the God that loves the poor,
His angels stand with flaming swords on every mount and
moor,

They guard the poor man's flocks and herds, they guard his
ripening grain,

The robber sinks beneath their curse beside his ill-got gain.

O pallid serfs! whose groans and prayers have wearied Heaven
full long,

Look up! there is a Law above, beyond all legal wrong;

Rise up! the answer to your prayers shall come, tornado-borne,
And ye shall hold your homesteads dear, and ye shall reap the corn!

But your own hands upraised to guard shall draw the answer down,
And bold and stern the deeds must be that oath and prayer shall crown;
God only fights for them who fight—now hush the useless moan,
And set your faces as a flint and swear to Hold Your Own!

ERIN MY QUEEN.

“As the breath of the musk-rose is sweetest 'mid flowers,
As the palm like a queen o'er the forest-trees towers,
As the pearl of the deep sea 'mid gems is the fairest,
As the spice-cradled phoenix 'mid birds is the rarest,
As the star that keeps guard o'er Flath-Innis shines brightest,
As the angel-twined snow-wreaths 'mid all things are whitest,
As the dream of the singer his faint speech transcendeth,
As the rapture of martyrs all agony endeth,
As the rivers of Aidenn 'mid earth's turbid waters,
As Una the Pure One 'mid Eve's fallen daughters,
 So is Erin, my shining one,
 So is Erin, my peerless one!”

THOMAS PARNELL.

(1679—1717.)

THOMAS PARNELL was born in Dublin in 1679, and early in life displayed considerable ability as well as quickness of memory. At thirteen he left school and was admitted a member of Trinity College. On July 9, 1700, he took his degree of Master of Arts and shortly after was ordained a deacon. Three years later he was ordained priest and 1705 became Archdeacon of Clogher. He married Miss Ann Minchin, a lady of great beauty and high attainments.

In 1706 Parnell visited England, where he was admitted a member of the Scriblerus Club, formed of Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, Swift, and Jervas. Pope especially soon became his warm friend, mutual services drawing them nearer to each other. His erudition and classical knowledge were of great use to Pope in producing his translation of Homer, an obligation the great man repaid by his edition of Parnell's works after the early death of their author. Of the Scriblerus papers Parnell is said to have written or had a hand in several. 'The Life of Zoilas' was from his pen, and in the 'Origin of the Sciences from the Monkeys in Ethiopia' he had a principal share, according to Pope. He also wrote papers for *The Guardian* and *The Spectator*, and he was on the highroad to fame when in 1712 his wife died and he gave way to intemperance. This failing, however, he soon conquered. In 1713 by the good offices of Swift he obtained a prebend from Archbishop King, and in 1716 the vicarage of Finglass, worth £400 (\$2,000) a year. This last he did not long enjoy, for on his way to Ireland in July, 1717, he died at Chester, and was buried in Trinity Church in that city.

"Parnell's poem 'The Hermit,'" says Mr. Edmund Gosse, "is the model of a moral *conte*; the movement is dignified and rapid, the action and reflections are balanced with exquisite skill, the surprise is admirably prepared, and the treatment never flags from beginning to end. . . . But more of real inspiration attended the composition of his two remarkable odes, the 'Night-Picce' and the 'Hymn to Contentment,' which . . . reach a higher range of melody and strike a more subtle chord of fancy than perhaps any other verses of that age."

FROM 'A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.'

By the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waste the wakeful night,
Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolmen and the sages o'er:
Their books from wisdom widely stray,
Or point at best the longest way.
I 'll seek a readier path, and go
Where wisdom 's surely taught below.

How deep yon azure dyes the sky,
Where orbs of gold unnumbered lie,
While through their ranks in silver pride
The nether crescent seems to glide!
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire:
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose walls the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass with melancholy state,
By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly-sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
“Time was, like thee they life possest,
And time shall be that thou shalt rest.”

Those graves, with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumpled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose,
Where toil and poverty repose.
The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chisel’s slender help to fame,
(Which ere our set of friends decay
Their frequent steps may wear away,)
A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptured stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
These, all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great;
Who while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.

Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades!
All slow, and wan, and wrapped with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crowds,
And all with sober accent cry,
“Think, mortal, what it is to die.”

FROM 'A HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.'

The silent heart, which grief assails,
 Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
 Sees daisies open, rivers run,
 And seeks, as I have vainly done,
 Amusing thought; but learns to know
 That solitude's the nurse of woe.
 No real happiness is found
 In trailing purple o'er the ground;
 Or in a soul exalted high,
 To range the circuit of the sky,
 Converse with stars above, and know
 All nature in its forms below;
 The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
 And doubts at last, for knowledge, rise.

Lovely, lasting peace appear!
 This world itself, if thou art here,
 Is once again with Eden blest,
 And man contains it in his breast.

'T was thus, as under shade I stood,
 I sung my wishes to the wood,
 And lost in thought, no more perceived
 The branches whisper as they waved:
 It seemed, as all the quiet place
 Confessed the presence of the Grace.
 When thus she spoke—"Go rule thy will,
 Bid thy wild passions all be still,
 Know God—and bring thy heart to know
 The joys which from religion flow:
 Then every Grace shall prove its guest,
 And I'll be there to crown the rest."

Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
 In my hours of sweet retreat,
 Might I thus my soul employ,
 With sense of gratitude and joy!
 Raised as ancient prophets were,
 In heavenly vision, praise, and prayer;
 Pleasing all men, hurting none,
 Pleased and blessed with God alone:
 Then while the gardens take my sight,
 With all the colors of delight;
 While silver waters glide along,

To please my ear, and court my song;
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And thee, great source of nature, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day;
The moon that shines with borrowed light;
The stars that gild the gloomy night;
The seas that roll unnumbered waves;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves;
The fields whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain;
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me:
They speak their maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes;
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.

PERCY SOMERS PAYNE.

(1850—1874.)

PERCY SOMERS PAYNE, whose ‘Rest’ was considered by some the best poem contributed to *Kottabos*, was the son of the Rev. Somers Payne, rector of Upton, County Cork. He was a student at Trinity College, Dublin, but was never graduated. His contributions were marked by intensity and sincerity of feeling and a creative power which gave promise of high distinction. Unfortunately he was untimely cut off by death in 1874.

REST.

Silence sleeping on a waste of ocean—
Sun-down—westward traileth a red streak—
One white sea-bird, poised with scarce a motion,
Challenges the stillness with a shriek—
Challenges the stillness, upward wheeling
Where some rocky peak containeth her rude nest;
For the shadows o'er the waters they come stealing,
And they whisper to the silence: “There is Rest.”

Down where the broad Zambesi River
Glides away into some shadowy lagoon
Lies the antelope, and hears the leaflets quiver,
Shaken by the sultry breath of noon—
Hears the sluggish water ripple in its flowing;
Feels the atmosphere, with fragrance all opprest;
Dreams his dreams; and the sweetest is the knowing
That above him, and around him, there is Rest.

Centuries have faded into shadow.
Earth is fertile with the dust of man’s decay;
Pilgrims all they were to some bright El-dorado,
But they wearied, and they fainted, by the way.
Some were sick with the surfeiture of pleasure,
Some were bowed beneath a care-encumbered breast,
But they all trod in turn Life’s stately measure,
And all paused betimes to wonder, “Is there Rest?”

Look, O man! to the limitless Hereafter,
When thy Sense shall be lifted from its dust,
When thy Anguish shall be melted into Laughter,
When thy Love shall be severed from its Lust.
Then thy spirit shall be sanctified with seeing
The Ultimate dim Thulé of the Blest,
And the passion-haunted fever of thy being
Shall be drifted in a Universe of Rest.

